THE LITERARY DIGEST

(Title registered in the U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION (New York) combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company (Adam W. Wagnalls, Pres.; Wilfred J. Funk, Vice-Pres.; Robert J. Cuddihy, Treas.; William Neisel, Sec'y) 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Vol. LXXXII, No. 10 New York, September 6, 1924 Whole Number 1794

TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE FIRST WOMAN GOVERNOR

IN THE STRANGE EVENTFUL HISTORY of the Lone Star State the date August 23, 1924, will not be forgotten, in the opinion of many editors outside of Texas. For on that day, they tell us, a decisive defeat was administered to the Ku Klux Klan as a political power in the State which sent Earle Mayfield to the United States Senate with Klan backing two years ago, and at the same time Texas presented to the country the first woman Governor of any State. Journalistic friends of the Klan dispute the first statement, as is hereinafter noted, but the other is an acknowledged fact. In Democratic Texas success in the Democratic primary is equivalent to election, and there is nothing undecisive about the victory of Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson by an 80,000 majority over Felix D. Robertson, endorsed for the gubernatorial nomination by the Ku Klux Klan. "Me for Ma," was a winning slogan for the wife of former Governor Ferguson, who left office in the shadow of disgrace seven years ago. Apparently, remarks one Texas editor, "Texas is not too old to have a governess." Times have changed, we read in one small-town Texas journal, and—"when we go down to the State Capitol, the wash will be out on the line, and not just sheets and pillow-cases, but the regular family wash, and in the back-yard lye will drip from the ash-hopper trough, and the soap-pot will be simmering, and we will hear the shout and laughter of happy children on the Capitol lawn, and the halls and corridors of the State House will be jammed with sewing-machines, quilting-frames, cats and broomsticks, and children's toys, and the Governor-elect will lay aside her knitting to discuss grave matters of State." Such is the idyllic picture presented by the Albany (Tex.) *News*, and in far-off Pennsylvania the Pittsburgh *Post* rises to tell Mrs. Ferguson that "she will find the American people generally wishing her well." Georgia, observes the Troy (N. Y.) *Record*, had the first woman Senator; Texas will have the honor of possessing the first woman Governor. It is a curious fact, comments this paper, "that the South, long the bulwark of the anti-suffragists, should be the first section of the country to put women into high positions." Only the deepest political passions, reflects the Springfield *Republican*, "could have brought to the support of a woman candidate for Governor the 'flower' of the older leadership of the Texas Democracy—the Culbersons, Colquitts, Baileys, and Burlesons." Yet, we read on, "the episode is highly revealing as to the singular way equal suffrage and 'evolution' combine to force crusty old Democratic lawyers and politicians to accept as 'our standard-bearer' an elderly woman, known affectionately as 'Ma,' who sits on a front porch knitting. No one would have picked out the Lone Star State, of all our noble commonwealths, as the first State in the Union to be brought so soon as this to the brink of electing a woman to its chief magistracy." As the New York *World* recalls:

Photograph by Paul Thompson

THE FIRST WOMAN CHOSEN TO GOVERN A STATE

Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, Democratic nominee for Governor of Texas, a solidly Democratic state. "The reign of the Ku Klux will end when I go in," she says. She further explains that she will be "personally responsible to the people" for all her official acts.

> "Ten years ago we were debating whether a woman should be allowed to vote. To-day a woman is to be Governor of a great State, and most people are more interested in the principles she fought for than in the fact that she is a woman. Nothing proves so clearly the thoroughness of the triumph of Woman Suffrage as the lack of debate about whether a woman can or ought to be Governor of Texas. Mrs. Ferguson is more famous as the conqueror of the Klan than as the first woman to administer the affairs of a sovereign State. The Woman Suffrage leaders demanded that sex

distinctions should be obliterated from politics. They are succeeding more completely than any one had reason to expect. A woman is to be elected Governor of Texas on an issue that has nothing to do with the male or the female as such. Mrs. Ferguson has won not as a woman's candidate fighting for the rights and interests of women but as a Texan fighting for the liberties of Texas. The abstract equality of men and women before the law has been transformed in Texas into an actual equality before public opinion and in political custom."

That a woman, Mrs. Soledad Chacon, is serving as acting-Governor in the neighboring State of New Mexico, and apparently serving well in the absence of Governor Hinkle, seems of real significance to the Dallas *Journal* in connection with Mrs. Ferguson's victory—"there is some reassurance for the fearful Texan in the fact that New Mexico has not slipt her moorings or staged any riots since Governor Chacon took hold on the helm of State."

Photograph from Wide World Photos

THE FERGUSON FAMILY

At the reader's left in front is ex-Governor James E. Ferguson, who now considers himself vindicated by his wife's success in the gubernatorial primary contest he was ineligible to enter. At the right, below, is the next Governor of Texas. The little boy is the grandson, Ernest Nalle. Standing from left to right are Miss Dorrace Ferguson, a daughter, Mrs. G. S. Nalle, another daughter, and her husband.

Texas, admits the Waxahachie *Daily Light*, is "certain to be the cynosure of the eyes of the nation, a nation curious to know what will be the result of a feminine gubernatorial administration." On this point, another Texas daily, the El Paso *Times*, offers a word of reassurance.

> "There are many men not yet reconciled to Woman Suffrage who will view this new phase of American politics with positive alarm. They will see in it not only merely Woman Suffrage, but the forerunner of woman rule, of feminine political domination.
>
> "But in the case of Texas there is no cause for alarm. Mrs. Ferguson is neither a demagog nor an impractical visionary. The situation which enabled her to win the nomination was an unusual one, a combination of Klan and anti-Klan and the impractical Texas primary law, the personality of her husband with his stanch friends and implacable enemies. With the advent of Woman Suffrage it was certain some State would eventually choose a woman Governor. Texas, by reason of this combination, happened to be the first one. . . . There are men in Texas under whom the Ship of State might be expected to sail far less sedately than under the guidance of Gov. Miriam Ferguson."

Not all Texas editors are enthusiastic over the personality of the next Governor. The El Paso *Herald* sees in the result of the primary proof of the failure of the primary system "to purify politics or improve quality of candidates," and also of "our unfitness for self-government." In its opinion, the "defeat of the Ku Klux candidate is the only bright speck." Texas, it should be explained, has a double primary. If no one has a majority in the first primary election, a later "run-off" primary is held, in which the voters choose between the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes at the first balloting. At the first primary on July 26 all candidates but Judge Robertson and Mrs. Ferguson were eliminated. So, as one Texas writer put it, on August 23, Texas Democrats had to choose "between a bonnet and a hood." The Dallas *News* is convinced that "personal considerations played but a small part in the determination of the contest." The vast majority, in the judgment of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, voted for Mrs. Ferguson "because she represented the anti-Klan faction," and her victory "can not be interpreted otherwise than as a rebuke to the Klan for its political activities." The issue was not that of sex, insists the Fort Worth *Press*, but "was the Ku Klux Klan"—

> "The moral hypocrisy and political perfidy of those who pull the strings and watch the Ku Klux puppets dance—the millstones of bigotry and intolerance which Kluxism has hung about the necks of the people of Texas—the strife and conflict and turmoil to which the Klan's malignant religious preachments have given birth—the subversion of public trusts in city halls and courthouses to the will of cyclops and titan and dragon and all the other benighted aristocracy of an empire of darkness and crime and hate—the raiding even of our courts of justice, making easy the coercion of judges and the intimidation and stacking of juries so that the law of the land became a jest, and citizenship rights the plaything of those in secret power.
>
> "The issue was the Klan, and that alone. Later we hope to be able to properly appreciate the distinction we have bestowed upon ourselves by honoring womanhood with the second highest American political office. But right now we are too busy heaving sighs of relief over the thought that the peoples' foot is on the neck of the Ku Klux Klan instead of vice versa."

"The Klan suffered a decisive defeat," declares the Galveston *News*. The Ferguson victory, according to the Houston *Press*, "sounded the death-knell of the Klan as a political organization." On August 23, says the Wichita Falls *Daily Times*, the Democratic voters "put the Ku Klux Klan out of politics" in Texas. Just before the election the Houston *Chronicle* declared that the ballots would be cast "not with reference to the two individuals, but to determine whether Texas shall be governed by a constitution or by a ritual gotten up and peddled by a citizen of Georgia." After the voting was over, it said, "the open season for the Ku Klux Klan as a political force in Texas ended on August 23, 1924."

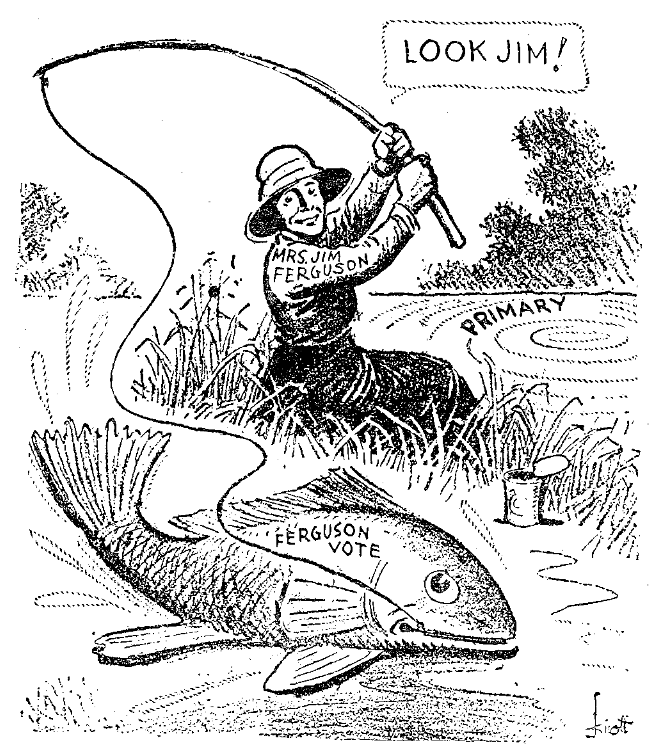
Outside of Texas, the New York *World* speaks for many papers in professing itself unable to interpret Mrs. Ferguson's victory "as anything except a deliberate repudiation of the Ku Klux Klan by the people of Texas." With Texas lost to the Klan, remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "the power of the secret organization will be very sensibly diminished, for Texas is the greatest of the Southern States and also the State in which the Klan was most confident of its power." No other State than Texas, says the Brooklyn *Times*, could have given the Klan a drubbing "with the same shattering effect on the morale of the hooded organization." The Klan's crushing defeat in the Lone Star State gives the New Haven *Register* hope "that this insidious force is declining everywhere in the United States." To the New York *Evening Post* it appears that "the Babylon of Texas Klandom has fallen, fallen!" And the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* thinks that:

> "The Texas result seems to demonstrate what practical politicians have long suspected—that the actual voting power of the Klan is not so great as its kleagles and other dignitaries have asserted."

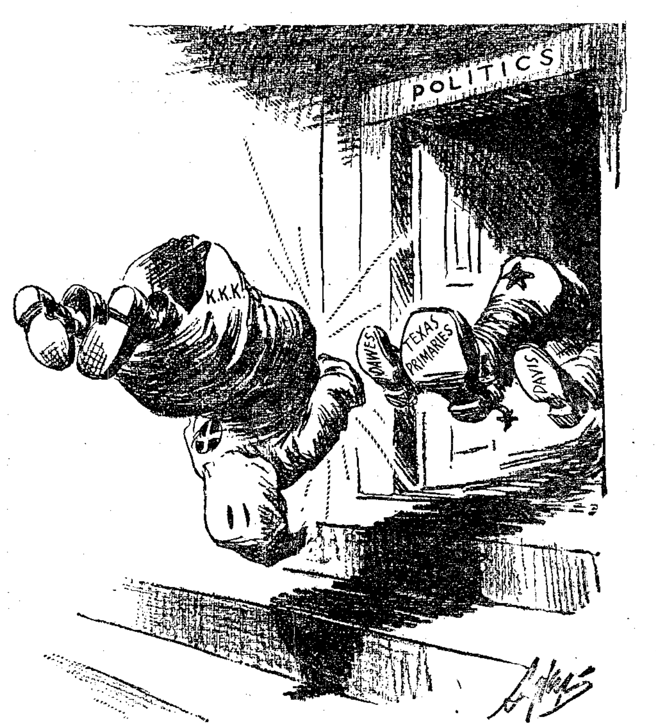
According to the anti-prohibitionist Brooklyn *Citizen*, the defeat of the Klan "lends encouragement to the foes of Prohibition who look upon the Klan as the child of the iniquitous Eighteenth Amendment." Another angle of the situation is noticed by the New Haven *Journal-Courier:*

> "The negro should profit by what is happening in Texas. A national declaration—and as such the result will be interpreted—that those who sought public approval of a system of offhand dealings with his affairs irrespective of court procedure have been defeated, will mark a milestone in the slow effort to secure the black man justice."

But the Ku Klux Klan organs in Texas do not seem to be altogether discouraged by the defeat of their candidates on August 23. *Colonel Mayfield's Weekly* (Houston) is delighted because its candidate for Governor polled a larger vote than had been given to any previous candidate and was defeated only "because the Republicans dumped their entire party strength of 150,000 votes against the Klan nominee"; it expects a bigger vote next time. There were combined against the Klan, declares the Fort Worth *American Citizen*, "all the political rings and brewery gangs that have been in control of the election machinery for many years."



JIM WASN'T ALLOWED TO FISH
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.



DISKOURAGING
—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

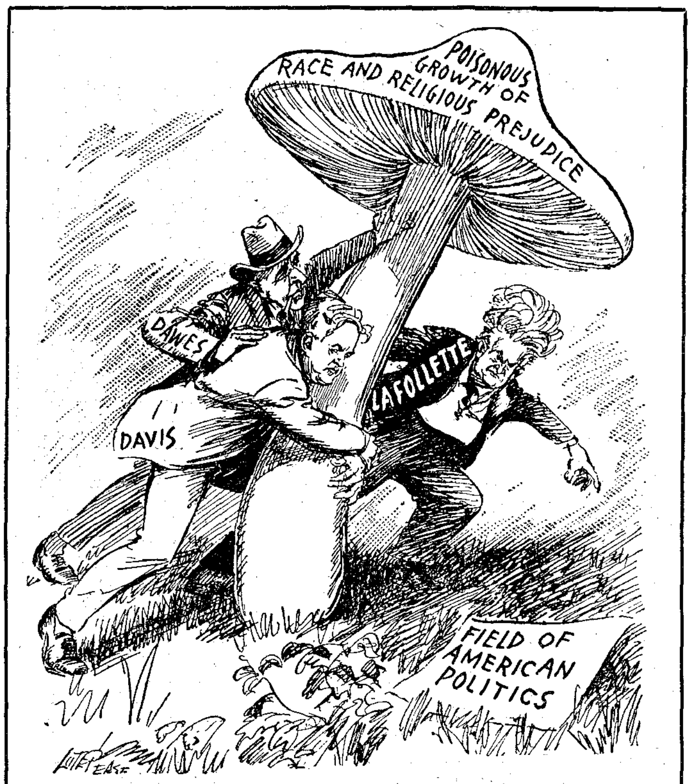
The Texas 100% American (Dallas) insists that "the Klan is not in politics"—

> "The Klan is interested primarily in the growth of its basic principles, which are the preservation and strengthening of our public-school system, the limitation of foreign immigration, the separation of Church and State, and America run by Americans. The primary campaign which has just ended resolved itself into a straightout Klan and anti-Klan fight, with the solid anti-Prohibition forces also fighting the Klan. The battle gage was thrown at the feet of the Klan, who picked it up in a war of defense of principles, as it always will when they are attacked."

While the Klan issue and the prospect of a woman Governor were the two things that drew the eyes of the nation to the voting in Texas, another issue meant much to Texans—the vindication of James E. Ferguson. Briefly, we are told, Ferguson was serving his second term as Governor in 1917. He became involved in a controversy with the Legislature over educational policies, was impeached on the charge of mishandling State funds, and resigned before the Senate could vote his impeachment. Charges against him were dismissed in the courts, but the courts ruled that he was ineligible to run for Governor. So, last spring, Mrs. Ferguson decided to make the race in the primaries in her own name with a view to vindicating her husband. In the preliminary primary, Felix Robertson, who had the Klan endorsement, ran first, with Mrs. Ferguson second. Thereupon, the rejected candidates turned to support Mrs. Ferguson, as did also most of the nationally known leaders of the Texas Democracy. A red-hot, picturesque, vituperative campaign ensued, with "Jim" Ferguson the leading stump-speaker for his wife. The Fergusons made the most of the Klan issue, while Judge Robertson asserted that the real issue was Prohibition, and appealed for the dry support as against Ferguson, who had had "wet" associations. It was charged that if Mrs. Ferguson were elected, her husband would be the real Governor. She replied that she would depend much upon her husband's judgment in fiscal and penal matters, but would be guided by her own judgment in matters affecting the interests of the home and the enforcement of the laws. When the vote was cast on August 23, Mrs. Ferguson received a majority of some 80,000 votes, in what was said to be the heaviest vote ever cast in a Texas primary. As the Republican party in Texas is almost negligible, Mrs. Ferguson's nomination is equivalent to election.

THE KLAN AND THE CANDIDATES

GREAT PERSONAL COURAGE, a press correspondent remarks, has been displayed by Senator La Follette, Mr. Davis, and General Dawes in "taking a pronounced stand against a large block of organized citizens, who undoubtedly are moved by motives as patriotic as those of their opponents." Wiring to the Birmingham (Ala.) *Age-Herald*, Raymond Clapper says: "Members of the Ku Klux Klan are on the whole deeply religious, and are as sincere and firm in their convictions as the Pilgrims who undertook the hardy adventure to America because of their religious convictions. They believe they are right, and to single them out for attack is going to wound them deeply."


POISONOUS GROWTH OF RACE AND RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE
DAWES
DAVIS
LAFOLLETTE
FIELD OF AMERICAN POLITICS
PEASE

NO PLACE FOR IT

—Pease in the Newark *Evening News*.

But, as Mr. Clapper tells us, "this is an issue in which conscience, rather than political expediency, undoubtedly weighs heavily with the candidates." La Follette, "the first to strike at the masked order," spoke out on August 8, in a letter to Robert P. Scripps. In so doing, he "risked alienating large blocks of farmer votes in the Middle West. Many labor groups contain a large Klan membership." Moreover, Mr. Clapper observes, "Davis, too, displays great boldness in striking out without reservation on this issue. The cosmopolitan North and East and the rural West and East have split the party into two bitter factions. Davis's declaration does not serve to heal that breach. Yet it will make him stronger in many of the large Eastern States, which he needs. He will be bitterly criticized in States like Georgia, where the Klan has gained control of the Democratic organization, but he will hardly lose the electoral vote there, yet in many Southern States the Klan appears to be losing its influence."

In Texas, for instance, "the leading politicians have united behind Mrs. Ferguson and against Judge Robertson," admitted Klan candidate in the gubernatorial fight.

Perhaps the politicians have believed the Klan to be more powerful than it really is, but Mr. Clapper points out that "once confined to solidly Democratic territory," it "has spread all over the Middle West and now is strongest perhaps in Republican States like Indiana. It is influential in Ohio and Illinois and in Kansas, and to a lesser extent in States normally Republican."

Mr. Davis attacked the Klan in a speech at Sea Girt, New Jersey, on August 22, and called upon Mr. Coolidge to do likewise and thus eliminate the Klan issue. General Dawes, picking up the gauntlet on behalf of Republicans, came out the next day against the Klan in a speech at Augusta, Maine. The statements by the three candidates follow, Mr. La Follette's first:

> "I deem it most unfortunate that questions involving religious opinion and other questions unrelated to the vital issue of the restoration of government to the people have been raised in this as in other critical years of our national history. Such controversies feed upon and inflame prejudice and passion to the exclusion of issues involving the very life of government itself.
>
> "I am unalterably opposed to the evident purpose of the secret organization known as the Ku Klux Klan, as disclosed by its public acts.
>
> "It can not long survive.
>
> "Relying upon the sound judgment and good sense of our people, it is my opinion that such a movement is foredoomed. It has within its own body the seeds of its death."

Mr. Davis, in the course of an extended speech dealing with many topics, said of the Klan:

> "If any organization, no matter what it chooses to be called, whether Ku Klux Klan or by any other name, raises the standard of racial and religious prejudice or attempts to make racial origins or religious beliefs the test of fitness for public office, it does violence to the spirit of American institutions and must be condemned by all those who believe as I do in American ideals.
>
> "I venture, therefore, to express the hope that the nominee of the Republican party will see fit by some explicit declaration to join in, entirely removing this topic from the field of political debate."

Whereupon, in his speech at Augusta, Maine, General Dawes, Republican Vice-Presidential nominee, said:

> "Let me say at once that I recognize that the Ku Klux Klan in many localities and among many people represents only an instinctive groping for leadership, moving in the interest of law enforcement, which they do not find in many cowardly politicians and office-holders. But it is not the right way to forward law enforcement."

After recounting the activities of the Klan in Oklahoma and in Williamson County, Illinois, where the town of Herrin is situated, General Dawes continued:

> "There is much in the Ku Klux Klan which appeals to the adventurous youth. I remember once, when traveling over Illinois, speaking for law enforcement, some of the American Legion men with me talked to other Legion men who had joined the Ku Klux Klan at one of the towns visited. These latter young men believed that they were acting in the interest of law enforcement. They said, 'There is a bootlegger in our county who is in cahoots with the Sheriff, and everybody knows it. Now, we are not going to hurt the man, but some night we are going for him and his still. We are going to gag him, carry him and the still up to the court-house yard and tie him to it so that the Sheriff and the whole town will see them when they come down to their work in the morning.'
>
> "This may appeal to adventurous youth; but, my friends, government can not last if that is the right way to enforce law in this country.
>
> "Appeals to racial, religious or class prejudice by minority organizations are opposed to the welfare of all peaceful and civilized communities. Our Constitution stands for religious tolerance and freedom. This happy country has never been through a religious war such as those which devastated Europe in the centuries past and brought untold misery to millions of its inhabitants. We have progressed in civilization far beyond that possibility, but to inject religious and racial issues into politics is contrary to the welfare of all the people and to the letter and spirit of the Constitution of the United States."

Mr. La Follette's letter brings an enthusiastic response from *Tolerance* (Chicago), an anti-Klan paper which describes itself as voicing a "protest against racial and religious discrimination." As we are told, "Senator La Follette does not mince words or indulge in meaningless statements about it. He denounces it straight from the shoulder." The Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.)

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

thinks that Mr. La Follette attacked the Klan unwillingly, and says: "he was compelled to declare himself, because many of his supporters on economic issues insisted upon knowing where he stood on this acute question," while the Lincoln (Neb.) *State Journal* (Rep.) remarks:

> "In Indiana and Kansas, States with a heavy negro vote, the Republican candidates for Governor are Klan-made. Nationally the party is not specifically anti-Klan. La Follette now offers the colored voters a way of protest without voting for the party which opposed their emancipation.
>
> "The La Follette platform ignored the religious and racial issue raised by the Ku Klux Klan. For that La Follette has been scorched by his opponents. He was dodging the issues, just as he charged the old parties with doing."

The Democratic papers warmly approve Mr. Davis's statement. His words were "powerful in their directness and unmistakable in their meaning in every line and sentence," the Atlanta *Constitution* feels, while the Baltimore *Sun* declares, "that is what the American people want—a plain, unmistakable, honest, vigorous protest." "It is the kind of courageous speaking that inspires trust," observes the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot*, adding, "if President Coolidge has played good politics on the Klan issue, we prefer the bad politics of John W. Davis." According to the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "Mr. Davis went after them, not after the hammer-and-tongs fashion of a General Dawes, but with the dignity and the force of a great lawyer." The New York *World* congratulates him upon having "met the issue squarely," and the Providence *News* applauds his having "called a spade a spade." Noting that his pronouncement was an impromptu one, not in the manuscript, the Hartford *Times* tells us:

> "Mr. Davis's addition to his set speech is particularly interesting, because it exhibits Mr. Davis again, as he was exhibited at Clarksburg, as a campaigner who will not be thrust off his base by lip service to the Constitution or vague appeals to common sense."

To a section of the independent press, Mr. Davis's statement appears to have been necessitated by Mr. La Follette's letter, and the Seattle *Times* remarks:

> "In all fairness, it must be said that Mr. Davis's denunciation of the Klan by name, in his New Jersey speech, was made necessary because of the anti-Klan position of Mr. La Follette, and the appeal it had been making to Catholic Democrats of the East."

Turning now to General Dawes's speech and the comment it has called forth, we find the Newark *News* (Ind.) remarking:

> "It is rather curious that Mr. Dawes strest so much the failure of government officials as a reason for the appearance of such movements. That is exactly Mr. Davis's point in his acceptance speech, where he asserted that the reason that not only the Klan, but political blocs and other narrow groupings had appeared so largely recently was because of the materialism and lack of leadership and purpose in the Republican Administration. Mr. Dawes seems to have left a door open."

Demanding that Mr. Coolidge also speak out, the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) quotes General Dawes's account of the Klan as "groping for leadership, moving in the interest of law enforcement," and says:

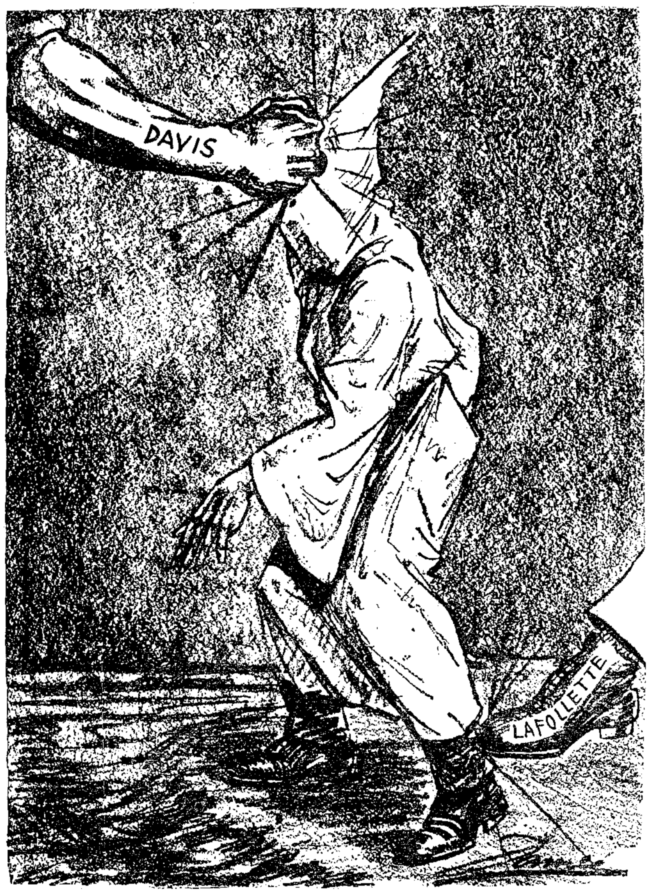
> "Any one capable of a judicial attitude, who seeks to explain the rise of the Klan, especially in some parts of the country, must agree with that statement. It applies truthfully to a certain proportion of the Klan membership in certain sections. But it is only a part of the truth as to the rise, purposes and development of the order as a whole."

Speaking for a large group of Republican papers, the *Ohio State Journal* (Rep.) declares: "General Dawes's statement on the subject yesterday was manly, straightforward and fine, and undoubtedly represents the attitude of the whole Republican ticket." Says the Republican Springfield (Mass.) *Union:*

> "He merely put strongly and well what it is possible for no one to deny. While the Klan remains within its constitutional rights it must be borne with, just as it must be whole-heartedly quashed the moment it ventures an inch beyond those rights. To say all this is to say merely what is patent."

To the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), "it is a source of satisfaction to record the view that General Dawes, despite the fact that he was speaking in a State in which his party is in alliance with the Klan, did his part toward lifting the Ku Klux issue out of the field of partizan debate." But the Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch* (Dem.) declares:

> "General Dawes denounces the Klan, but excuses rather than accuses it for its activities in Oklahoma and Illinois, thereby giving the order little short of his blessing in some States and denouncing it elsewhere. He did not except Maine, where the Klan issue may elect a Democratic Governor, nor Ohio, nor Indiana, or half a dozen other States, where the organization claims credit for naming Republican nominees for various offices. General Dawes accentuated rather than removed the Klan as an issue by his discussion."



WITHOUT GLOVES
—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

The Oklahoma *Fiery Cross*, a Klan organ, defends the hooded organization against the charge of intolerance, and, after assuring us that there is no discrimination because of religious faith, announces:

> "The Klan follows the letter and spirit of the Constitution in its attitude toward the Catholic religion. The order opposes the Catholic Church only in its relation to our society and our government.
>
> "This paper is opposed to the Catholic Church. It is fighting the Catholic Church, but it is fighting it only upon the field described by the true principles of the Ku Klux Klan and the Constitution of the United States. Whoever raises the religious issue against Catholicism outside those limits does not appreciate the real doctrine of the Klan.
>
> "They mean well, no doubt, but they are certainly not using their heads."

"DYNAMITE" IN SUGAR

HOWEVER INNOCENT SUGAR MAY LOOK on the table, "there is dynamite in it from the political point of view," concludes Mr. Hearst's New York *American*, as it contemplates the recent majority and minority reports of the Tariff Commission, recommending, respectively, that the duty on sugar be lowered, and that it be left as it is. These conflicting reports lead the Washington correspondent of the New York *Commercial* to declare that "the flexible provision of the Fordney-McCumber tariff law, instead of taking the tariff out of politics, has kept this threadbare issue very decidedly to the forefront." Or, as the Lincoln (Nebr.) *State Journal* (Ind. Rep.), sees it, "the Tariff Commission plan turns out to have transferred the politics of the tariff merely from Congress to the Commission."

President Coolidge, several editors agree, finds the sugar-tariff baby on his doorstep at a particularly inopportune moment. In the first place, sugar duties have supplied from 22 to 32 per cent. of the total customs revenue—$127,000,000 last year. A tidy sum like this does wonders in helping to balance the budget. Then, we are reminded, the canning season is at its height, and the housewife who presides over this culinary art—and also casts her vote—naturally wonders why she must pay a tax of 2.20 cents on every pound of sugar she buys. According to *The American*, "the American people pay an additional $220,000,000 a year because of the tariff of 2.20 cents a pound on foreign sugar and 1.76 cents on Cuban sugar."

To make matters more difficult for the present Administration, say Washington correspondents, Senator La Follette, Progressive candidate for the Presidency, has brought the Tariff Commission into the limelight by reminding American housewives that a year and a half were required for the Commission to render a report to the President on the cost of producing sugar; that undue influence was brought to bear on the members by the "sugar interests" to delay this report, and that when it was rendered it was not unanimous; that the three Democrats rendered a majority report recommending a cut in the sugar tariff, while the two Republicans remaining after two others had been disqualified because of a "sugar taint" rendered a minority report.

Republicans, says Mark Sullivan in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, are wondering whether Senator La Follette will make this merely the first thrust in a general attack on the tariff as a whole, or whether it will be one of his major campaign issues. As a party, says the independent Newark *News*, "the Republicans would be loath to see a reduction in the duty on sugar just now, for they need the support of the powerful beet-sugar interests in the West." "The Mormon Church is the principal owner of beet-sugar lands," we are informed by the Providence *News*, "and a reduction of the tariff will alienate a heavy vote in the States in which the lands are situated." Certainly, agrees the Newark paper, "this is one of the times when there are easier jobs than being simultaneously President of the United States and the head of a political party." Also, notes the New York *Evening Post*, "some surprize has been caused by Senator La Follette's stand for a reduction in the sugar duty, inasmuch as he has been posing as the champion of the farmers, and every major farm organization in the country has gone on record in opposition to a reduction in the sugar duty because of the injury it would do the domestic beet and cane industries."

In his statement charging that domestic sugar interests delayed action by the Tariff Commission and intimidated members of that body, Senator La Follette said:

> "This investigation was ordered nearly eighteen months ago, following disclosures that the Republican chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, acting in conjunction with a member of the President's Cabinet, had sought to use the tariff-making power as a means to compel Cuban sugar-growers to reduce their production and thus to increase sugar prices to American consumers. The investigation should have been completed long ago.
>
> "It is well known that representatives of the sugar interests have been very busy in Washington, actively using every influence and device to delay the completion of the investigation and the publication of the report. It is obvious that if the report is held back until the end of the sugar year, in September, the sugar interests will be in a position to argue that the statistics compiled by the Commission are out of date and valueless, and the public will thus be denied during the current year any measure of relief from present exorbitant import duties on sugar."

"In theory," writes W. W. Jermane, Washington correspondent of the Seattle *Times*, "a tariff commission is an ideal body, and its findings should give the people relief from frequently recurring tariff revisions; in practise, however, it is not a success. Its high-tariff members and low-tariff members are so widely separated in principle that it is frequently out of the question for them to agree, even as to facts. That has been the case with respect to sugar. Furthermore, one finds in the Tariff Commission's quarters an atmosphere of distrust, which is not duplicated in any other government bureau. There have been numerous 'leaks,' and a copy of the majority sugar report was stolen from the Commission's offices just before it was sent to the President." Moreover, we are reminded by the Mobile *Register* (Dem.), "the rise in the price of sugar in 1922, which costs the American consumers billions of dollars and caused President Harding to order an investigation, has never been satisfactorily explained." This paper is thoroughly in sympathy with Senator La Follette's efforts to "smoke out" the sugar interests and the Tariff Commission. According to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind.):

> "The real conflict is between the sugar consumer and the Sugar Association on one side, and the domestic sugar-grower on the other. The Sugar Association represents American investors in Cuban fields and mills and the seaboard refineries. Like the consumer, it demands lower duties. Louisiana's cane-planters, Western beet-growers and inland refineries demand high duties."

Another complaint against the Tariff Commission comes from the Democratic New York *Times*. For the last fiscal year, we are told, the Commission cost $700,000. In that time "the Commission has recommended three increases of customs duties and one decrease of virtually no importance. There are thirty-three other investigations under way." As the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (Dem.) caustically observes:

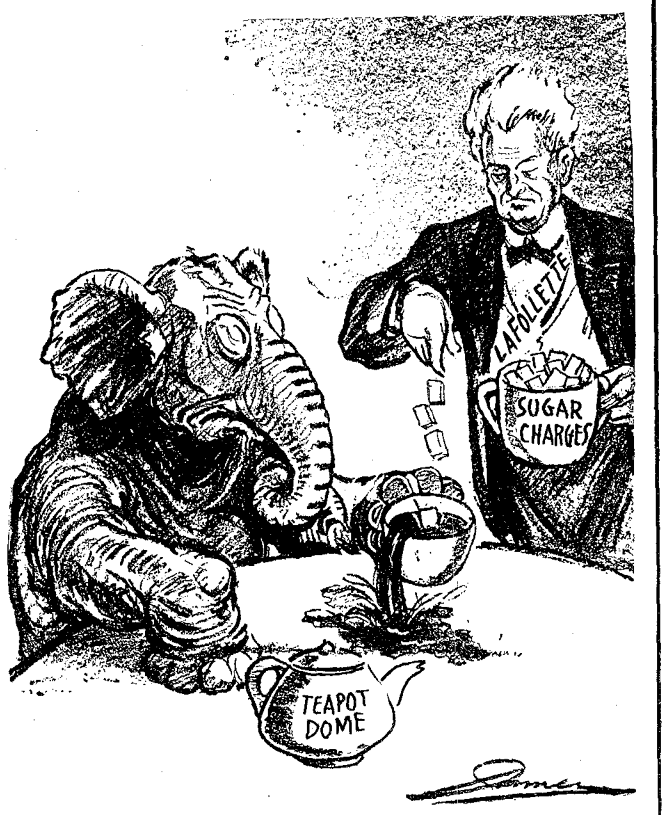
> "The Commission could have gone to the archives of the departments of agriculture of the United States and of Cuba and discovered fairly accurate data as to the cost of producing sugar, all within the space of a summer's day. But a commission must be more conscientious than that. It must not shirk its work by such short-cuts as accepting figures already authenticated."

The question of the sugar tariff, points out the Lincoln (Nebr.) *State Journal*, "concerns merely the extent, if any, to which all of the people of the United States should tax themselves to maintain the price of home-grown sugar. That part of American agriculture engaged in producing sugar will lose by a reduction of the sugar duty. The rest of the farmers will gain on each pound of sugar they buy." There are said to be some 40,000 beet-sugar farmers in the United States, or 200,000 directly interested, counting their families. On the other hand, our farm population is estimated at 34,000,000—all sugar consumers. Altogether, avers the New York *American*, "there are 112,000,000 of us, and we are taxed $2 each annually in this sugar graft. The profits go into the pockets of the factory owners, not the beet-growers."

"The cost of sugar," declares the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), "is one of the largest items in the family budget." And the United States is the largest single consumer of sugar in the world, 8,409,276,554 pounds having been used in 1922. Soon after President Harding took office, says *The American* in another editorial, the duty on sugar was raised from one cent a pound to 1.6 cents. In September, 1922, the tariff was boosted to 1.76 cents, "and this addition of three-quarters of a cent has made the sugar of the American people cost $84,000,000 a year more than it cost between 1913 and 1921." "The present tariff is the highest in 34 years," maintains Mrs. Welzmiller, Chairman of the New York City Women's Market Committee, in a letter to President Coolidge protesting that the welfare of 112,000,000 American citizens, whom the present sugar tariff costs more than $200,000,000 a year, is of greater importance than the 40,000 beet-growers who are protected by the Fordney-McCumber tariff.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* (Ind.), on the other hand, believes that we ought to pay for sugar "whatever price, within reason, is necessary to maintain our beet-sugar industry. Otherwise we would be at the mercy of the outside world in the matter of sugar." At the opposite side of the continent, we find a paper politically opposed to the California daily, the Brooklyn *Citizen* (Dem.), maintaining that the present sugar tariff "does not seriously affect American sugar consumers, while a reduction in the duty will wipe out the 40,000 sugar-beet producers and throw out of employment several hundred thousand persons." Furthermore, asserts *The National Republican* (Washington):

> "A reduction in the import duty on sugar will not give the people lower-priced sugar, but will give the American refiners and American owners of Cuban plantations more profit; and the American beet-sugar industry and the Louisiana cane-sugar manufacturers will be the ones to suffer. After the sugar trust has crippled the American sugar industry, it will put up the price of sugar."



BITTER SWEET

—James in the St. Louis *Star*.

According to the Grand Rapids *Press* (Ind.) in a sugar-beet-growing State:

> "Most of the agitation for reduced sugar tariffs has come in a roundabout way from the representatives of foreign sugar interests in the United States, and their allies, the American sugar-refining interests, which have large properties in Cuba and are prevented by the tariff from flooding our markets with foreign cane-sugar.
>
> "As between 'interests' most Americans will prefer the farming interests of this nation, growing sugar-beets under sufficient handicaps, as matters stand, to the subtle outsiders who strive to make our own industry seem responsible for high sugar prices."

Other commodities considered, asserts the Buffalo *Express* (Ind. Rep.), "sugar at 7 and 8 cents a pound is not high. In fact, sugar shows a smaller proportionate increase than many other articles of general consumption which are not imported. In these circumstances, consumers are not likely to manifest much interest in political discussions on the sugar tariff."

Will a reduction in the duty on sugar benefit the consumer? "No hope," replies the Denver *Rocky Mountain News;* "the amount of the reduction will be taken up in slack by the importer of raw and semi-refined cane-sugar at New York and Philadelphia. This has been done before." Continues this beet-sugar State paper:

> "It is not a question between consumer and rich manufacturer, this sugar tariff business. It is one between the cane refineries and the beet-sugar producers of the West. The aim of the Cuban interests is to cut out beet-production altogether or bring it to a minimum so that it will not interfere with the plans of the sugar-cane trust, which aims to control the whole market. With a substantial production of beet-sugar by Western States, the New York combine can not rig and hold the sugar market."

Still another reason for not reducing the sugar tariff is seen by *Facts About Sugar* (New York). According to this trade paper, sugar duties contributed nearly a third of the total customs revenues in 1922. Furthermore—

> "Statistics of imports for the first six months of 1924 indicate that for the current year the revenue from this source will amount to somewhere in the neighborhood of $137,000,000.
>
> "With the reductions that have been made in direct taxes, the revenues of the Government are expected to be just about sufficient to balance expenditures and may not even do that in consequence of appropriations made by Congress against the advice of the President. A reduction of 25 per cent. in the import duty on sugar would cut something like $35,000,000 from the Government's income in the course of a year and might have the effect of creating a deficit. That is a condition that the President is anxious to avoid."

Mr. La Follette, complains the Buffalo *Express*, does not specify in his recent statement, which "sugar interests" he means. Continues this Independent Republican paper:

> "He is quite as apt to be struggling for the special advantage of one group as for any benefit to the public, in view of his record in the Philippines tobacco case. The fact that he has as his principal financial backer a representative of one of the greatest families of sugar magnates in the world, president at one time, if not now, of the most important Hawaiian company [Hawaiian Sugar and Commercial Company], gives warrant for considerably more suspicion of Mr. La Follette's motives than he can arouse against the Tariff Commission."

"The president of the most important Hawaii company" is identified by the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* as Rudolph Spreckels, who is listed in "Who's Who" as a civic reformer and banker. As this sugar-beet State paper points out:

> "A reduction of the tariff on sugar will wipe out the growing beet-sugar industry and bankrupt the farmers who grow beets. Cuba's surplus this year is half our total production. It is not to be wondered at that the Tariff Commission hesitates over opening the flood-gates to such a deluge—particularly as it would drown out the very men for whom Senator La Follette is making the valiant fight at fearful odds! The connection between Spreckels, millionaire sugar-refiner, as a contributor to the La Follette campaign fund and Senator La Follette's sudden disregard of the farmers' interest and his plea for a lowered tariff on sugar, is almost visible to the naked eye."

THE DECENNIAL OF "THE DITCH"

THE BIG DITCH has been open for ten years. So long, in fact, that a generation is growing up that never heard its builders lovingly call it the Big Ditch, and probably thinks of the Panama Canal as something which has always existed as an integral part of the South American coastline. So much is this the case that the canal's decennial (it was opened to traffic August 15, 1914) very nearly went unnoted by the press. Perhaps this is because a fortnight earlier came the beginning of the Great War. As the New York *Times* puts it: "During this season of war anniversaries the decennial of one of the greatest works of peace has been passed over in almost complete silence." It began a new era in international trade, points out this paper, and consolidated our position as a world power. Yet "in sharp contrast to the destruction, which had just commenced when it was opened," the canal is a "healing force in the world." As the Worcester *Telegram-Gazette* succinctly remarks, "we opened it when Europe opened war and we had the best of it."

What we have is a stupendous vindication of the courage and energy of Theodore Roosevelt, think many editors. Here is a canal, we are reminded, which carries more tonnage than the Suez, opened fifty-five years ago, and is second only as a cargo carrier to the Sault Ste. Marie Canal. "From California come millions of barrels of oil. Canada sends thousands of bushels of wheat from its western provinces," says the Albany *Journal*, and continues:

> "Tankers with blood from the abattoirs in Argentina and Uruguay mingle their smells with those of cargoes of camphor from Japan, algarobilla from the Andes forests, iodin from Chile, peanuts and tea from China, rubber from Singapore, and copra from the South Sea islands. The judgment of the Administration that put through this accomplishment has been vindicated."

The Ditch's stupendous record of achievement was first called to the attention of American editors by the present Acting Governor of the Canal, Colonel Meriwether Walker. It is interesting to see the many angles from which they view this achievement, and what it proves to them. "Now let's back the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence waterway," says one section of the press. "Let's go ahead and really finish the inland deep-water Boston-to-Jacksonville passage," adds another, and pleas for individual canals and waterways come from local papers. "There is still hope for our Shipping Board vessels," is the point of view brought out by the large number of American clearances through the canal. Other newspapers discuss the future overcrowding of the canal (within the next fifteen years) and the necessity of either widening it, making it a water-level route, or building another through Nicaragua.

What started all this discussion—the figures of Colonel Walker—include, first, the fact that during the canal's operation over 25,000 commercial vessels have passed from ocean to ocean, and, second, that these ships have paid in tolls an average of "$4,000 per vessel, totaling close to a hundred million dollars." We quote from one of his early interviews to the Chicago *Tribune:*

> "During the fiscal year ended June 30 an average of eight commercial American vessels daily, with six in intercoastal trade, have passed through. Sixty per cent. of the total commercial transits flew the American flag.
>
> "During the year just closed, the receipts from tolls averaged over $2,000,000 monthly. Including various auxiliary business operations conducted in connection with the Canal, the gross receipts for the year exceeded the expenditures by $17,000,000."

What profit on the original investment is being turned back to the Government is estimated at from 4½ per cent. down. The Birmingham *Age-Herald* works the matter out as follows:

> "The United States pays the Government of Panama an annual consideration of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for its relinquishment of title to the Canal strip. The total cost of the Canal, including grants, is put at $375,000,000. The interest on the bonds is about twelve millions annually. Thus the total annual charge against the canal is about sixteen and a half millions. The traffic of 1922-23, therefore, leaves a surplus to apply to the sinking fund. The revenue for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, is placed at approximately twenty-four million dollars. Thus for the last fiscal year the surplus for sinking fund and applying to past deficits is more than seven and a half million dollars, after deducting rental to Panama, interest on bonds and cost of operation. It is altogether likely that the showing for the current fiscal year will be still more gratifying, and that within the next fifteen years the entire cost of the project will be returned to the treasury of the United States."

OUR "ROTTEN BOROUGHS"

ENGLISH REFORMERS of a century ago made the most of Old Sarum, without house or habitant, represented in Parliament by two members, while growing industrial cities in the north had no representation at all. Old England has rid itself of its rotten boroughs, but New England and other sections in this country seem to have inherited them, because in certain State constitutions representation was fixt arbitrarily without allowance for the subsequent growth of the towns. And naturally the rapidly decreasing population of rural constituencies has been unwilling to give up its share of the power, despite the outcry from large cities against the rule of rural minorities. The open warfare in the Rhode Island legislature is only a spectacular symptom calling attention of the American public to "rotten borough" representation in several of our States, writes Orville A. Welsh in *The Survey Graphic* (New York). Of course, he says, the question is one for the States to settle. Farmer-ruled "city fellers" can be liberated, we are told, only by an educational campaign, as there is no other cure for "profound antagonism" between the "rural minorities which have retained power" and the cities over which they "hold the whip-hand." The rural minorities "must be convinced that in the long run such an undemocratic system can not endure," and the urban representatives in State legislatures, "while looking after the interests of their constituencies and insisting on their getting the voice in legislative affairs to which they are entitled, must be sympathetic toward the farmer and his peculiar problems." Otherwise, the country voters will domineer over the more numerous city voters, just as at present, while "the cities will continue to defy an enormous mass of State sumptuary legislation" and "fail in their efforts to secure the relief through industrial and fiscal legislation that many of them need." Writing in *The Survey Graphic*, Mr. Welsh tells us that in Illinois,

> "The rural minority has succeeded in preserving its power against all assaults for fifty years. More than half the population is in Cook County (Chicago), which has only nineteen senators against thirty-two for the rest of the State, and fifty-seven representatives compared with ninety-seven for the rest of the State—a percentage of 37 in voting strength. The constitution calls for a reapportionment every ten years, but there has been none in twenty-four years. The same discrepancies exist in party conventions, so that it has been virtually impossible to elect a ticket pledged to a fair apportionment. Through this rural domination the Eighteenth Amendment was ratified, altho at a State referendum two years ago the wets won by four to one.
>
> "The rural-controlled legislature allows very little home rule to the poorly represented cities. A Public Utility Commission in which the cities have no votes is appointed by the Governor. This commission fixes car-fares and electric light, telephone and gas rates. Chicago, second city of the western world, is held to a bonded indebtedness so low in comparison with other large cities of the country that municipal enterprises are prevented. Approval of the legislature must be obtained for any loan."

In New York State, as Mr. Welsh reminds us, "no county under the State constitution was permitted to have more than one-third of the members of the State senate, and no two counties adjoining, or separated only by public waters, more than one-half." Reading on:

"This obviously was aimed at New York City, and the restriction never has been removed. Each county was given one member of the Assembly, regardless of population, and this provision has enabled rural up-State New York, which happens to be Republican and conservative, to maintain its grip on the lower chamber of the legislature to this day."

To take another case,

"Pennsylvania is 70 per cent. urban, yet largely under rural sway. Each of the sixty-seven counties is guaranteed one member regardless of population. The five smallest counties, with an average population of only 7,944, and totaling .45 of one per cent. of the State's population, cast 2.4 per cent. of the vote in the House of Representatives. Twenty-eight counties with 8.7 per cent. of the population have 13.5 per cent. of strength in the House. Twenty-three counties with more than 100,000 population and totaling more than 78 per cent. of the State have but 72 per cent. voting strength. In 1923 the rural members of the legislature forced through a bill prohibiting daylight saving time."

Turning to the situation in Massachusetts, where a legislature dominated by the smaller cities "exercises full police powers in Boston, as well as in Fall River," Mr. Welsh explains that "in both cases this authority was assumed after charges of local corruption," and tells us that to-day,

"The Boston Police Commission is a State body. The tax rate of Boston is fixt by the legislature. A Finance Commission of five members, with advisory and investigating power, is appointed for Boston by the Governor. The State Licensing Board has jurisdiction over saloons, dance-halls, etc., in Boston. The Commissioners of Pilots for the Port of Boston are appointed by the Governor. The State Public Utilities Commission passes on all utility rates in Boston. The Boston Elevated Railway (subway) is governed by a Board of Trustees appointed by the Governor. Boston's building laws (but not those of any other city) are made by the legislature."

However, it is the dominance of the farming districts, and not of minor cities, that chiefly interests Mr. Welsh. In many States he finds the condition serious. In Michigan, for example, "Wayne County, which includes Detroit, has almost one-third of the State's population, and pays 40 per cent. of the taxes. But it has only five of the thirty-two Senate seats, and but fourteen out of 100 House seats." Meanwhile,

"In New Jersey, with a population predominantly urban (in 1920, 2,474,936 persons were classed as urban dwellers, 680,964 as rural), the legislative policies are determined largely by the rural element. All efforts to amend the State constitution, which provides one Senator, and one only, for each of the twenty-one counties, have been defeated by the smaller counties. Herein lies the key to the retention of the State's bluest of the blue laws, the enforcement of which is attempted now and then. About 40 per cent. of the population of New Jersey lives in Essex and Hudson counties, which together have two of the State's twenty-one Senators, or less than 10 per cent. Essex, with 652,089, has the same vote in the Senate as Cape May County with 19,460. Hudson, with 629,154, is balanced by Sussex with 24,905. Taking the counties of more than 100,000, nine out of the twenty-one have a total population of 2,668,923, or 84.5 per cent. of the State's total."

The recent "outbreak of open warfare in the Rhode Island Legislature" should "direct public attention generally to American 'rotten boroughs,'" thinks Mr. Welsh, who observes:

"Rhode Island is the smallest and most densely settled State in the Union. With 604,397 inhabitants, it is thirty-eighth in population, ahead of giants in area as Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah and Wyoming.

"It is almost exclusively urban, 97.5 per cent, and in fact contains but 4,083 farms. The few farming communities, however, virtually control the State.

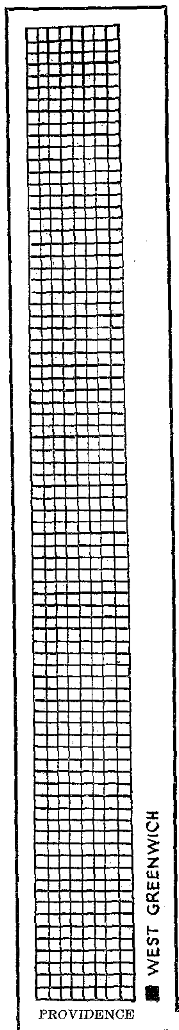
"Under the constitution of 1842, still in force, each city and town is entitled to one member of the Senate and one only. Thus the great industrial cities—Providence, with nearly 250,000 population; Pawtucket, 64,248; Woonsocket, 43,496—are forever outvoted by men from tiny fishing villages and rural hamlets, such as West Greenwich, with 367 souls; Foster, with 905; Charlestown, with 759; and Narragansett, with 993. These all return Republican Senators."

Having read Mr. Welsh's article, Benjamin Loring Young, speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, writes to the editor of *The Survey Graphic* denouncing the system which prevails in Rhode Island. "Such a system is not representative government, nor is it democracy," he says; "it is minority rule of the most flagrant character." But he defends the Massachusetts system. As he explains, a constitutional amendment adopted in 1857 requires that representation, both in House and Senate, be based "not upon municipalities, not upon population, but upon the number of 'legal voters' in each community." According to "an opinion of the Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court rendered to the House of Representatives in March, 1924, the term 'legal voters' means duly registered voters whose names are on the voting list, and who may lawfully cast their votes on election day." Mr. Young continues:

"Is not this Massachusetts system, thus interpreted, fair and just? Each town and ward will hereafter be represented in the Senate and House in accordance, not with the population, which may include many aliens and transient residents, but with the sworn list of registered voters. Those districts where the citizens accept the responsibility and exercise the privilege of citizenship will have more representation than those communities where the citizens, tho legally entitled to vote, do not bother even to register as voters.

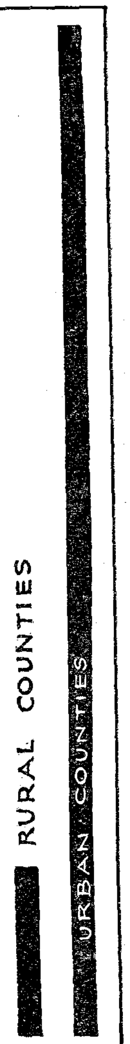
"The theory of representation based on population does not seem reasonable. Take the case of two communities with a population of 100,000. One of them has a foreign population of 50 per cent. Why should the citizens living in that community receive twice the representation in the State Government which is accorded to the voters who live in a community consisting entirely of American citizens?

"It would be a wise move for the United States to substitute the Massachusetts system of legal voters for the present Congressional representation based on population. And it would be an even better move for Rhode Island and some other States to adopt the Massachusetts method in place of the system of 'rotten boroughs' which Mr. Welsh has so well described."



THEY HAVE EQUAL VOICE IN LAWMAKING

Under the State constitution of 1842, still in force, Providence, a Rhode Island city with a population of 237,595, has the same representation in the State Senate as West Greenwich, the smallest town in the State, which has a population of 367.



IN THE NEW JERSEY SENATE

New Jersey allows one Senator, and one only, from each county in the State, regardless of the fact that each urban Senator represents an average of 285,362 voters, and the Senator from a rural county represents an average of only 48,914 votes.

"MRS." OR "MISS" WHEN THE GHOST WALKS?

A "FEDERAL BUREAUCRATIC SNOOPER," as one newspaper calls Cont.-Gen. J. R. McCarl, and a "brave official," as another terms him, has ruled that a married woman employee of the Federal Government who wishes to be carried on the government pay-roll *must* adopt her husband's name and can not enrol under her maiden name. According to press reports, he quotes various marriage laws of the country and then states his view of the situation emphatically. "The law of this country that the wife takes the surname of the husband is as well settled as that the domicil of the wife merges in the domicil of the husband," he says. "A wife might reside apart from her husband, but as long as she remains his lawful wife she has but one legal domicil and that is the domicil of her husband. So it is with the name. She may have an assumed name, but she has but one legal name." Whereupon, the Buffalo *Express* retorts:

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HE HAS ROUSED THE LUCY STONE LEAGUE

J. R. McCarl, Controller-General of the United States, who rules that married women employed by the Government must use their husbands' names to be carried on the pay-roll.

"Now, now! What are we going to do with those advanced creatures who, tho not objecting to matrimony, insist on still being known as, for instance, Miss Dill Pickle rather than Mrs. John Dough? Isn't she just as good a woman as Miss Pickle as she is as Mrs. Dough? And if she does the work well enough to keep the job shouldn't she have the money either as Pickle or Dough?

"If the Controller-General of the United States has his way the significance of the old query about what's in a name will be sharply emphasized, for the answer will be pay envelop or no pay envelop.

"We understand that a revolt has begun among the women employees of the Government in Washington. We expect to see it spread."

As the Kansas City *Star* reminds us, the point at issue is important to the Lucy Stone League, which "has devoted and dedicated its existence to the principle that a married woman can, and of right ought to, sign her maiden name every time she has occasion to sign any name at all." Says *The Star:*

"The new freedom gives her that right. Married names belong to the old slave style; to a time when married women clung to a husband's arm with one hand and held a long skirt out of the dust with the other. But in those times women, we have heard, went into the matrimonial state deliberately, not to say with calculation. They regarded it as a destiny, and if destiny seemed to hesitate, they took measures to hasten it. They took a man's name with alacrity, signed it firmly, and he had a devil of a time getting it away from them if he happened to be abandoned enough to try. That is all changed now, of course. Now they take everything a man has except his name and invite him to breakfast once a week.

"On some such occasion perhaps Miss Smith will introduce her young daughter to daughter's father, Mr. Jones. It's a wise child that knows its own name.

"If we were Mr. McCarl, we'd let the matter drop. Government officials let a lot of things drop anyway."

So thinks the New Haven *Register*, which remarks:

"It is just as difficult for us to understand why the Government should object to making out checks in the maiden name as it is for us to comprehend why the woman employee should make a fuss over having them in her married name. No doubt the Lucy Stoners could enlighten us on the fine points of independence that make it advisable for a woman to stick always to her original identity. Be that as it may, if some women really do feel so deeply about it, why not humor them? It will injure nothing other than perhaps some man's little vanity."

To the New York *Herald Tribune,* Mr. McCarl's ruling "seems an impertinent exercise of control," for "as a matter of bookkeeping it makes no difference whether checks are made out to Jane Smith or to Jane S. Jones, so long as they go to the person entitled to them." Accordingly,

"It is absurd for the Government to interfere in a question of taste that has no relation whatever to the service performed, that involves no deception and puts officials to no inconvenience. The fussiness about names smacks of espionage; it looks like yellow tape rather than red.

"Women who refuse to be wedded to a name are entitled to have their sentiment respected. It seems churlish to attempt to prevent them from retaining a symbol of independence upon which they set an extraordinary value."

As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* views the matter, "it is probably rather a question of legality with Mr. McCarl than of the propriety of the retention by a wife of her maiden name. But his law seems to be wrong," for—

"There is no legal prohibition of the practise he would end. Such a signature is perfectly valid in any business transaction. So far as that goes, a man may change his name, if he chooses, without application to the court. A name is used, in the last analysis, for purposes of identification.

"The idea that a woman loses her individuality unless she retains her maiden name after marriage strikes many persons as rather silly. It is a manifestation of that restless, not to say turbulent, spirit that animates the 'new woman' in these days. The inconvenience is obvious enough. A long-established social custom can not be overturned without disturbance. In the present case the game seems hardly worth the candle. Actresses and woman writers usually keep their maiden names as a matter of professional expediency; other women have no very potent reason for doing so.

"The question remains whether the Controller-General has really the right to interfere in the case of Federal employees. It looks like one of those bureaucratic exercises of power for which there is no legal justification. Mr. McCarl's jurisdiction does not extend over matters of taste. It will be surprizing if his ruling does not raise a storm he will wish he had avoided."

The New York *Bulletin*, meanwhile, proffers the bold suggestion:

"The thing for the Government to do is to compel married women to quit their jobs in Washington and replace them with unmarried women. Let the married women go home, cook their husbands' meals and raise families. Let them quit their cafeteria menus, their pekingese petting apartments and their 'I-am-free' existences."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

MAN's mastery of the elements is now complete, if nothing happens.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

PERHAPS by November the people will find that they can keep cool without Coolidge.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

NOBODY can say nay to the proposition that it requires horse-sense for a stable government.—*Savannah News.*

FARMERS expect a prosperous year in spite of drought, insects, frost, crop experts and political advisers.—*Wall Street Journal.*

HERE's hoping that the Prince of Wales will arrive at the White House in an automobile.—*Cleveland Times and Commercial.*

WE sometimes wonder whether the time will ever come when it will be considered quite the thing to have a girl's hope chest include a humidor?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"THE easiest thing for an auto to run into is debt."—*Toledo Blade.* Ask any pedestrian what he thinks.—*Iowa Legionaire.*

A GENUINE conservative is a man who thinks the West ather impudent to lift its voice oncerning political matters.—*Baltimore Sun.*

MUSSOLINI's idea of being ice to the Italians is giving is consent for them to listen n on the radio all they want o.—*Macon Telegraph.*

AN exchange asks: "What id we get out of the World War?" It will be time to nswer that, just possibly, after ve get out.—*Detroit News.*

THE discouraging thing about nti-trust suits is that it never eems to make any difference, o matter who wins 'em.—*olumbus Ohio State Journal.*

THE amount of exhilaration W. J. Bryan gets out of a convention can not fail to cause uriosity as to whether he gets ny real enjoyment out of life during the rest of the four years.—*Vashington Star.*

THE Prohibition candidate for President qualified for the aragraphers' union when he said the dry law has a wet nurse. –*Indianapolis News.*

JUDGE TALLEY says this is the most lawless nation in the orld. With 20,000 bills pending for the next Congress every ne will not agree with the judge.—*Wall Street Journal.*

EQUAL suffrage to some feminine reformers seems to mean hat the women will have their rights when they are able to give he men their dues.—*Cleveland Times and Commercial.*

IF the Japanese are so sorely troubled over the what-to-do-ith-our-increasing-population problem, why don't they try utting in more grade-crossings in that country?—*Macon Telegraph.*

THE first electric-chair ever used in the Far East has just been tilized in an execution in Manila. It may take time, but we are radually introducing civilization in that part of the world.—*hiladelphia Inquirer.*

OUR unmitigated falsehood for the day: We don't mind it at l when THE LITERARY DIGEST credits one of our paragraphs to e Columbus *Dispatch,* as all we care about is to get our improving thoughts before the public.—*Columbus Ohio State ournal.*

A DICTATOR is a man who conducts his own notification meeting.—*Detroit News.*

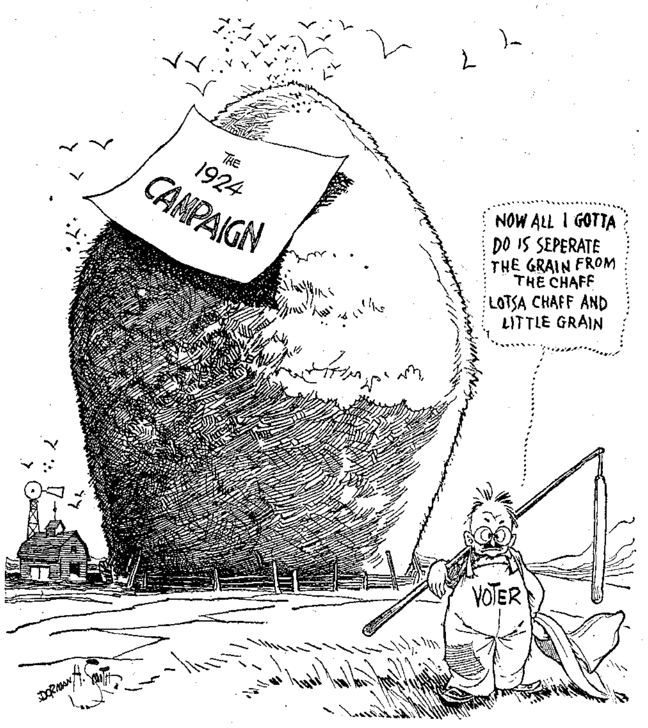
CORN may be king, but in Kansas he acts like the chancellor of the exchequer.—*Wichita Eagle.*

TOM TAGGART says: "I am personally wet and politically dry." So are others.—*Philadelphia Record.*

PERHAPS a sensible candidate's hardest task is to speak kindly of the platform.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

THE only way some folks realize on their investments is to realize they are on the wrong floor, and then it is likely to be too late.—*Los Angeles Times.*

IT is beginning to look as tho the inventor of the Dawes underslung pipe will get more than anybody else out of the approaching campaign.—*Macon Telegraph.*


THE 1924 CAMPAIGN
NOW ALL I GOTTA DO IS SEPERATE THE GRAIN FROM THE CHAFF LOTSA CHAFF AND LITTLE GRAIN
VOTER

COMES NOW THE THRESHING

—Smith for the Newspaper Enterprise Association

THERE is a current demand for two or three political issues guaranteed to fool the people. —*Toledo Blade.*

ALTHO the motorist may scoff at pedestrians, he must admit that they die with their boots on.—*The American Legion Weekly.*

ANY man who is forced to pay alimony can sympathize with Germany in her unwillingness to pay reparations.—*Asheville Times.*

THO this is an age of big headlines, we imagine there are people who think Dawes is the man who won the Bok peace prize.—*Toledo Blade.*

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON, who "has seen but seven ebriated persons since he returned," offers an excellent testimonial to the temperate use of liquor. —*Wall Street Journal.*

ACCORDING to a famous golf professional amateurs make a great mistake by standing too close to the ball when they drive. Unfortunately I commit the same error after I have driven.—*The Passing Show (London).*

THE young lady across the way says the Democrats seem pretty confident, but personally she expects to see President Coolidge win by a snowslide.—*St. Joseph News-Press.*

WE'D almost rather never be nominated for the Presidency than be obliged to pretend to be so good and pious throughout the entire period of our candidacy.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

IT is remarkable that the Democrats and the Republicans' are able to hope at all for success. La Follette has an insuperable advantage; he was born in a log cabin.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

THE inevitable squaring of the circle is illustrated by the fact that those warships which had to be scrapped as a result of the Disarmament Conference were used for target practise.—*Life (New York).*

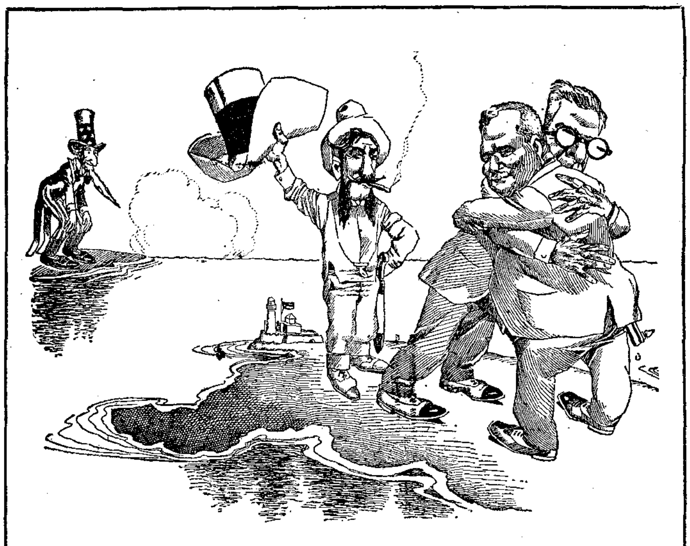
NEW demands now being made on the barber's conversational activities suggest that in order to meet the situation he may be compelled to take an intensive course with a ladies' sewing circle. —*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

WE look forward hopefully to a time when our relations with Japan will not consist principally of developments which one or the other of us is obliged to regret exceedingly, explaining that the incident does not represent the true national attitude any more than a rabbit.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE RACE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN CUBA

OUR ABSORPTION in the contest for the Presidency in our own country inclines us to overlook the fact that there are Presidential campaigns in several other countries in this hemisphere, say some Latin-American editors, and that these campaigns are of no slight concern to American interests. Mexico, Honduras, Nicaragua, Panama, Costa Rica, Santo Domingo, and Cuba, are all witnessing more or less bitter electoral battles, we are told, and the one going on in Cuba has just taken a new turn by the withdrawal of President Zayas from the race as the candidate of the Popular party. In his announcement, we learn from Havana press dispatches, he remarked that more than a year ago he had stated that he was opposed in principle to the reelection of a President, but that if it could be shown the people wanted him he would stand for reelection. These dispatches further relate:



LIBERAL HARMONY IN CUBA

UNCLE SAM: "That's what I call good politics. Hurrah for Cuba!"

—*La Politica Comica* (Havana.)

"Since his nomination by the Popular party, he added, he had sought to form the 'National League' of Populars and Conservatives which elected him four years ago. This, however failed when the Conservatives nominated former President Menocal, the man who engineered the 'league' that elected Zayas in 1920.

"The renunciation of President Zayas leaves the field to General Menocal and General Machado, the latter the Liberal candidate. The camps to-day were full of speculation as to a possible pact between the Popular and other parties that might give the Popular party guaranties of election of certain Senators.

"President Zayas, in closing his statement, also said that with three Presidential candidates in the field, one of them seeking reelection, memories of former campaigns for reelection disturb the present 'enviable situation of Cuban national life.'

"He named this as one reason for withdrawing, and also pledged himself to Cuba's good and his party's welfare whenever he might be called upon to aid. He extended his thanks to his followers for their efforts in his behalf.

"It is understood that President Zayas soon will issue a proclamation announcing the neutrality of his Administration in the race between Menocal and Machado, and promising to see that the election in November is conducted fairly and in order."

The argument of supporters of President Zayas, according to Cuban journals, is that no other administration has been so successful and has come so cleanly out of all kinds of political storms. That is why they believed him entitled to another term of office that he might carry out his plans for the welfare of Cuba. In a note given to the press by the directors of the organizations that worked for the election of Zayas, we read:

"What was the situation of the country when Zayas took office? The Treasury was bankrupt, our foreign and internal debts unpaid, our credit notably impaired, our commerce and industry paralyzed, our products depreciated, our political organizations in complete anarchy. None of them was able to command a majority in Congress to support the Executive. Last, but not least, an irksome supervision of our internal affairs was a constant humiliation.

"Such was the situation when he took charge. What do we find to-day? Our credit has been fully restored and enlarged. Our debts paid to the last cent. Our country has been the first country in the world to repay its war loans in entirety. Our trade and agriculture are in full development; peace, tho temporarily disturbed was rapidly restored and complete amnesty to political offenders was given only a short time later. Political organizations enjoy ample security for the exercise of their civic rights, and foreign intervention in our internal matters has absolutely disappeared. We have won by our deeds the respect of the world and the disinterested, loyal and noble help of the people of the United States."

In reviewing Cuba's Presidential history, the Havana *Diario De La Marina* finds that until to-day it has "been governed only by chieftains, surrounded by organizations that did nothing toward establishing a stable political system of government," and this daily proceeds:

"This may be attributed to youth, romanticism and revolutions. From now on Cuba must seek a change of procedure. To the 'chieftain' policy may be attributed the main problems facing us to-day, namely, educational reforms, public safety, sanitation, economy, diplomacy and labor, all born from corrupt practises lasting longer than common sense indicated."

This newspaper, which is said to voice the opinion of the moderates, has the following to say on party programs:

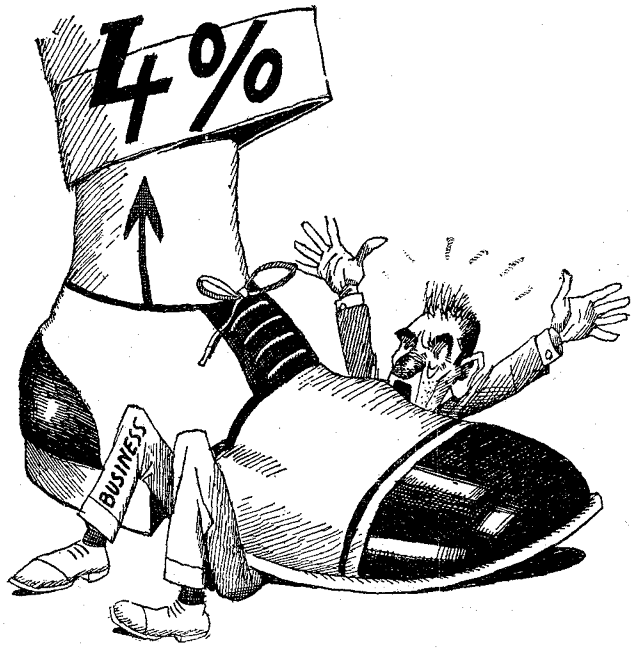
"We see that our opinion on the convenience of adopting party platforms is at last prevailing in spite of scorn and doubt. Besides a constitutional reform, a change in international policies and some modifications in legislation, we shall point to two issues requiring immediate attention—educational reorganization and banking development. The latter contains really two different phases, one, the adoption of banking legislation and the other the foundation of a National Bank, without which we shall never be able to return to normalcy. Until these problems are seriously tackled we shall not be able to escape our subservience to foreign institutions. Our financial position will be precarious and the industrial and agricultural capacities of the country will be regulated by foreign interests."

Before the withdrawal of President Zayas from the Presidential race, the Havana *Heraldo* made some gloomy predictions about what might happen, based on what has happened in "previous attempts at reelection," and it recalled that:

"In 1906 Estrada Palma tried to coerce the country, and the result was the revolution of August which upset his administration and brought to Cuba the second intervention of the United States. The same phenomenon happened again in 1916 Menocal wanted to be reelected, copied the methods of Estrada Palma, and the result was the revolution of 1917. We have now Zayas, who, following in the footsteps of Estrada Palma and Menocal tries to organize from his high position a campaign to reelect himself. A change of times has brought no change in methods. Cabinet shifts are taking place, with a view to putting at the helm men less scrupulous, who stand ready to any extreme to foster their ambitions. But we think the Governmen will not go to the extremes it went in 1906 and 1916. If it unfortunately did so, the reelectionist show would have an ending very much like the one it had before."

The melancholy mind of this observer must to some degree have been cheered by the announcement that President Zayas intended to issue a neutrality proclamation, as has been noted before, and that he would promise to see to it that the elections in November are fairly conducted. The Santiago *Diario de Cuba* is not in fear of any trouble at the elections, and in discussing the matter makes an interesting statement about the projected revolution last fall:

"Members of the Associations of Veterans and Patriots recently said that they could never ascertain the position of the Government of the United States on their revolutionary plans of last fall before the movement actually started; but as soon as revolt broke out in Santa Clara Province, it became known that Washington made all necessary plans for military intervention, going to the extreme of determining who was to act as Military Governor of the Island. The execution of this plan was avoided, thanks to the promptitude with which the revolt was put down. We hold, therefore, that the coming elections will be peaceful. The money gathered for revolutionary purposes is gone; the arms were confiscated by the United States. And we all know that any armed rising, even if it were victorious, would automatically bring on foreign intervention."



A CUBAN THRUST AT HIGH TAXES

"Cuban business protests in vain against the four per cent. tax which helps to build a great surplus in the treasury but brings no material advantage to the community."

—*La Prensa* (Havana)

To the Havana *Mundo* the big fact for Cubans to have in mind is the need of bringing the country to a sound economic condition, and it observes:

"Three great drains tend to exhaust our natural wealth: the sugar drain, the banking drain, and the insurance drain. The first leaves something in the country, but the last two take away practically all they make, since only a small fraction comes back to us in payment of policies.

"A discreet protection to national industries and to national concerns would bring no objection from foreign governments, as may be judged from the exasperating nationalism at present being exercised by the United States. . . . The United States not only refuses entrance to foreigners to their territory, but on those who work and slave there and then try to retire with their earnings, tremendous taxes are imposed. Why should we not adopt similar measures if we are menaced by economic slavery derived from the pressure of foreign capital?"

Turning to Nicaragua we find that the political parties have announced their entire tickets for the elections for October 5, when a new President and Vice-President and new Senators and deputies will be chosen. Managua dispatches inform us further that:

"The candidates of the Conservative-Republican party are Carlos Solorzano, retired capitalist, of Managua, for President; Dr. Juan Sacasa, physician, of Leon, for Vice-President. The Liberal-National party endorses the candidates of the Conservative-Republican party.

"The candidates of the Conservative party are former President, General Emiliano Chamorro, former Minister to Washington, for President, and Vicente Rappaccioli for Vice-President. The candidates of the Liberal-Republican party are Dr. Luis Corea of Managua for President, and Felix Arauz of Chontales for Vice-President."

CANADA'S HARVEST OF AMERICANS

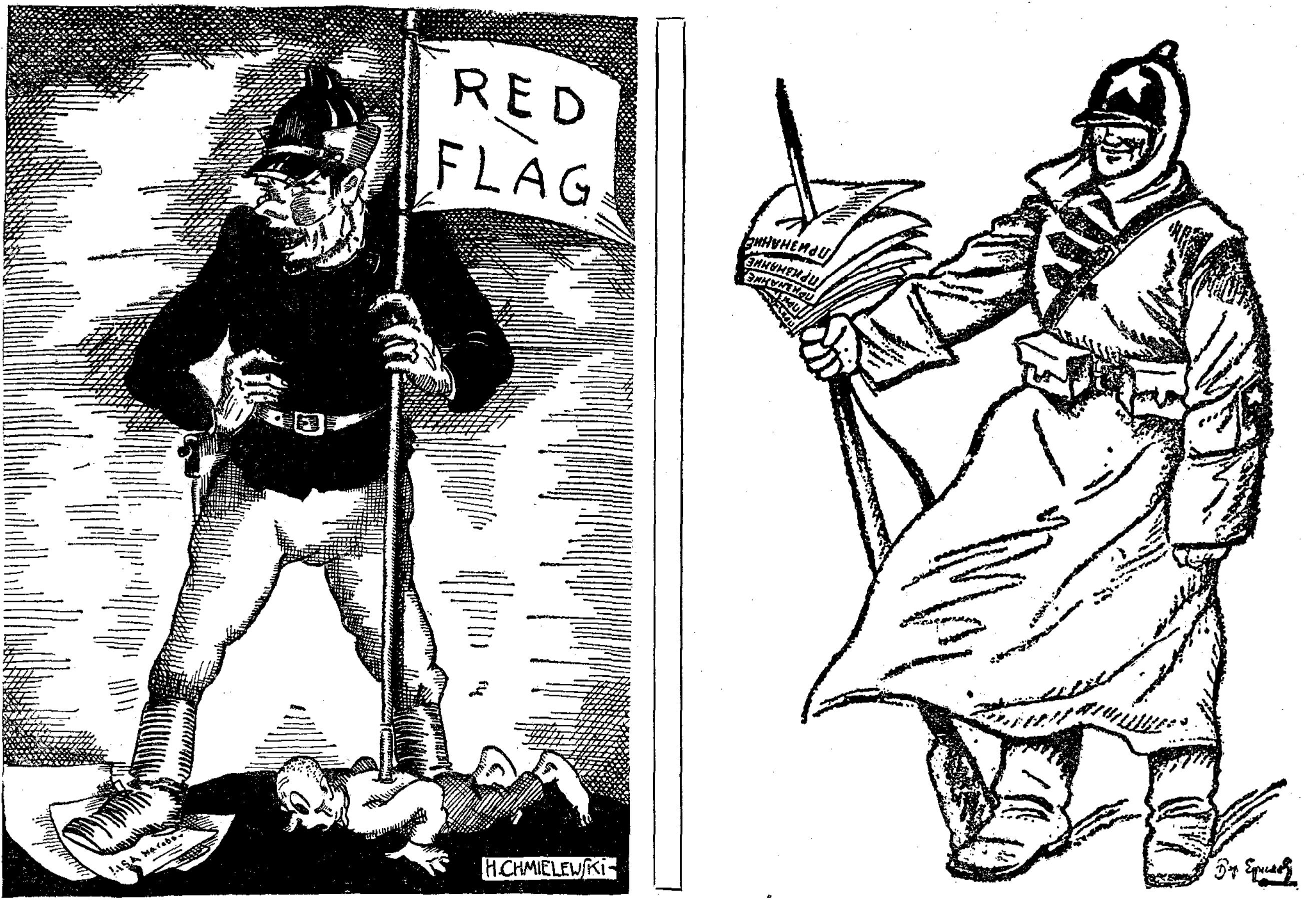
HALF A BILLION DOLLARS is being spent every year on foreign travel by Americans, we are told, and that sum is increasing with great rapidity. About one-fifth of this amount is supposed to be spent in Canada, which, some Canadian editors note, has the privilege of lying adjacent to the most densely populated portions of the United States and possesses "certain notable attractions for the inhabitants thereof." The figures cited are issued by the United States Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, remarks the Kingston *British Whig*, which goes on to say that the spendings of summer tourists are credited with a large share in the work of raising the Canadian dollar so near to par as it has recently come. Owing to the comparatively small size of Canada's population, says this daily, and the fact that some of the attractions found in Canada are lacking in the United States, the amount spent in return by Canadians visiting below the line is and must remain comparatively negligible. Yet this journal admits smilingly that the United States has its own peculiar attractions, and adds:

"Every consideration seems tending to assure Canada of a continuance of its proportion of at least a fifth of the money spent in travel by the ever more wealthy and inquisitive American people. Europe will get more and more American tourists, but only those who can afford the sacrifice of ten to twenty days in ocean travel, and who are not deterred by the obstacles of foreign languages and very foreign customs. In Great Britain, and perhaps also in Ireland, the increase will be more rapid than in continental Europe."

But Canada, it is noted, is the one country into which the American, from any point in one-half the populated area of his country, can drive peacefully in his own motor-car within twenty-four hours of leaving home, and never know that he has crossed a border except for the recording of the numbers on his tires and the number and sex of his companions. We read then:

"He may well have more trouble getting back into his own country, if so be that he does not carry his Americanism on his face! He can go on driving on the same side of the road. He can go on using his own money (if he does not get too far from the border), and when he has spent it all he can telephone home for more. He can go on buying his own newspapers and magazines, and listening to his own records on his own phonographs. He can drink his own coffee, and in parts, also, other drinks that were his own once but are so no longer. And this individual who is irresistibly impelled by all these considerations to come and travel in our midst is the greatest tourist that the world has ever known, and with every succeeding year he has more money and more time and more cars and more inquisitiveness and a keener desire for the great wide spaces with which Canada is so plentifully supplied. "What would not Switzerland give to have at its doors, not the impoverished peoples of France and Germany and Austria, but these lords of the wealth of the world?"

But it is questioned in some quarters whether Europe needs to worry greatly lest American tourists turn their faces and pocketbooks away, despite the great number of them that find it easier to visit Canada.



A POLISH THRUST

The Bolshevik and the liberty of the people.

—*Mucha* (Warsaw).

THE RED ARMY'S SIXTH BIRTHDAY

Filing recognition certificates of the nations.

—*Isviestia* (Moscow).

AS THE POLES SEE THE RUSSIANS AND THE RUSSIANS SEE THEMSELVES

PROSPECTS OF ANOTHER RUSSIAN FAMINE

A NEW WAVE OF FAMINE in Russia is feared by some Russian editors, and they remind us that the fear of famine has been a matter of recurrent discussion every autumn during recent years. Early in the present year there seemed to be no presage of crop failure; in fact, foreign press dispatches informed us that the Soviet Government was preparing to export large quantities of grain this coming winter. When Russian newspapers published outside Russia came out a couple of months ago with the first news bearing on the possibility of a new famine, the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs stated that it was a malicious calumny launched by counter-revolutionary emigrés and that the crop outlook was perfectly satisfactory. But soon afterward Soviet organs began to print telegrams received from various provinces of southeastern and central Russia telling of the partial or even total failure of crops there. To-day the prospect of a new famine is recognized officially by responsible Soviet authorities, which causes the cynical to remark that once more it is proven that "of all institutions existing in Russia, famine is the most enduring."

Is it going to be a disaster similar to that of 1921, or will it be confined to the proportions of a mere economic crisis? This question is answered variously by different papers. Mr. Vinskuroff, a Soviet official of note, views the whole question in an optimistic light, observing in the Moscow *Isviestia:*

> "If in 1921 the failure of crops affected 30,000,000 of Russia's population, now only 7,000,000, that is to say, four times less, will suffer from it. In 1921 Russia lacked 50 per cent. of the grain she needed to keep herself alive and to promote cultivation. . . . This year she lacks only one-third of the amount needed. As to the number of those who will need help at various moments estimates show that their number in the lower Volga provinces and in the northern Caucasus will not exceed 3,500,000, while in 1921 we had to feed 18,000,000. . . . We should not forget that even in 1922 the number of persons to be helped reached 5,500,000. Thus, in the course of this year the Volga provinces have returned not to the conditions of 1921, nor even to those of 1922, but to those between 1922 and 1923. . . . The peasant population can look forward with courage. Its fields will be provided with grain seeds; it will have enough bread to weather the storm, and the bulk of its live stock will survive the ordeal."

Other Soviet writers are less optimistic. First of all, we learn from the Moscow *Pravda* that the very cause of the famine reveals the unsatisfactory economy of the Soviet régime, and we read:

> "Even if this year there were no drought, the crops would fail in most of the southeastern provinces. This must be ascribed to the fact that the peasants, exhausted by the preceding famines, . . . have sown for the last four or five years on the same worn-out soil, which is scarcely plowed, and ineffectively cultivated . . . Even under favorable weather conditions crops are bound to be miserable, because the land is dried up and weed-grown."

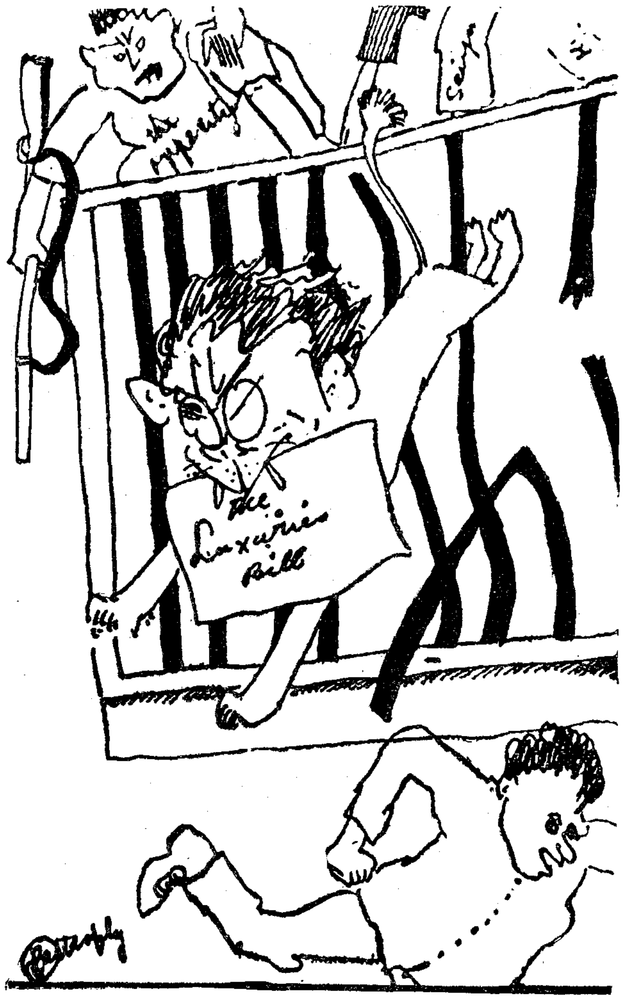
To this Mr. Zinovieff adds in the same newspaper:

> "We must not close our eyes to the following danger: The present failure of crops may be the lowest point of the tide which will give place to good crops in the next year. . . . But what if the present failure is only a warning of a still greater famine in the year to come? In any case such a possibility is not to be overlooked."

But, according to Prof. S. Zagorsky, a well-known Russian economist, who writes in Professor Miliukoff's *Posliednia Novosti* (Paris) and analyzes the whole question with the aid of statistics obtained from the Soviet press, the situation is still more serious. The area affected by the drought, he tells us, is not smaller than that of 1921. Of the provinces that suffered in 1921 it includes those of Saratof, Samara, Simbirsk, the German Commune, Tzaritzin, Astrakhan, Don, Odessa, Poltava and Yekaterinoslaf. To this must be added other provinces which experience famine for the first time, that is to say, those of Pensa, Tambov, Stavropol, Voronezh, Riazan, Kursk, Orel, Terek. This writer tells us further that:

> "According to the latest data made public by Mr. Popoff, Director of the Soviet Statistical Bureau, the total area of regions in which crops were unsatisfactory or bad amounts to 40,000,000 dessiatines and comprises a rural population of 49,222,000. [A Russian dessiatine equals 2.702 English acres.] Thus, about two-thirds of Russia's total area under crops, which, according to official figures is 66,000,000 dessiatines, and about one-half of Russia's rural population will suffer from the crop failure. If we take into consideration the fact that in 1921 only 25,000,000 dessiatines and 30,000,000 persons suffered, it will not be an exaggeration to say that this year's disaster equals, if not surpasses, that which befell the country three years ago.
>
> "Meanwhile, the Moscow *Economicheskala Zhizn* asserts that from the view-point of self-preservation the advantages of the continuing exports of grain from Russia are greater in the eyes of the Communist party than its disadvantages. Indeed, what can Russia export outside of grain? Nothing. To stop the export of grain from Russia would mean Russia could not export anything. But without exports there can be no trade relations with Europe, and consequently there can be no Soviet diplomacy, for a non-exporting Russia would be of no interest to France, England, Italy and the rest."

Professor Zagorsky comes to the conclusion that however tragical the situation of the famine-stricken peasants may be in a couple of months from now, the Soviets will try to export as much grain as possible.

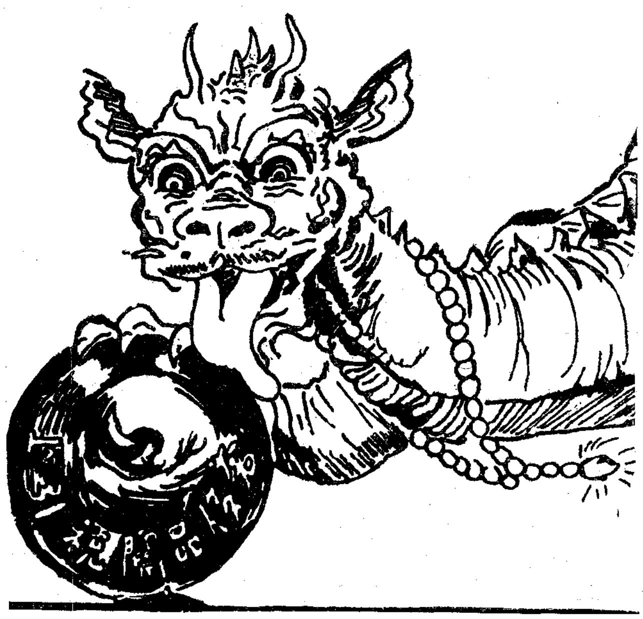


THE TRIUMPHANT LUXURY TARIFF

The Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* pictures the luxury tariff bill crashing through all opposition. One politician cries "Bravo!" while the other shouts "Get the Hook!"

JAPAN'S NEW LUXURY TAX

THE WOMAN PAYS, but she pays a good deal more than she has any right to spend, according to some Japanese editors in their comment on the new luxury tax which to others seems a strange echo of the thrift crusades of war years. The bill imposes a uniform 100 per cent. ad valorem tariff on a long list of imported goods classed as luxuries, but as the Tokyo *Japan Advertiser* points out, this does not mean that the prices of the various articles affected will be doubled. This daily notes that there is already a tax on most of the articles named in the new bill, and this has been raised to a uniform tax of 100 per cent., but "it is estimated that the average increase will be a little more than 25 per cent." In a statement issued by the Japanese Department of Finance, we read:



THE LUXURY DRAGON

The Tokyo *Jiji* compares Japanese luxury to a monster that represents the vanity of the rich Japanese, and says it has so strong a digestion it can swallow anything, even the luxury tariff.

> "As a measure to restrain the habit of extravagance among the people and rectify the country's adverse balance of trade, the Government introduced to the Diet some time ago a bill imposing higher tariff on luxurious goods. The bill having passed both Houses of the Diet, it is now decided to enforce it.
>
> "Some misunderstanding seems to be prevalent in regard to the goods for which the new higher tariff is intended, but it should be noted that the new law imposes higher tariff on luxurious food, and other goods intended for amusement and extravagance, and on certain materials from which the said goods are made.
>
> "It should be noticed by the general consumers that the goods to which the new law is applicable can not escape higher prices in proportion to the increased rates of duty, but there is no reason whatever which leads one to the belief that the new law will raise the prices of home-made luxurious goods, to which the new law does not apply. No misunderstanding should be made as to such a mistaken view that the enactment of the law would raise the prices of non-luxurious commodities. The consumers, therefore, should take pains, when purchasing, to find out where the goods they want to purchase were manufactured.
>
> "The uniform 100 per cent. ad valorem tariff does not mean, it also should be noted, that the prices of the said goods are to be doubled. With the exception of a few articles, which up to the present were exempt from duty, other luxurious goods have

been subject to certain rates of duty, and the new law raises the rates of duty to a certain extent, and therefore, the mistaken idea that the new law would double the present prices of luxurious goods should be disregarded."

The Tokyo *Yomiuri* is one of the Japanese newspapers that thinks the question of luxuries naturally directs our attention to women and to the wealthy and upper classes, and it adds:

> "It is amazing that the women of this country do not pay any attention to this question, nor have they made any study of this problem. If their idea should be that they have nothing to do with it, it would be a cause of gratification. But if they should mean to say that they would feel no pain by the raised tariff rate, they can scarcely be saved from a gross mistake.
>
> "It is a mistake to think luxurious living consists of purchasing luxurious objects. The restraint of luxurious living, if viewed from the practical point of life, is the refraining from wasteful way of living. It is in one sense, the check to moral deterioration."

This daily then calls attention to the fact that the importation of luxurious objects has not only excited the desire for luxurious living, but also has hurt home industry by raising prices, and it continues:

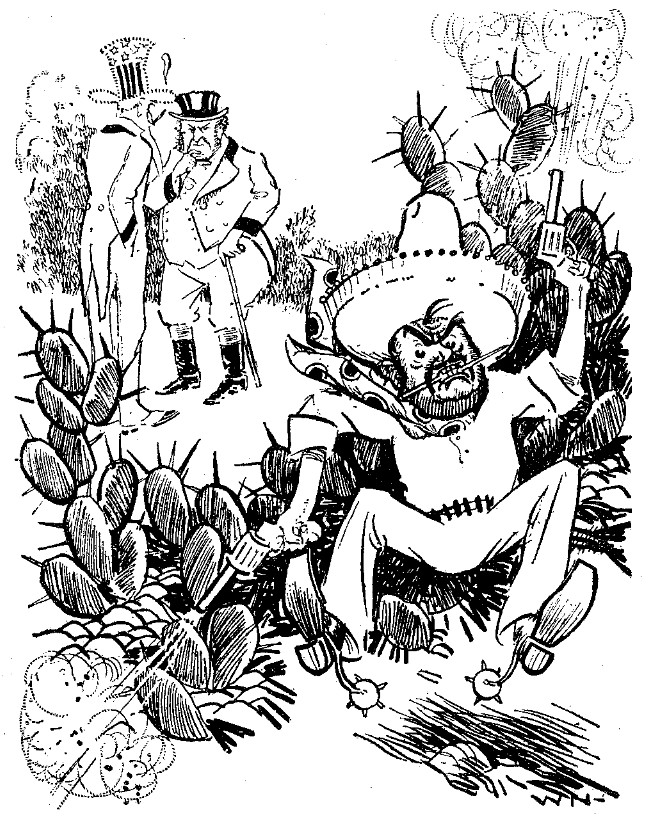
> "The rise of the cost of production has resulted from the increased wages, but it is impossible to reduce wages. An idea came to be suggested for improved efficiency, and it has brought about a reduction in the number of working-men. The reduced number of working-men caused the question of unemployment to arise, and unemployment is now a grave social problem. Labor exchange take great pains in finding work for unemployed men. But increased efficiency in a locality results in decreased efficiency in other regions. A bird's-eye view of the financial and economic world will find that no improvement has been effected. As long as the question of unemployment remains unsolved, such a deplorable state of social affairs can not be bettered.
>
> "If the increased tariff rate should result in an increased demand for home products, the number of unemployed persons would decrease by the steady growth of productive industry. Such a consideration reminds us of the necessity to watch with careful attention the progress of the raised tariff rate which is a subject of criticism."

In the British view of the Kobe *Japan Weekly Chronicle*, the luxury tariff is a collection of commodities brought together for uniform taxation from various motives, and it adds:

> "In some cases the compilers of the tariff seem to have been actuated by the feelings which inspired Huckleberry Finn, in Mark Twain's immortal romance, when pricked by the dictates of conscience, to give up 'taking' (a gentle euphemism) musk-melons—the chief reason being that he did not care much for them. The inclusion of cheese on the list of luxuries was evidently on the principle that the Japanese do not care for cheese, and therefore it must be a luxury. Do the Japanese eat much cocoa or honey or jam? No, therefore they are luxuries. The Japanese do not use carpets or lace curtains. Therefore they are luxuries. A large number of articles in the list come under this class. . . ."

THE EVANS MURDER IN MEXICAN EYES

THE MURDER OF MRS. EVANS, a British subject living in Mexico, is of more importance to Mexico's internal policies than to her international relations, according to many Mexican editors, who are at one in condemning the crime, but fail to see why England should give it a political character instead of considering it a murder such as is liable to happen in any country. In the London press we find a message received by the Mexican Consul-General in that city, in which he informs us that "the following statement was issued to the Mexican press with regard to the unhappy circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Evans." The Mexican Consul-General gives the message as follows:



ALWAYS A THORNY SUBJECT TO TACKLE

JOHN BULL: "How do you hit it off with Mexico?"
UNCLE SAM: "As a general rule, we don't. But with a revolution every other day in the country it's not much use quarreling with a government that's in power to-day and in flight to-morrow."
—*The Bulletin* (Glasgow).

> "The Mexican Foreign Office states that the Mexican Government is, by the order of the President of the Republic, making a close and active investigation of the crime, and Federal as well as local authorities are busily occupied in the inquiry.
>
> "The Mexican Government greatly deplores this unexpected tragedy, which occurred just outside Mrs. Evans's own property, where she has been enjoying security in her farm as well as her person since the recent settlement of some local differences. All investigations made up to the present time clearly indicate that the crime was one of the common order, with robbery as the principal incentive.
>
> "Nevertheless, the fact that Mrs. Evans's name has recently been connected with incidents of an international character will in all probability lead people to suppose that this event is the outcome of the vexed Agrarian question, which has for so long waged round the property of Mrs. Evans. But the Government sincerely hopes that the result of the present investigations will go to prove that the two are in no way connected, and that, as already stated, the crime was one of the kind which, unfortunately, occurs frequently in all parts of the world.
>
> "The Mexican Government is very emphatic that the perpetrators of the crime shall be punished with the full rigor of the law, and every effort will be made to bring them to justice, in which, for obvious reasons, Mexico is the most interested."

Excelsior, of Mexico City, maintains that the crime was committed by members of the Agrarian party and holds the Obregon Administration morally responsible for not having disarmed the Agrarians after the December revolution, in which they sided with the Government. This daily adds:

> "It is of the utmost importance to ascertain whether it is for the good of the country and the Government that the Agrarians remain armed and commit such horrible crimes. Their claim that they have to stay armed for their own protection is utterly false, for the actual authorities, not only help them, but condone their excesses toward the landowners. In a country like ours, where arms mean everything and reason means nothing, the disarmament of Agrarians and anti-Agrarians, of farm-hands and landowners alike, would be a progressive and educational step."

Excelsior goes on to say that the wounds found on Mrs. Evans were caused by army rifle bullets and explosive cartridges, which would tend to show that the authors of the crime used government arms. This daily put out an inquiry among the leading international Mexican experts whose opinions follow. Professor Julio Guerrero declared that "England has always been Mexico's stanchest friend," and added:

> "The danger of a break with England will be avoided by the friendly mediation of the United States. If it can be legally proved that Mrs. Evans's murder is a common crime, England will have to abide by the findings and await the course of the law. Precedents considered, it is probable the crime will be attributed to the Agrarians, and a claim will be forthcoming."

Mr. Fernandez McGregor, a well-known international authority, says:

> "War between Mexico and England is unthinkable. However deplorable, the murder falls among current events daily committed in the more civilized nations. Whenever such things happen, the only redress a country can demand is the prompt action of justice. A claim could only be made if justice was denied, which is far from President Obregon's mind."

Another legal authority on Mexican matters, Mr. Perez Verdia says: "The main cause of Mrs. Evans's unhappy ending is undoubtedly her long fight with the Agrarians, tho their participation in the crime is officially denied. The Government is responsible for not having disarmed that party. New abuses will bring diplomatic difficulties as long as the Government tolerates the doings of the Agrarians." Still another prominent lawyer, Jorge Morfin Delorme observes:

> "Mrs. Evans's murder is a shame for Mexico. Instigated by their leaders, the Agrarians are used to killing any one who tries to protect his property. All their murders having gone unpunished until to-day, these same Agrarians concluded that by killing all the landowners who defend their estates they would be exercising their sovereign rights and fulfilling one of the noblest aims of the revolution. For the Agrarians and their leaders, Mrs. Evans's murder will only be one in a thousand, where a landowner was rightfully supprest for opposing land partition. Were it nor for the victim's nationality and the importance given to the Cummins case, the murder would have passed unnoticed. As it stands, it will probably end by the punishment of the culprits and the payment of an indemnity."

Excelsior sums up its general impression by saying ironically:

> "To clear up the murder of Mrs. Evans, hundreds of Indians around Texmelucan were put in jail. As we all know, there was but one victim. Fifty armed men yesterday assaulted the 'Cacao' estate in Yucatan, killing seventeen people and wounding ten—a total of twenty-seven victims. But the latter are Mexicans, therefore, unimportant. Had they been English or Americans, we wonder how many thousand Indians would have been captured to clear up the case?"

El Universal, also of Mexico City, avers that no politics were involved in the case, and that the correct answer to give to the formidable clamor from abroad requesting protection for the life of foreigners in Mexico is, that neither in Mexico nor anywhere else in the world is it possible to protect human life entirely. It remarks further: "If traveling in London or Paris at night with a sackful of money is dangerous, how much more risky is it on a desert road, in a country only recently agitated by revolution." This daily declares that the denial of Agrarian participation in the crime is very satisfactory, but suggests that this party carry out its plans and reforms by "civilized and legal means," and help the Administration by eliminating from its fold pernicious elements and by agreeing to disarm.

In an official communiqué to the press, President Obregon energetically denied Agrarian participation in the crime, saying:

> "The baselessness of such an accusation is obvious for two reasons: first, because this party, when it cooperated with the Federal forces in the fight against the last revolution had under its practical rule the region in which Mrs. Evans's estate is located, and never was any trouble reported at the time in this connection. Secondly, the Agrarian party, being a political organization closely identified with the present Administration, could by no means prepare or carry out such a repulsive crime, and provoke an international conflict for a Government which has helped the proletariat and the laboring classes by all the means in its power."

Among the British press the London *Morning Post* speaks of the Agrarians as "having the habit of assassinating landlords in order to take their land," and it goes on to say:

> "It would seem that the Government of President Obregon is not only unable to suppress local Agrarians, but even countenances their depredations. There are also wandering gangs of ruffians known as bandits, which capture innocent persons and hold them for ransom. The greater proportion of the inhabitants of the province of Puebla are half-savage and treacherous Indians. The Administration of President Obregon has not yet been recognized by the British Government, altho they propose to grant it official recognition. The fact remains that the Government of President Obregon are responsible for the security and freedom of British subjects in Mexico, and that their responsibility is virtually, if not actually, repudiated by them."

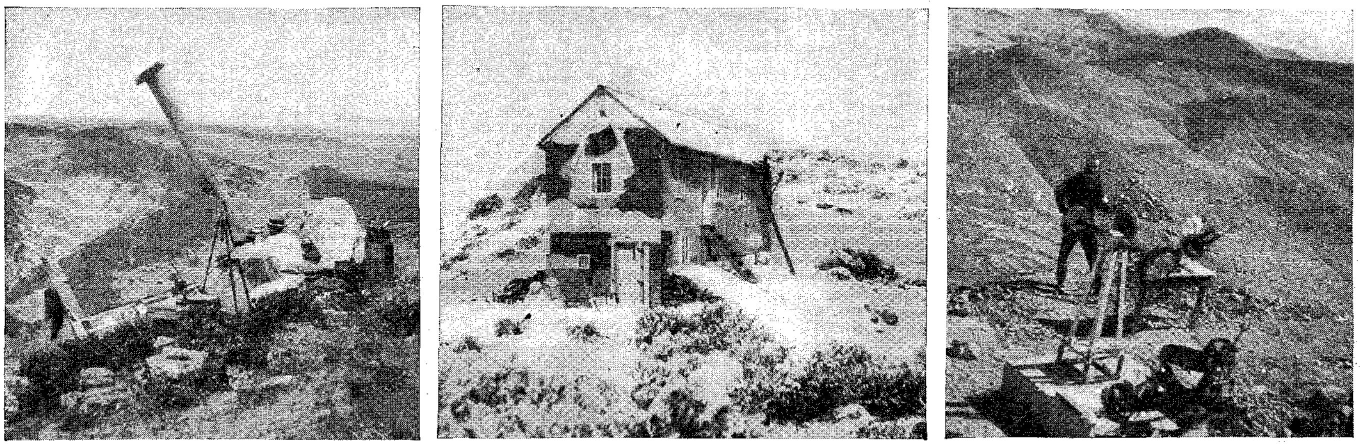
The London *Times* believes that any intention of giving recognition to the Government of President Obregon will be dropt "until ample satisfaction has been made for this cruel murder of a British lady, guilty of no offense but the brave and resolute defense of her legal rights," and it adds: "Thousands of our countrymen and countrywomen are obliged to live in half-civilized communities for the conduct of the trade on which our existence depends. Interest as well as justice forbids that we should allow their property or their lives to be taken with impunity."

COMPLAINTS ABOUT POLAND—The chief reproaches directed in England against Poland. according to a Polish authority who has conferred with eminent British politicians, writers and journalists, are militarism, imperialism and bad treatment of minorities. There is also a feeling of distrust toward Poland because of her too close relations with France, we are told by Stanislaw Thugutt, head of the Radical Peasants' party and leader of the Opposition in the Sejm. In the realm of facts, he says in *The Labor Magazine* (London), there is nothing to show the existence of imperialism or a desire for conquests. There might be some appearance of settling quarrels with neighbors by forcible means in the conquest of Kiev in 1920 and the occupation of Vilna by General Zeligowski's troops, but he assures us that these are "merely appearances." Poland needs peace at any price, to heal the wounds she received in war, and also to catch up with the other nations in the various branches of culture that were neglected or supprest during the time of oppression. We read then:

> "As for national and religious minorities in Poland, I do not belong to the people who are satisfied with the present state of affairs, and I have frequently expressed my convictions, both in the Sejm and in private conversation. It is true that there has been no persecution or oppression of minorities, and altho there have been some regrettable incidents, these were due to the abuse of power by occasional officials, and are not tolerated, much less ordered, by the central authorities.
>
> "It is also not possible to accuse Poland of passing laws that would restrict the rights of minorities in principle. What we democrats complain of is rather the lack of a detailed and carefully worked out program for dealing with the question of minorities and the lack hitherto of the capacity or the will to gain their confidence."

As regards Poland's relation to France, Mr. Thugutt's personal opinion is that "it would be far better to safeguard the future of my country by raising the general level of international morality . . . rather than by separate alliances." But he adds: "It must be recognized that we are still rather far from a state of things where public opinion alone would be enough to repress an outbreak of militant nationalism."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

WHERE THE SCIENTIST SUPERSEDES THE SUN-WORSHIPER

These widely separated stations for the study of the sun, the primary source of our weather, are, from the reader's left: Smithsonian Observing Station, Bassour, Algeria; Mount Harqua Hala Station, Arizona; and Mount Montezuma Station, Chile.

FORECASTING WEATHER YEARS IN ADVANCE

INTIMATE DETAILS OF WEATHER, such as individual storms, can of course be predicted only a few days in advance. No scientist believes that we can now tell, for instance, whether May 16, 1926, will be fair or foul. But will the summer of 1926 be cold or hot, wet or dry? Students have been working on this kind of forecasting for many years, and there have been many attempts to carry it out, none of which has met with general acceptance. The latest, that of Herbert J. Browne, is explained by the author in *The Scientific American* (New York, August). He bases it entirely on the variations of solar heat, which he believes control, ultimately, conditions of wind and rain, temperature and humidity, on earth, altho often with long delay in its effects. Mr. Browne believes, for example, that in 1926 or 1927 we may have a repetition of 1816, "the year without a summer," and that we may look forward to a general failure of crops all over the country at that time. If this prophecy is fulfilled, Mr. Browne may certainly put up his shingle as a certified weather-prophet in any country where it may please him to dwell. We read, in substance:

SUN OBSERVATORY AT MOUNT WILSON, CALIFORNIA

Here are studied sun-spots and other phenomena which influence the sun's radiation and whose effect is therefore reflected in our weather.

"Long-range weather forecasting, a year or more in advance, is based on correct interpretation of the effect of solar heat on oceanic surface temperatures. The sun's heat is measured in terms of the solar constant. Resultant changes in oceanic surface temperatures affect the temperature, speed and volume of the warm ocean currents, which in turn similarly influence the cold counter-currents.

"In turn, the locations, extent and pressures of the oceanic highs and lows are governed and affected, with their resultant winds. Studied in conjunction with the polar high-pressure areas, the oceanic highs and lows can be used to forecast the frequency, intensity and courses of the current high- and low-pressure centers that constitute our 'weather.'

"The foregoing is the key to the solution of all weather forecasting not included in the daily weather map. Ocean temperatures in the end govern the general features of the weather. The full development of this method will require constant radio reports from vessels to secure daily surface temperatures, wind and current directions and force, air-pressures, temperatures and humidities, with general observations. As there are thousands of vessels, no great expense would be involved.

"All weather comes primarily from the translation into heat of that extremely small fraction of the sun's radiation which penetrates the earth's atmosphere.

"Astronomical science declares that the sun is a variable star, already well past its prime. Its shifting surface temperatures are under constant observation.

"Slowly but surely the complex problems of interference by the various atmospheric elements have been solved. But one important determination remains, that of the ozone element in the upper atmosphere. According to Dr. W. J. Humphreys, if all the ozone in the upper air were brought to the surface of the earth, it would form a layer no thicker than a pane of glass, and its effect is exactly that of a pane of glass in a greenhouse. Ozone may account for as much as three degrees of the earth's average temperature.

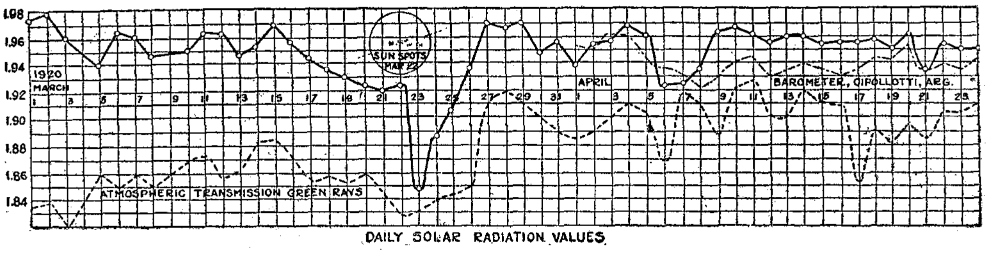
"The open oceans furnish probably nine-tenths of the moisture which waters the land. That moisture can be borne inland only by winds. Hence the key to the winds is the key to rain. Weather follows the winds.

"The oceans, slow to respond to changes in solar radiation, surrender their accumulated heat with deliberation. From the beginning of 1917 to the end of 1920 the solar constant was high. The primary effect of this rise was an increase in temperature of tropical surfaces, and in the temperature, volume and current of the Gulf Stream.

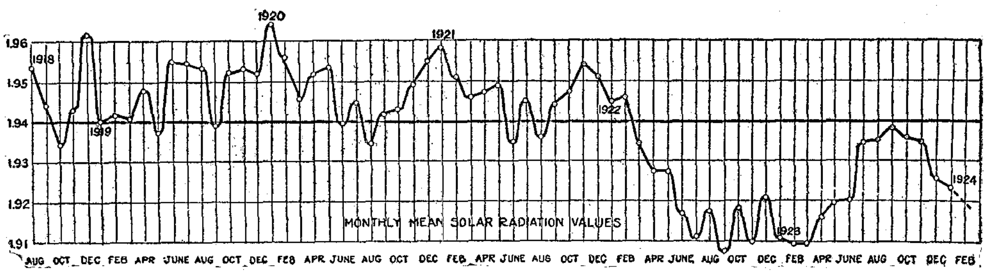
"The Hoel expedition to Spitzbergen in the summer of 1922, reported an ice-free sea as far north as 81 degrees, 29 minutes, the furthest north ever reached in open water with modern apparatus. Glaciers had melted while the migrations of fish further indicated conditions not paralleled in a century.

"Sequences now appear, lagging in their effects several years behind the initial cause in the rise of the sun's heat in 1917–20. The average temperature of the United States in 1922 was over three degrees above the normal. The autumn of 1922 and the winter of 1922–23 were notable for lack of rain and snow. The northwestern lows, which usually penetrate deep into the Mississippi Valley, crossed the Continent near the Great Lakes, acquiring vitality only as they approached the Atlantic seaboard, where, with the onset of winter, they gave New England almost the heaviest snows on record and then raged across the Atlantic, which for six months had the severest storm period in 100 years.

"These lows, strengthened by their contact with the Gulf Stream, moved generally into the eastern Arctic and Norwegian seas. The ice-fields were broken at an early date and set free their huge masses and the iceberg fleets which made notable the spring Atlantic of 1923.



The circle indicates the position of a large group of sun-spots central on the sun, March 22, 1920. The deep minimum of solar values on the day following was almost certainly caused by the presence of the spot group. The simultaneous depression in atmospheric transparency, as indicated in the green rays curve, may have been caused by the bombardment of the earth's atmosphere by ions from the sun, which acted as centers of condensation of haze.



The above illustrates the variation in the sun's heat from August, 1918, to February, 1924. Its place, well below the mean of 1.94 since February, 1922, has a deep significance in the world's meteorology.

CHARTS BY WHICH THE LONG-RANGE WEATHER-PROPHET WORKS

"The Azorean cold-water area, lying in the northern belt of high-pressure which encircles the earth, builds up an atmospheric high by its chilling effect, around which the descending air-currents circle spirally outward. The expansion of this cold-water area south and west in the period following 1918–20 has developed stronger winds than usual, which in turn tend to blow the surface waters, as they warm, outward in all directions toward the encircling Gulf Stream. On the southerly quadrants this gives winds which drive chill moisture into the South Atlantic and East Gulf States, where during 1923 and to date the rainfalls have been excessive and injurious to agriculture, particularly to cotton.

"The solar constant is, at present writing, at an extremely low point. There is, of course, no even distribution over the earth of that decline in heat, but the assertion is made with confidence that the main weather features of the years 1923–24 are measurable through interpretation of the solar constant of 1917–20, and that the weather for 1925–26–27 has already been determined by the solar constant of 1921–24.

"The transition from the solar high of 1917–20 to the low points of 1921–24 has been characterized by violent fluctuations of weather all over the world. The open Arctic of 1918–22, with the Russian famine of 1921–22 and an extremely mild winter in Scandinavia in the latter period, couples now in 1923–24 with the severest winter of many years in the latter country, and with ten months of almost continuous rain in the Hebrides.

"Under the changed conditions of the last few years the cold-water area has expanded to the north well up to Vancouver Island, with a marked development of high-pressure areas in contact. The resultant westerly winds on the northern quadrants blow excessive rains into Washington and Oregon, while the winds are easterly on the southerly quadrants over central and southern California where one of the worst droughts since white men have been in the country has been in progress since last October. Note should be taken of the fact that the southern Sierras, which normally receive from 15 to 20 feet of snow, giving storage for the summer irrigation, were bare all winter.

"The writer is already on record elsewhere as having forecasted the year 1924 as on the whole a cold-dry year in the United States, wet in the Southeast and extreme Northwest, moist in the usually dry-range country and the plateaus, and drought-stricken in the country east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and Potomac, as well as in central and southern California. It may now be stated that every comparable area in the world has had or will have this year similar weather.

"The oceans are now over enormous areas well below their seasonable temperatures. The year 1925 will be a severe one generally throughout the world, and 1926–1927 may witness a return of 1816, the 'year without a summer.'

"The 1926–27 years should see the 55.6 year of sun-spot maxima with a resultant further drop in solar radiation, and its immediate response in declining atmospheric temperatures over wide areas. Oceanic temperatures, already low and certain to so continue, will add their influence. One further element alone is required to reproduce the weather of 1816—a violent volcanic eruption like that of in Krakatoa in 1883, sufficient to throw into the upper air a huge volume of volcanic dust—to reduce the earth's temperature to the required degree, some 10 degrees F. In 1816 there were no crops raised north of the Ohio and Potomac and but scanty returns much further south. Frost, snow and ice appeared in every month of spring, summer and fall."

IS ALL LIFE RADIOACTIVE?—Animals and plants while living give off rays similar to those emitted by radium, according to reports made to the French Academy of Sciences by Albert Nodon. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"In his most recent experiments he used three photographic plates, placing on one of them a particle of a radioactive mineral, on another a living insect, and on the third plate a green leaf. A coarse cloth was laid between the object and the emulsion side of the plate. On developing the plates he found that not only had the mineral made a strong impression but that the insect had made a weaker impression and the leaf a slight impression. He calculates that the insect has a radioactivity per unit of weight from eight to thirteen times that of the uranium standard of radioactivity, and the green leaf two to three times. Dead organisms, on the contrary, exhibit no appreciable radioactivity. M. Nodon concludes that radioactivity due to decomposition of atoms is a common accompaniment of living processes and may be regarded as a measure of the degree of vitality. On the contrary, Daniel Berthelot reported to the French Academy of Sciences that many experiments were made in 1909-10 to discover if plants and animals were radioactive, but no such effect was found."

SHALL WE GROW OUR OWN PAPER?

PAPER-PULP IS NOW MADE almost entirely from wood, and less than half of what we use comes from our own forests. That we can grow all our own paper, both now and in the future, by adopting measures of economy, by growing not merely for to-day but for to-morrow, by utilizing hitherto untouched forest resources, and by improved processes of manufacture, is the conclusion of an exhaustive government report by Earle H. Clapp, assistant forester, and Charles W. Boyce, forest examiner, issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in cooperation with the American Paper and Pulp Association. We quote, as follows, parts of the concluding summary, from an advance copy furnished to THE DIGEST:

"The question of pulp-wood supplies is an important phase of the national timber problem, which is one of the most important problems now demanding solution in the United States.

"There are outstanding reasons for creating a permanent domestic pulp and paper industry which can meet our entire needs, founded on home-grown timber.

"American paper requirements have nearly quadrupled since 1899, and now exceed 8,000,000 tons a year. They constituted 56 per cent. of the world's paper consumption in 1920. Our per capita consumption is double that of any other country. The paper now consumed in the United States requires 9,148,000 cords of wood. All available information indicates that the supremacy of wood as the chief pulp material will continue.

"American forests now supply only 49 per cent. of the pulp-wood required in our paper consumption, whereas as recently as 1899 they supplied 83 per cent.

"The forests of practically every region in the United States are being cut much more rapidly than they are being replaced by growth, and in most regions the original timber supplies have been greatly reduced.

"The most urgent phase of the immediate future is to secure additional pulp-wood from our own forest, to offset pulp-wood imports. An important but less urgent phase is to secure from American forests the pulp-wood required to offset present pulp and paper imports. This would require a total increase in the spruce-fir-hemlock cut of about 3,916,000 cords annually, in the pine pulp-wood cut of 773,000 cords, and in the cut of various hardwoods of 196,000 cords.

"The third phase of the problem is to meet increasing future paper requirements from our own forests, if possible.

"One possibility of making less difficult the solution of the three phases is through new or modified pulping processes to increase the number of species available for pulp.

"Some relief can be secured in the spruce-fir-hemlock problem by shifting sulfate-pulp production more largely or altogether to pine or larch. It should also be possible to reduce the pulping waste in the chemical processes, where now in general only about 45 per cent. of the original weight of the wood appears as pulp, and to reduce present pulp-wood and pulp losses from decay. The reuse of waste paper has grown to 29 per cent. of our total paper consumption; but, if need be, it can be made to furnish to new paper much more than its present contribution of 1,850,000 tons a year.

"The use of woods and sawmill waste in pulp and paper making has actually decreased during the past fifteen years. Anything approaching the Swedish plan of integrated lumber and pulp industries would permit a vast increase in the utilization of waste. Ultimately, with such an organization of industries and utilization as in Sweden, we could nearly double our 15,000,000 cord pulp-wood objective without reducing saw-timber production."

The main reliance in meeting our pulp-wood requirements must, however, be placed upon the growing of timber, and for various reasons immediate increase of growth in the principal producing States, such as New York, Pennsylvania, the New England States, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, is impracticable.

Under present pulping processes, new regions alone, with ample stocks of virgin timber, offer the only hope of making up in the near future the sum total of our dependence equivalent to 3,916,000 cords. Half can be wiped out, the writers believe, by a new industry in Alaska; three-fourths can be secured from the forests of Washington, Oregon, and California; one-fourth can be secured from the Rocky Mountain forests in Montana and Idaho. Only the growing of new crops of timber to replace present supplies can afford a basis for permanent plant operation. They continue:

"Public interest in the pulp and paper problem carries public responsibility to aid in its solution. The public is interested in securing permanent as contrasted with temporary industries. It is interested also in securing ample future supplies of paper at reasonable prices.

"The public must redeem its responsibility by enlarging the area of publicly owned forest lands and devoting such lands in part to the growing of pulp-wood. In cooperation with private owners it must extend and improve protection against fire, insects and disease. It must solve the question of forest taxation. It must encourage the development of satisfactory forms of timber insurance. It must aid in forest-products research. It must also secure fuller data on the adjustment of needs and supplies. For such data reliance can be placed only upon a timber survey, and in making this the public and the industry must cooperate.

"The responsibility of the industry includes systematic and wide-spread efforts to apply the results of research as rapidly as they become available. Further than all of these, the pulp and paper industry should, to safeguard its own interest, assume the leadership in timber growing on its own forest lands and those upon which it is dependent for pulp-wood supplies. The alternative of scrapping pulp and paper plants or diverting them to other and less essential products affords no real choice."

PEARLS FROM COCOANUTS

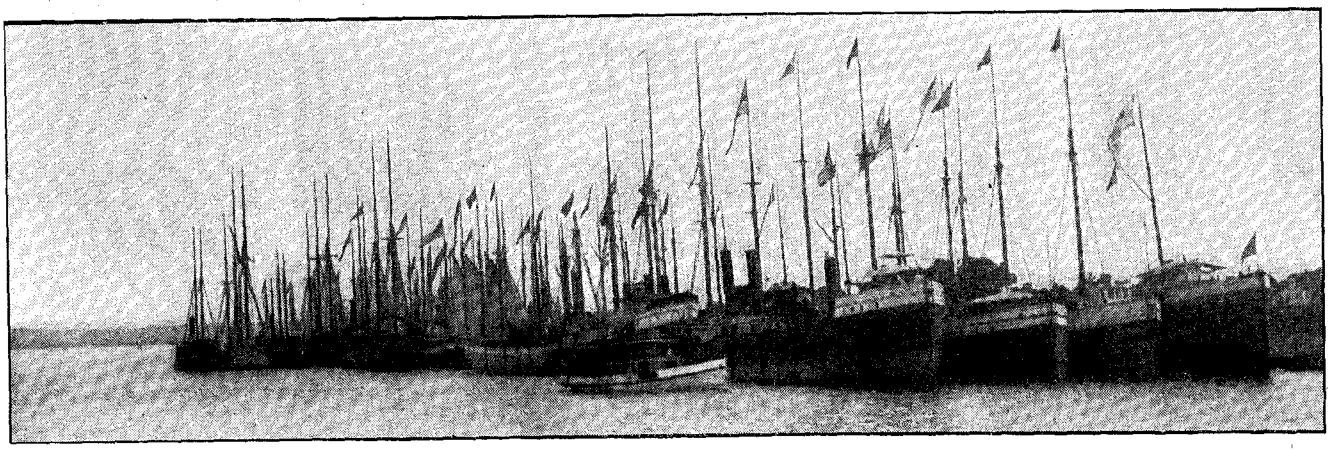
ON a cocoanut, after the coarse fibers which cover the nut are removed, one may see three circular depressions, two of which are hard, being closed by woody plates, while the third is soft and easily penetrated by the young sprout when it begins to germinate. The embryo is embedded in the white "meat" of the cocoanut, which is known commercially as "copra." When germination begins, the roots penetrate the soft spot, while at the same time there develops a swelling or bud which increases in size till it fills the shell. Once in a long while one finds a so-called "blind" cocoanut, that is, one in which all three depressions are solidly closed. A writer in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart) states that such nuts are regarded in the Malayan Archipelago as valuable curios. The embryo plant is unable to develop and reach the outside, and its organ of absorption sometimes becomes calcified, forming a so-called "cocoanut pearl." We read:

"Cocoanut pearls are, however, far rarer even than blind cocoanuts. The Dutch botanist, Hunger, after extensive search in the Malayan Archipelago, in New Guinea and in other islands of that region, got only eight of these nuts, and only one of these contained the beautiful cocoa pearl which was found within the copra in a position corresponding to the organ of absorption."

Unfortunately, the finder published neither picture nor description of this rare object. A description is extant, however, having been published by Rumphius in 1741. He describes two forms of these pearls which he calls 'calappa stones,' calappa being the Malayan name for the cocoanut palm. He says:

"One of these is elongated, having the form of a lizard's head [a pointed oval] and is about the size of a pigeon's heart; the pointed end is of a brilliant white color, while the blunt end, by means of which the pearl is attached to the copra, is of a dirty yellow tone and bears a crown of small teeth. The other kind of pearl is spherical, or nearly so, and is entirely white; its size varies between that of a lupin seed and that of a pea. These small pearls are always found floating freely in the milk of the cocoanut.

"Rumphius says that cocoanut pearls are so rare that one



By courtesy of Capt. Daniel Buie

WILL THE GREAT LAKES TRAFFIC HAVE TO GO BACK TO SMALL CARRIERS LIKE THESE?

A fleet of wooden lake freighters, lying below the locks at Soo Ste. Marie, waiting to get use of the locks. These boats had an average carrying capacity of about 2,000 tons, and flourished between 1880 and 1900, being supplanted by the present steel carriers, whose capacity ranges from 5,000 to 15,000 tons. The above fleets have nearly all passed out of existence.

finds scarcely one among a thousand nuts; most of them come from Macassar on the island of Celebes. The natives call them 'Mesticas,' and prize them more than the choicest jewels. They wear them as amulets, attributing to them not only powers of healing but the property of causing success in business, in war, etc., as well as other favorable influences."

DRAINING THE GREAT LAKES

ON LAKE SUPERIOR alone, as shown by statistics of the Soo Canal, the annual freight traffic exceeds in value one billion dollars; and the total commerce of our Great Lakes is vastly larger than this. The vessels that handle it have lost one-seventh of their carrying capacity because they can not load so deeply as formerly. Something has lowered the lake-levels, and that something incidentally is costing us a good many million dollars annually. Our Canadian friends, as noted some little time ago in these columns, think that the Chicago drainage canal is causing all the trouble, but Capt. Daniel Buie, who writes on the subject in *The Outlook* (New York), regards this particular loss as a very small item in the total. The lowering of levels is chiefly due, he thinks, to increased outflow caused by the deepening of connecting channels, and to decreased inflow caused by extensive deforestation. Retarders, or compensating works, should be built at once to maintain the levels, and this, he thinks, should be an international affair. Writes Captain Buie, who has been engaged in lake commerce for over half a century:

"We are draining the Great Lakes, slowly but surely emptying the greatest fresh-water transportation system on earth. This criminal misuse of one of the greatest natural resources we have is already costing us several million dollars a year, and likely will continue to cost that until the danger is generally realized and traced to its rightful sources and proper engineering steps are taken to forestall further disaster.

"When you put two spouts on a teakettle, the water will run out faster than when you have only one spout. We have been building the 'spouts' to our fresh-water teakettle wider and bigger for many years, and now we are losing the precious water faster than it is replaced.

"Figures officially gathered and issued by the Hydrographic Office give an idea, not very vivid but nevertheless authentic, of what is happening. The level of Lake Superior, these figures show, has not declined noticeably in the last forty years, and for good reason; but Lakes Michigan, Huron, and Erie are several inches lower now, on the average, and there are good reasons for that too.

"I am a sailor, and not an engineering expert, but I can probably tell as can few others still in service on the Great Lakes what has been happening and why it happened, for my service has been far longer than most. I began my lake steamboating in 1866, and for forty-eight full seasons served as master without loss of a day's pay. In order to hold my job I had to give particular attention to water-levels.

"The present emergency was in the making a long way back. In 1866 the deepest draft to which boats trading to Lake Superior could load was about eleven feet, this low draft being due to the sand-bars, reefs, and shoals with which the St. Mary's River from Lake Superior to Lake Huron abounded at that time. Six hundred tons was considered a very large cargo, and at least a day was required for loading.

"By way of contrast, not long ago the modern freighter *D. G. Kerr* (Captain McElroy, master), built to draw twenty-one feet or more, loaded 15,000 tons in sixteen minutes. That was a record, and it was done as a test; but with modern dock equipment the average time for taking on a cargo of that size is not above three hours.

"Modern vessels and equipment effect tremendous economies, but they exact a penalty; this lowering of mean lake-levels is part of the cost. Many are affected. Hydro-electric power interests at Niagara Falls and on down the River St. Lawrence, vessel-owners on the Greak Lakes, shippers employing any lake port in Canada or the United States, and the people of Chicago, who are threatened with a rampage of disease if there is any incautious tampering with their present system of sewage disposal—all these and more are concerned.

"Several factors contributed, but much the greatest was the improving, so-called, of navigable channels from Lake Huron to Lake Erie. Where Lake Huron enters the River St. Clair, and where before improvement there were about twelve feet of water, there is now a navigable channel over 1,800 feet wide which before lake-levels began to drop was twenty-one to twenty-two feet deep. Is it any wonder that the level of lakes even as big as Huron and Michigan is falling?

"At the Soo, where Lake Superior connects with Lake Huron, they also improved the channels, and built new locks so that vessels navigating the River St. Clair could also navigate the St. Mary's. But here the Government has constructed compensating works designed to restrain the flow; and the result is that Lake Superior has never been seriously affected and its level is now under control.

"The Chicago Drainage Canal is another spout to the Great Lakes teakettle, altho comparatively a small one. Where Lake Michigan enters the Chicago River the inflow is between 5,000 and 10,000 cubic feet per second, as compared with 250,000 second-feet through the River St. Clair.

"Another factor is involved in the lowering of lake-levels. Lakes Michigan and Huron border chiefly on Canada and the States of Michigan and Wisconsin, and derive much of their water from those regions. All three were once noted for what was thought to be their inexhaustible forests of timber. But time and progress have about wiped out these forests, with the usual result of lessening the amount of rain and snow."

So the amount of water running out of the lakes has been greatly increased and the amount coming in has been decreased. What are some of the effects? Says Captain Buie:

"In 1922 I was assigned to represent the owners in the construction of a new vessel, the *James MacNaughton*. She was made to load to a depth of twenty-four feet, but her owners figured on loading her to twenty-one and one-half feet. In the fall of 1923, lake-levels dropt so low that the authorities allowed vessels to load to a depth of only nineteen and one-half feet; this year the loading draft has been reduced to nineteen feet. The *James MacNaughton* loses almost one-seventh of her carrying capacity.

"There are between six and seven hundred freight-carrying vessels on the Great Lakes to-day, and, while not all are as large as the *James MacNaughton*, still plenty can load to twenty-one feet and more. Every one of these vessels bears its share of loss when the channels are shallow.

"It means too much to the country to let a waste like this go on. Hardly anybody except those directly interested seems to realize the extraordinary amount and importance of the traffic handled on the lakes.

"There passed through the Soo in the 1916 season 91,888,219 tons of freight—7,000,000 tons more than passed at Panama in nine years. The value of this freight runs into hundreds of millions every year. In 1920 it was worth $1,119,774,214.

"Only the freight bound to or from Lake Superior ports passes through the Soo. Add the freight that runs between Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, and other points, including Canadian ports, and you begin to get a true idea of the enormous traffic these lakes support during the half-year or so they are open to navigation.

"Engineers affirm that lake levels can be maintained by proper river dams, and this has already been done for Lake Superior with the contrivance across the St. Mary's River. The cost of constructing these retarders, or compensating works, as they are called, is not prohibitive; in fact, the Sanitary District of Chicago offered—foolishly, in my opinion—to pay the entire cost in order to have the privilege of continuing to take lake water for the Drainage Canal. If it is worth that to the people of a single city, think what it means to the other millions concerned.

"If we are to maintain lake navigation profitably, even at present depths, the building of these retarders, which should be an international affair, ought not to be delayed."

RADIO MESSAGES FROM MARS?

A MESSAGE FROM MARS might actually be received during the period of that planet's near approach to the earth, according to Dr. David Todd, Emeritus Professor of Astronomy in Amherst College. Dr. Todd points out in an interview, secured and sent out as a press bulletin by Samuel Wesley Long, of West Chester, Pennsylvania, that on August 22, Mars came within 35 million miles of the earth, tho the usual distance is from 100 to 200 million miles. According to Dr. Todd, if communication between the earth and Mars can be established, it will be by means of radio operated from a dirigible at a height of 10,000 feet or more. He says:

"While it is hardly probable that a message could be sent to Mars, it is entirely within the bounds of reason to assume that Mars could communicate with the earth.

"The matter of our sending a message would seem of less importance than establishing the fact that the inhabitants of Mars—if such there be—can, in some way, signal us in an understandable manner. Once that has been demonstrated it would likely be but a question of experimentation to devise a method of returning the signals.

"On the other hand, it is possible that the Martians have both 'tuned in' on terrestrial broadcasting stations and have made repeated attempts to communicate with us.

"There is the further possibility that Martians have developed means of broadcasting, or directing messages to a particular point in the universe, that are so far in advance of our apparatus that we have no facilities for picking up messages intended for us. For instance, if Martians possess the knowledge relative to radium that, eventually, we shall possess, it is conceivable that in comparison with a method of communication employing the potential energy of radium, our radio outfits are extremely crude.

"Further, the relation of light rays to radio communication is as yet only hinted; what research along this line will reveal is still a matter of mere conjecture. But is it not possible that Martian scientists have relatively complete understanding of the subject?

"Of course, the whole subject is entirely one of speculation predicated on the assumption that Mars is actually inhabited by intelligent beings.

"That life on Mars is possible is a virtual certainty in the opinion of some noted biologists, tho deductions in support of the theory are entirely without the realm of astronomy. To the astronomer the question of the existence of life on Mars is simply speculation. However, it is within the province of astronomy to supply knowledge of physical conditions conducive to the origin and support of life. And this has been done.

"If Mars is really inhabited it is logical to assume that the people are far in advance of us in scientific knowledge by reason of the fact that intelligent life was possible on Mars long ages before it was on earth, because Mars, being about one-half the size of the earth, cooled sufficiently to permit the development of life many centuries before the earth did—that is, if both our sphere and Mars had a common origin at approximately the same cosmic period.

"Assuming the possibility of Martians possessing means to communicate with us by radio, there seems little cause to fear—as some apparently do—that we shall not be able to understand. A fundamental reason is that intelligence is universal and this also applies to principles. Take, for instance, mathematics—two and two make four just as surely on Mars as on earth. Therefore, it would appear that there exists common ground for a basis of understanding.

"Now, for the sake of the point, let it be granted that Martians have been picking up our radio broadcasts, is it not probable that their men of science have been enabled to deduce many facts concerning terrestrial life and activities and thereby have evolved means of constructing messages that would be intelligible to us if we posses in radio the means to receive the messages?

"True, it may be that Martians can produce neither vocal nor instrumental sounds comparable with ours. But—if radio is understood and used by the dwellers on Mars—they could send dot-and-dash signals, for, as the veriest tyro knows, that system is simply the 'making' and 'breaking' of electric contact.

"Even granting that Martian 'listeners-in' have been unable to decipher the meaning of our Morse code messages, our celestial neighbors might easily have fallen upon the idea of repeating—tho they did not understand—any one of our code messages; particularly one from a powerful sending station such as Arlington, which message would, of course, be recognized by the Arlington operators, if repeated from Mars."

"Would not," the question was asked, "the chances of success of receiving a message from Mars be greatly increased by making the attempt with the *Shenandoah's* radio-receiving outfit?" Dr. Todd answered:

"Most assuredly—in fact, that would offer greater promise of the desired results than any other known means. At an altitude of 10,000 feet static and other interference would be greatly reduced. An altitude of 35,000 feet would, of course, be decidedly better, but my understanding is that 10,000 feet is the maximum height to which the great dirigible may rise without sacrificing quantities of the precious helium gas with which the craft is inflated."

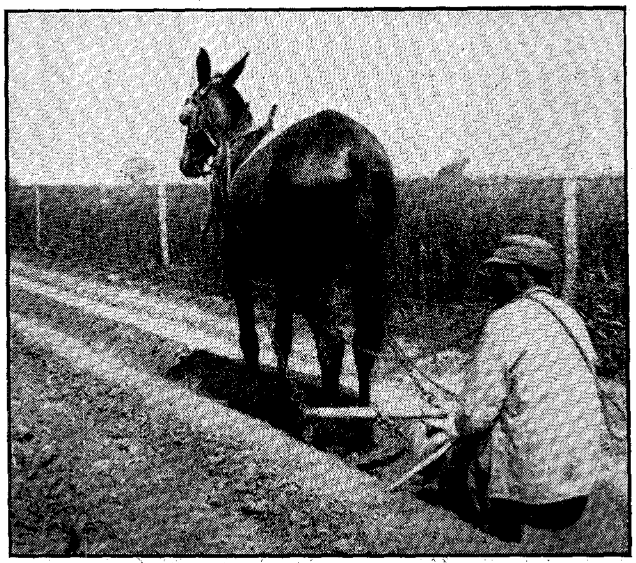
SCRAMBLED NEWS BY RADIO—A professor of astronomy recently reached the conclusion that New York is an unsafe place to live, says *The Nautical Gazette* (New York). We read:

"He contends that there is something defective about the rocks which form the foundation for the skyscrapers of Manhattan, and that the tremendous weight piled on the island will prove too much for it, with the result that some day New York will be wrecked by an earthquake beside which the Japanese disaster will pale into insignificance. These ideas may have something in them, and again they may not, but the point of it all is that the professor announced his opinions in front of a microphone. An Italian liner was somewhere in the Atlantic on her way to New York, and, of course, she has a radio receiving set on board. The radio operator, evidently an Italian, got the story slightly mixed, and the announcement was made to the passengers that an earthquake had swept New York out of existence and that the famous skyline was no more. The passengers passed a feverish time until the pilot came on board. They nearly mobbed him in their anxiety for further details, and he had difficulty in convincing them that business was going on as usual in New York."

FIGHTING THE ARMY WORM

THE OUTBREAK OF THE ARMY WORM in Illinois has been brought under control, according to Prof. George A. Dean of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who declared that the pest will not prove as damaging as was feared, not reaching the extent or severity of the attack ten years ago. A similar outbreak in Iowa is reported by W. P. Flint, State Entomologist of Iowa, to have been checked before it got well under way. Says Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

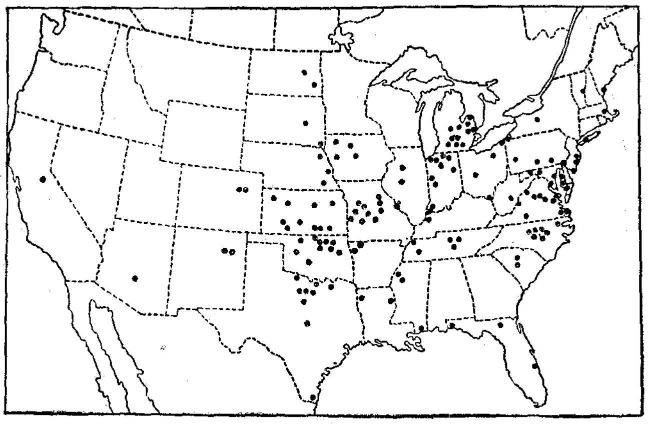
"This caterpillar of an insignificant moth or 'miller' has been represented as moving very rapidly over several counties when in full action. An army worm has been known, according to Professor Dean, to cross an 80-acre field, a distance of one-fourth of a mile, in 24 hours, which may be regarded as rapid for a caterpillar. But as the length of life of an army worm is from seven to ten days, depending upon the temperature, the distance an 'army' can travel is limited. The distance a worm army travels depends largely upon the amount of food it finds. If, upon emerging from the eggs, the worms find only a thin covering of vegetation, the urge of hunger will compel migration and they will turn to grasses, young wheat, alfalfa, and other tender plants. If there is sufficient food to carry them through the worm or caterpillar stage, they travel no farther.



DITCHING TO TRAP ARMY WORMS

A log dragged through the ditch crushes the trapt worms.

"The rapidity with which a field may be devoured is surprizing. Professor Dean recalled a farmer who woke to find his 60-acre potato field of the night before a barren waste. There are many records of fields of wheat, corn, and alfalfa disappearing between sunrise and sunset.



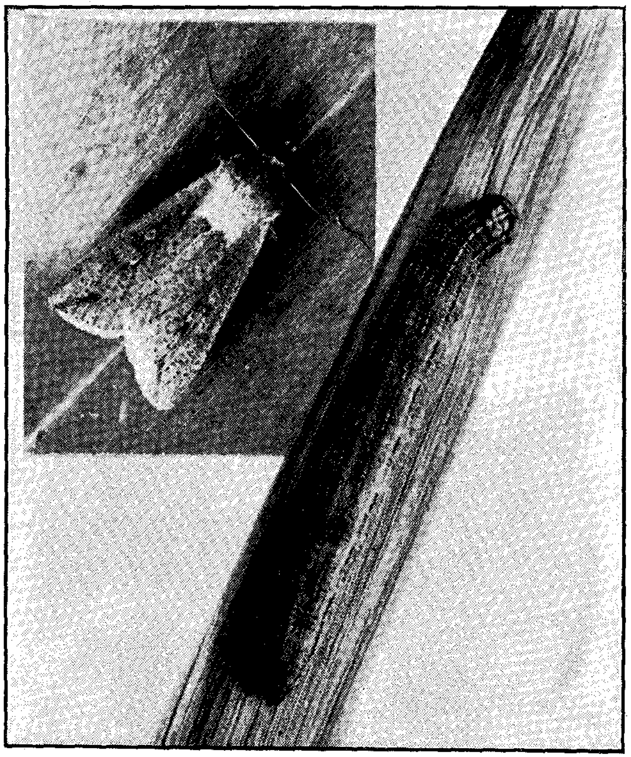
WHERE THE ARMY WORM HAS BEEN DESTRUCTIVE

This map shows the chief points of attack in the United States.

"The worms undergo metamorphosis in the ground or under such shelter as they can find. The moths then emerge and fly considerable distances, and by laying their eggs, prepare the way for another army worm outbreak. An army worm attack seems sudden because the extremely small young eat comparatively little and remain near the ground. With increasing size their appetite grows rapidly and their migratory search for food suddenly reveals their presence.

"Over the fields occupied by army worms there may be a bee-like buzzing of flies and insects seeking to prey upon the worms. Flocks of blackbirds may appear, and the concerted attack of these and other natural enemies, such as insects, toads, mice, explain the practical elimination of the pest. The farmer can assist by watching for the first appearance of the worm and spraying the fields in which they appear, and scattering poisoned bait. He can protect himself from invasion by plowing a furrow and through this furrow dragging a log to crush the worms as they fall in, or burning with kerosene. An infested field should be plowed to destroy the young worms and pupæ that may be wintering there.

"The true army worm does its chief damage in the grain and forage areas of the central Mississippi valley, and the amount of damage can not be estimated with accuracy but has been placed at an average of $15,000,000 annually."



Illustrations by courtesy of U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

ARMY WORM AND ARMY WORM MOTH

They are here shown about twice their natural size.

WATER-ABSORBING METAL—A form of bronze that is so spongy as to soak up water is described in *Popular Mechanics* (Chicago, July). We read in this magazine:

"Imagine a substance so hard that it will turn a lathe tool, and yet so porous that it will soak up oil like a sponge, and you have a fair idea of a brand-new metal that has been perfected in the laboratories of the General Motors corporation and will soon be found in many installations that have heretofore lent themselves only with difficulty to efficient lubrication. In composition it is a copper-tin bronze in which graphite has been incorporated. Thousands of tiny pores, uniformly distributed throughout the structure of the metal, give it the absorptive qualities of a blotter. The quantity of oil the metal will absorb amounts to 25 per cent. of its own mass, and a peculiar feature is that the oil does not drain out again but is held no matter how dry the surface may be wiped. The metal is designed for bearings in the generators and starting motors of automobiles, in laundry machinery, where the leakage of alkaline water makes lubrication a difficult problem, as well as in installations where thorough lubrication is required on account of heavy loads and high speeds, or both."

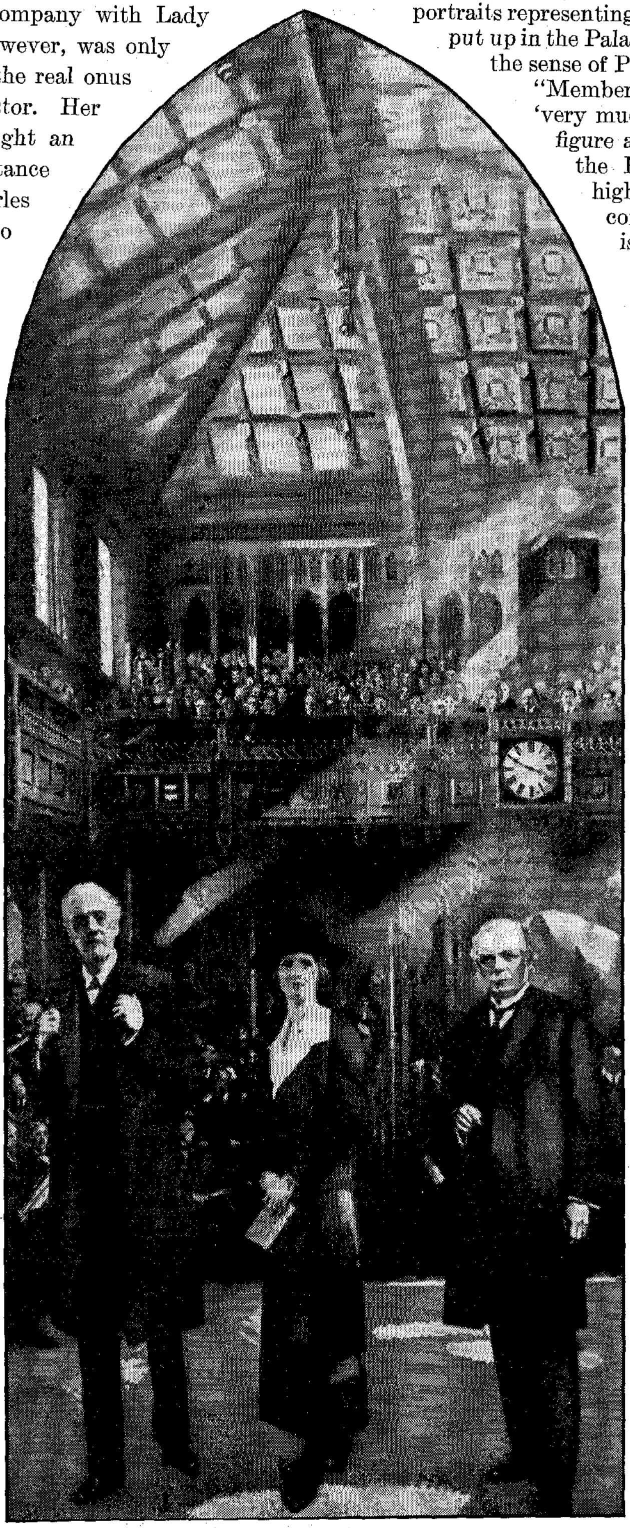
LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE FATE OF THE LADY ASTOR PICTURE

LORD BALFOUR WAS ONCE SHOWN in *Punch* as being revolved in a swing-door, and as he looked back over his shoulder at the entrance that had just missed being an exit, saying, "Well, I was nearly out that time!" His political career has been a series of ins and outs of Parliament, his latest being in company with Lady Astor and Lloyd George. This, however, was only in counterfeit representation, and the real onus of the episode rests upon Lady Astor. Her entrance into the House was thought an historic episode of sufficient importance to warrant a painting, so Charles Sims, R.A., was commissioned to represent her being escorted to her seat by Lord Balfour and Mr. Lloyd George. This picture was found one morning hanging on the wall of the grand staircase of Westminster Palace, with no explanation as to how it came there. The New York *World* furnishes some facts regarding the controversy which immediately arose after the disclosure of the picture:

> "It is now apparently established that it was presented to the House of Commons without its knowledge by Lord Astor, and hung after a consultation between Sir John Baird, former First Commissioner of Works, who had supervision of the building, and the Speaker of the House, who agreed the advent of the first woman member of Commons marked a development of Parliamentary history worthy of commemoration.
>
> "Ever since, various members of the House of Commons have been trying to have the picture removed, but the best they have been able to do is to have its pencil-defaced surface covered with a piece of canvas, tho Lady Astor has said she 'doesn't give a tuppence' whether the picture stays or goes.
>
> "The picture was painted by Charles Sims, R.A., and, according to London newspapers appears to have been executed especially for the panel it occupies, as 'it would fit nowhere else.' It is seven feet wide and thirteen feet high.
>
> "It represents Lady Astor being presented to Commons by Lord Balfour (on her right) and the former Premier Lloyd George (on her left). In the background—so far in the background, some of the picture's critics point out, that it looks like a stage drop-curtain with the main figures standing before it as actors—is the House and gallery.
>
> "The 'round robin' signed by more than 100 members immediately after the picture was discovered reads as follows:
>
> " 'We, the undersigned members of Parliament, respectfully suggest that steps should be taken to prevent pictures or portraits representing living subjects of His Majesty being put up in the Palace of Westminster without first taking the sense of Parliament.'
>
> "Members pointed out that Lady Astor is 'very much alive,' and that even such a great figure as Gladstone is still unrepresented in the House of Commons. A few steps higher on the staircase, and serving as companion to Lady Astor's portrait, is a picture of Commons petitioning Queen Elizabeth to marry.
>
> "The situation resolves itself into resentment of what some members of Commons regard as the surreptitious manner in which the Lady Astor picture gained its place."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STORMY PETREL OF PARLIAMENT

Lady Astor, escorted by Lord Balfour and Lloyd George, enters Parliament, but the House balks at this reminder painted by Charles Sims.

Some ungracious comment has been reported as coming from indignant members, and the latest advices show that the picture will not hang in the place assigned it. In one quarter it is pointed out that Lady Astor, while the first woman to vote in Parliament was not the first to be elected thereto. The Countess Markievicz was elected by the Sinn Fein party of Ireland, but of course never took her seat. Not all comment on the picture is unfavorable, however, as will be seen by this in the London *Daily Telegraph:*

> "There is in the natural man a strong impulse to object to any work of art which commemorates an event of historical importance. But little statuary, but few pictures, designed as records of real persons or actual incidents escape criticism, and the criticism is apt to be most severe from those whose interest in art is small. An adequate reason for this common human weakness would be hard to find, but probably it is encouraged by a more or less conscious distrust of art and artists and a reluctance to admit the importance of events in which one has borne no part. We impute no motives, but for the noise which has been made about the hanging on the Grand Committee staircase of a picture of Lady Astor's introduction to the House of Commons some such explanation is to be preferred. In

itself the opposition to the acceptance of this painting must be called not a little ungracious. Whatever our political opinions, however stubbornly some may have opposed the enfranchisement of women, however keenly others may have regretted that the first woman who voted in the House of Commons went into the Unionist lobby, we must all admit that the entry of that lady to the House was an event of historic importance. It proclaimed the final and conclusive victory of those who had for long contended that in the matter of political rights men and women must be equal. It marked the beginning of a new development of the ancient institutions of British government. To pretend that such an incident is of no particular significance is idle. It was the end of a great struggle and the beginning of a new order of things in our Parliamentary life and our public affairs. Therefore it was as an incident conspicuously worthy of record on the walls of the House of Parliament. That the lady to whom the chief part in it fell has since proved herself a member of the House of Commons of vivacious ability and untiring energy was a piece of good fortune for the new order of things and its friends. Women may well congratulate themselves that the first representative of their sex at Westminster was one so well able to hold her own and of so eager a public spirit as Lady Astor. But the matter is not personal, and ought not so to be treated. The Speaker of the House of Commons and the late First Commissioner of Works when the picture of Lady Astor's introduction was offered had no doubt, Sir John Baird has told us, 'as to the desirability of commemorating what appeared to both of them to be a very important event in the development of our national Parliamentary history.' With that judgment all those who stand outside the dust and noise of conflict will agree."

A CALL TO "GOOD SPEECH"

TEN YEARS AGO we more or less submitted to the efforts of "Good Speech" reformers, and even appointed a "week" of effort against what Miss Agnes Repplier calls the "careless corruption of our tongue." These efforts seemed to bear little fruit, as her essay in *The Atlantic Monthly* testifies. Whatever success attended Old Home Week or Boy Scout Week was not for Good Speech Week. "People saw the point but could not dilate with any emotion over it." Now we are settling down to the conviction that we are only following the example of the English tongue on its home soil and creating dialects; and *The Daily News* seems to imply that we have need to be proud of our versatility. Miss Repplier returns to the fight, and goes as far back as nineteen years ago when Henry James, speaking at Bryn Mawr College, sounded perhaps the first tocsin we had ever heard on the subject of good speech. He was a returned native, horrified at what we had turned the mother tongue into here in this country. Miss Repplier recites:

"He pleaded earnestly with the Bryn Mawr students, and, through them, with the nation at large. It was to him incomprehensible that a people 'abundantly schooled and newspapered, abundantly housed, fed, clothed, salaried and taxed,' should have, in the matter of speech, so little to show for its money. The substitution of 'limp, slack, passive tone for clear, clean, active, tidy tone,' was typical of a general limpness and slackness which nullified the best results of education. 'The note of cheapness—of the cheap and easy—is especially fatal to any effect of security of intention in the speech of a society; for it is scarce necessary to remind you that there are two very different kinds of ease: the ease that comes from the conquest of a difficulty, and the ease that comes from the vague dodging of it. In the one case you gain facility, in the other case you get mere looseness.'

"The phrase 'security of intention' has the shining quality of a searchlight. It clarifies and intensifies Mr. James's argument in behalf of the coherent culture of speech. He probably never heard the American language at its worst. He was by force of circumstance aloof from the more furious assaults upon its dignity and integrity. 'Amurica' he did hear, of course. It is universal. Also 'Philadulphia.' He says he heard 'Cubar,' 'sofar,' 'idear,' 'tullegram,' and 'twuddy'—for the deciphering of which last word he gives himself much credit. But the compound flowers of speech which bloom on every side of us were lost to him because of his limited acquaintance with the product of our public schools, and with the cultural processes of street, workshop, and office. From this rich array we can cull many blossoms which he must have been happy enough to miss. 'Whaja got?' 'Wherya goin'?' 'Waja say?' 'Hadjer lunch?' 'Don' leggo of it!' ''Sall I can say.' 'Na less'n fifty cents.' 'I yusta know 'im.' 'Wanna g'wout?' All of which blendings suggest the fatal 'Dom-scum' of the greedy chaplain in Daudet's story of the 'Three Christmas Masses.'"

It is probably a hopeless prospect that America will ever emulate the French in respect to the use of the native tongue. Even Britons are far behind the French in this regard. Miss Repplier continues:

"Educated Englishmen and Americans have generously admired the careful art with which the educated Frenchman uses his incomparable tongue. Santayana says that this precision is part of the 'profound research and perfect lucidity which has made French scholarship one of the glories of European culture.' Henry James compared the vowel-cutting of the French actor and orator to the gem-cutting of the French lapidary. Lord Morley sorrowfully confessed that the French have more regard for their language, whether they are writing it or speaking it, than the English have for theirs.

"It is a severe and conscientious, as well as a tender and a proud regard. It is part of the intellectual discipline of the nation.

"For France, ever on the alert to guard this high inheritance, is far from the danger of complacency. She watches sharply for any indication of slackness on the part of her educators. It is not enough that a young engineer should be accurately informed unless he can accurately voice his information; unless he can write a clear, concise, intelligent, and well-ordered report. A school boy is expected to be what Mr. James calls 'tidy' in his speech. An actress is required to be articulate, pleasing and precise, to give to every word she utters its meaning and its charm.

"The high-pitched, artificial, and eminently ill-bred voices of many American actresses unfit them for their profession. They can act intelligently, but they can not speak agreeably. The stage has always been the exponent of correct vocalization, of that delicacy, finality, and finish which sets high the standard of speech. It was left for an American dramatist to complain that he was compelled to rewrite his play in order to eliminate all the words which his leading lady mispronounced.

"If some Americans can speak superlatively well, why can not more Americans speak pleasingly? Nature is not to blame for our deficiencies. The fault is ours. The good American voice is very good indeed. Subtle and sweet inheritances linger in its shaded vowels. Propriety and a sense of distinction control its cadences. It has more animation than the English voice, and a richer emotional range. The American is less embarrassed by his emotions than is the Englishman, and when he feels strongly the truth, or the shame, or the sorrow his words convey, his voice grows vibrant and appealing. He senses his mastery over a diction 'nobly robust and tenderly vulnerable.' The formed and finished utterances of an older civilization entrance his attentive ear."

It seems something like complaisance for *The Daily News* (New York) to take up Miss Repplier's plea and find a virtue in the fault she deplores. But it speaks for "the people" and to "the people" and—

"The people will carelessly, ignorantly, determinedly, or sloppily bend a language to their uses or maul it—but:

"The area of England is 50,851 square miles. The area of the United States is 3,026,789 square miles. England has not had an admixture of language since the eleventh century. Until to-day the United States has been receiving every tongue in the world in millions of immigrants.

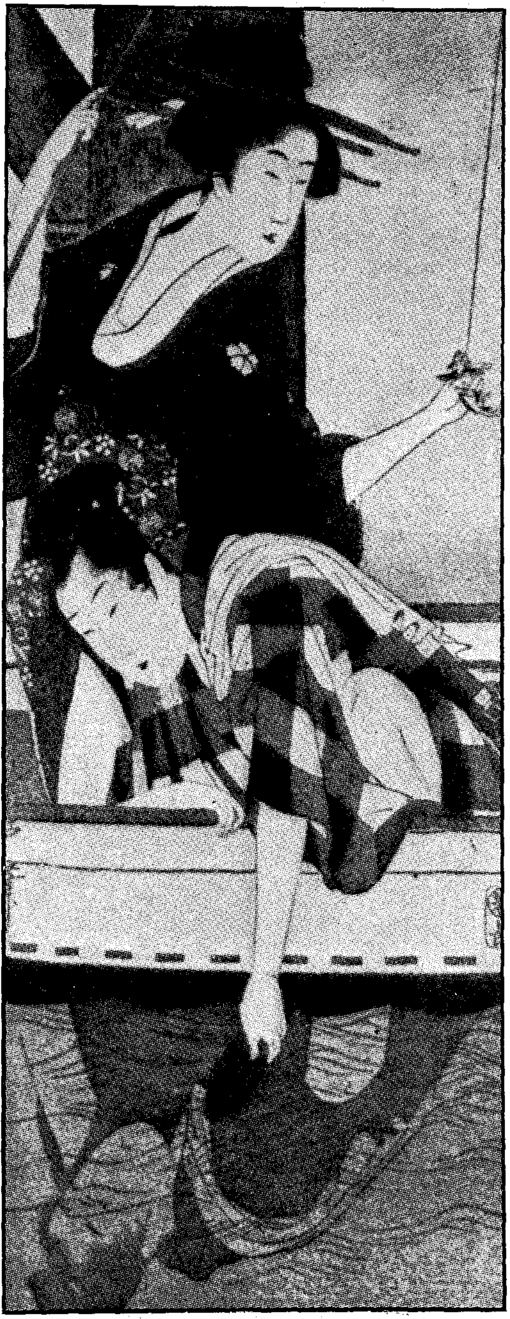
"Lancaster, the West and North Riding in Yorkshire, Cornwall, and other counties, have maintained dialects which would make a London carpenter hunt an interpreter. He would not know what 'Aa'll keep him agaat' means any more than you do, nor would he if he heard 'Wheer ar ta bahn?' 'Shoo's fratching from t'morn ter t'neet,' 'It's a dree soort,' or 'kalling at the door,' 'tewing abaht,' etc. The written phrase may have some clews to intelligibility. Spoken it is of another language.

"The London carpenter might know what the Cornish boy meant when he replied to his mother scolding him for abusing his sister: 'Us beant hittin' she, her be a-bitin' we.'

"Americans, whatever they may have done to the pure stream of English, have made it a universal language in their own country, intelligible wherever spoken, over a great area, with many varieties of climate. It has taken in the languages of Europe and conquered them. It has not acquired divergent dialects, and if an ex-German beer manufacturer from Milwaukee should go into the North Carolina mountains he and the mountaineers would understand all each other said and, while the London carpenter would puzzle both of them at times, they would not puzzle him at all."

JAPANESE PRINTS LOST IN THE EARTHQUAKE

One who has attended New York auction sales of Japanese prints has noticed that often the most eager of the buyers were certain Japanese gentlemen who seemed to wish to recall to their native home these wandering products of Japan's artistic genius. It has been noticed by travelers in this Oriental country that few or no Japanese prints of the old and best schools could be bought in the open market there because so many had migrated to the private collections of Europe and America. Now that stock has been taken of the losses suffered in the Yokohoma earthquake of a year ago it appears that the destruction of prints, mainly in private collections, was particularly large. This melancholy fact will, of course, tend to increase the rarity and value of those that remain. Mr. John Stewart Hopper, writing in the September number of *Japan* (San Francisco), which is named the "one year after" edition, tells us that two notable collections were completely destroyed. One was owned by Mr. C. K. Marshall-Martin and the other by Dr. Reidhaar. The doctor as well as his collection perished in the catastrophe, and in a manner that seems to suggest the vengeance of the ancient gods of Japan. Dr. Reidhaar's collection had been sold to a European museum, and he himself was in the business section of Yokohoma cashing an advance payment for the collection when the earthquake in which he lost his life occurred. A little later the residence portion of "The Bluff," where the collection was housed, was consumed in the fire. Mr. Hopper continues his account:



A PRINT BY UTAMARO

One of the most famous of the popular artists of the last century in Japan. The recent catastrophe destroyed thousands of such prints.

"The most important loss in Tokyo was the collection of the late Kobayashi Bunshichi, which consisted not only of prints but of paintings by the artists of the Ukiyo School. The family, forced to flee for their lives from the advancing flames, could save hardly any of the necessaries of life and the collection was consumed. In the fishmongers' section of Nihonbashi, a dealer in dried bonito, Ninben by name, had in his house many of the valuable prints by Sharaku, Kiyonaga and other noted artists, a collection which has not hitherto been known to foreigners but which was a source of pride to the owner and shown only rarely to intimate friends. By the wiping out of the district these precious sheets went up in smoke. Mr. Ichihara also lost a choice collection.

"As most of the dealers were in the burned districts, their losses were severe; fortunately the collection of Mr. Kawaura, whose sumptuous catalog is well known to connoisseurs, was in his residence in the unburned district; Mr. Suwa, also, having retired from business, had his treasures in his house, and most fortunately for the world, the superb collection of Mr. A. S. Mihara, one of the finest now in Japan, was in a safe in his residence, and remains intact. The greatest sufferer was Mr. Watanabe, who has done so much for the revival of the art; his blocks, his memoranda and all the carefully collected works on the technique of wood-engraving were destroyed, along with most of his prints.

"As in the great earthquake of the Ansei era, 1858, many collections in the cities away from the capital were untouched.

"The most notable of these is the private collection of Mr. Zenyeimon Matsuki, who for years has placed aside in his "not-for-sale" portfolios especially fine and rare examples. Having just completed his "cycle of Cathay," 60 years, in view of his preparation to retire, this collection is now being cataloged and photographed, and will soon be ready for inspection in book form.

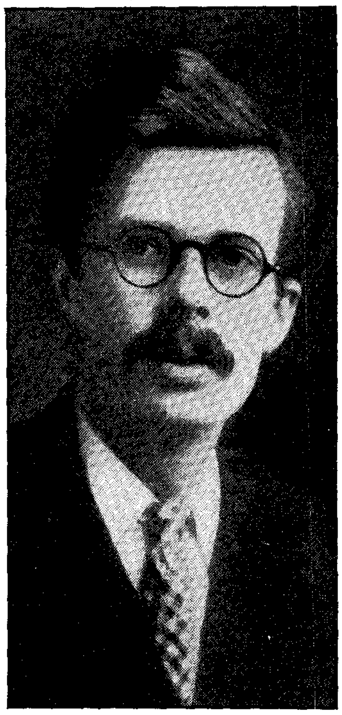
"Thus does history repeat itself; many well-known works, especially by Hiroshige, are seldom found, while others of his designs were printed until the blocks became blurred. The explanation is that some of his favorite views were bought and sent to all the provinces as mementoes from the visitors to the capital; other works were among the possessions of some publisher who was forced to abandon them and flee for his life, either from the fire following the Ansei earthquake, or from the casual fires which, it is said, burned the fifth part of Yedo every year."

The Japanese print or the work of the Ukiyo school is described by Arthur Davison Ficke, the poet and collector, as "the most definitely national of all the forms of expression used by the Japanese, an art which they alone in the history of the world have brought to perfection." In the Toku Sawa régime all the great nobles had to live in Yedo, the capital, for at least half of every year. The Daimyo and the Samurai had their art; paintings, classical and expensive. So, says Mr. Hopper, there grew up an art for the people:

"Like the cherry-blossoms which are in full glory to-day and gone to-morrow, the popular school was named Ukiyo—the evanescent world—for its motive was primarily the catching and the fixing on paper of the common every-day joys of life. The actor strutting on the stage had his vogue and was commemorated; the fair lady had her day and, alas! faded and was forgotten, but her charms were immortalized on these fugitive leaves. Her loves, her sorrows are forgotten, but the grace of form, the charm of harmoniously colored robes remain for an esthetic enjoyment unsullied by the sordid surroundings of the original. Thus the subjects differed from the aristocratic school which gloried in the classical Chinese landscapes, or the portrayal of the gods and goddesses of the Buddhist Pantheon and their miraculous adventures."

WHITHER HAVE WE WALTZED?

ALDOUS HUXLEY HAS DISCOVERED the first waltz. What is it but "Ach du lieber Augustin," but what has it led us to? That is a question he answers in *Vanity Fair* (September), entailing an indictment of nearly all modern music since Mozart. Is he leading a reaction? Whatever his purpose he is immensely entertaining and carries the same air of efficient and convinced documentation that blows over all his writing. First he recalls to the forgetful modern the little waltz, "the merry little affair in three-four time; in rhythm and melody, so simple that the village idiot could sing it after the first hearing." It runs like this "Rum te-tiddle, Um tum tum, um tum tum, um tum tum; Rum te-tiddle, um tum tum tum, um tum tum *Tum*." Mr. Huxley's final word about it is: "By the frankness of its pathetic imbecility it disarms all criticism." But it begins an era:



Courtesy of George H. Doran Co.

ALDOUS HUXLEY

Grandson of Professor Huxley and of Matthew Arnold, and *enfant terrible* of modern English literature.

"Now, 'Ach du lieber Augustin' was composed in 1770, and it was the first waltz. The first waltz! I must beg the reader to hum the tune to himself, then to think of any modern waltz with which he happens to be familiar; he will find in the difference between the tunes a subject richly suggestive of meditations.

"The difference between 'Ach du lieber Augustin' and any waltz tune composed from the middle of the nineteenth century onward is the difference between a piece of music almost devoid of any emotion and a piece of music densely saturated with sentiment, languor and voluptuousness. The susceptible maiden who, when she hears 'Ach du lieber Augustin,' feels no emotion beyond one of general cheerfulness and high spirits, is fairly made to palpitate by the luscious strains of the modern waltz; her soul is carried swooning along undulating oceans of molasses, she can hardly breathe for the overpowering odors of opoponax and ambergris. From the jolly little thing it was at its birth the waltz has suffered a sea change into the voluptuous affair with which we are now familiar.

"And what has happened to the waltz has happened to all popular music. It was once innocent, now provocative; once pellucid, now richly clotted; once elegant, now it delights in being barbarous. Compare the music of *The Beggar's Opera* with the music of a contemporary revue; it is the difference between life in the garden of Eden and life in the 'artistic' quarter of Gomorrah. The one is pre-lapsarian in its airy sweetness; the other is rich, complicated and loud with that conscious barbarism, that scientific violence which always characterizes the diversion of a jaded people.

"The evolution of popular music has run parallel, on a lower plane, with the evolution of serious music. The people who compose popular tunes are not musicians enough to be able to invent new forms of expression. All they do is to adapt the discoveries of great men to the vulgar taste. Ultimately and indirectly Beethoven is responsible for all the languishing waltz tunes, all the dramatic jazzings, all the negroid music of the contemporary theater and dance-hall. He is responsible, because it was he who first devised really effective musical methods for the direct expression of passion and emotions. Beethoven's passions and emotions happened to be noble; moreover, he was too intellectual a musician to neglect the formal, architectural side of music. But, unhappily, he made it possible by his discoveries for people of infinitely inferior mind and character to express in music their less exalted passions and vulgarer emotions. He made possible the occasional sentimentalities of Schumann, the baroque theatricality and sham grandiosity of Wagner, the hysterics of Scriabine; and he made possible the waltzes of all the Strausses, from the 'Blue Danube' to the waltz out of 'Salome.' He made possible, at a still further remove, such masterpieces of popular art as 'You Made Me Love You' and 'That Old Black Mammy of Mine.' The corruption of the best too often becomes the worst; 'lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.'

"For the introduction of a certain vibrant and sexual quality into popular music Beethoven is perhaps less directly responsible than the nineteenth-century Italians. I used often to wonder why it was that Mozart's operas were less popular than those of Verdi, Leoncavallo and Puccini. You couldn't ask for more and more infectious tunes than are to be found in 'Figaro' or 'Don Giovanni.' The music is not obscure nor forbiddingly complex. On the contrary, it is clear, simple, with that apparently easy simplicity which only consummate genius can achieve, and thoroughly engaging. And yet for every time 'Don Giovanni' is played 'La Bohême' gets played a hundred times; 'Samson and Delilah' (pardon me for naming the nauseous thing) is fifty times as popular as 'Figaro.' And if you look through the list of celebrity records in a gramophone catalog, you will find that, while you can buy 'Rigoletto' complete in twenty or thirty disks, there are not more than two or three records from the 'Magic Flute.' This seems at first sight exceeding puzzling. But the reason is not far to seek."

We turn from consideration of the composer's art to the art of the singer; and of this Mr. Huxley has to say that "since Mozart's day we have learned the art of making music throatily and palpitatingly sexual":

"The arias of Mozart have a beautiful clear purity which renders them insipid compared with the rich, sobbing, catch-in-the-breadth melodies of the nineteenth-century Italians. The public, having accustomed itself to this stronger and more turbid brewage, finds little flavor in the crystal songs of Mozart. Modern ingenuity had even contrived to bring something juicily sexual into religious music. Compared with the simple palpitating yearnings of the Italians, 'Parsifal' is complicatedly orgiastic. The writers of those piously lascivious tunes about black mammies and sweet little nests in the West are merely doing in their feeble incompetent way what Wagner was doing immensely effectively.

"No discussion of modern popular music would be complete without some grateful reference to Rossini, who, so far as I know, was the first man to show what charms there are in vulgar melody. Melodies before Rossini's day were often exceedingly commonplace and cheap; but almost never, I think, do they have that indefinable character of robust vulgarity which adorns some of the most successful of Rossini's airs and which we recognize as being somehow a modern and contemporary quality. I find it extremely hard to analyze this vulgarity or to say what it is due to. One can only define by example. Think of the first aria of *Moses* in Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt.' That is an essentially vulgar melody; and it is quite unlike the popular melodies of an earlier date—its affinities, it is obvious, are with the modern popular tune. The invention of vulgar melody is undoubtedly the secret of Rossini's enormous contemporary success."

We come to the last great "influence which made modern popular music what it is." In calling this the influence of barbarism," Mr. Huxley includes the great modern Russian school which now almost monopolizes the music stage:

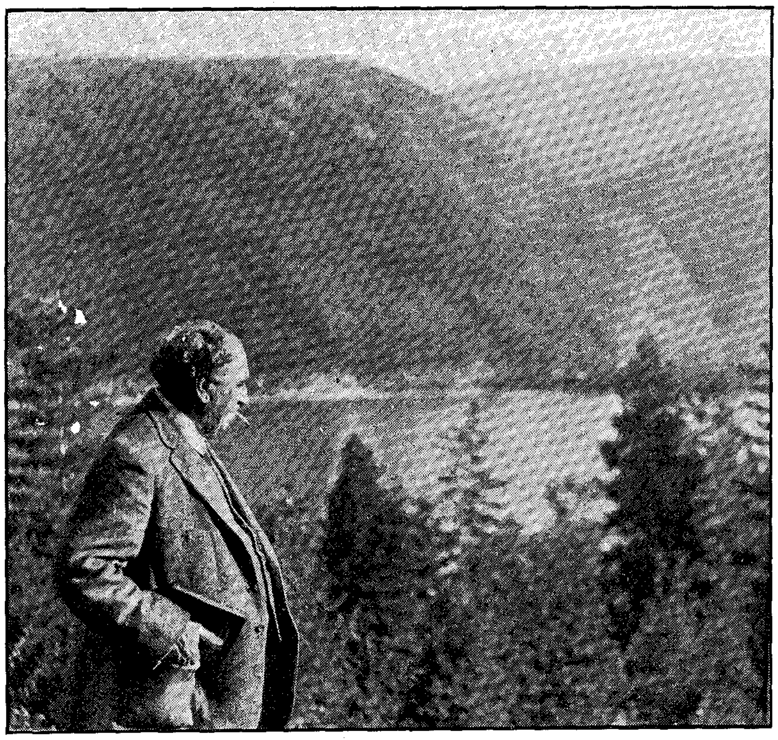
"Barbarism has entered popular music from two sources; directly from such barbarous music as that of the negroes; and from serious music which has, in its turn, drawn upon barbarous music for its inspiration. The technique of being barbarous effectively has come, of course, from serious music. In the elaboration of this technique of barbarism, no musicians have done more than the Russian. If Rimsky-Korsakoff had never lived, we may doubt whether jazz would be the finished product that it is.

"Whether the public, having grown inured to such violent and purely physiological stimuli as the clashing and drumming and rhythmic tom-tomming of barbarous jazz music can supply, will ever revert to something less crudely direct is a matter about which one can not safely prophesy."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE VANISHING ART OF WORSHIP

RELIGION BELONGS TO THE MYSTERIES, and its essential principle is a belief in and reverence for things unseen. Starting with this statement as a point of departure, the Rev. Dr. William J Dawson, distinguished author and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Newark, New Jersey, endeavors to show that the modern church is in grave danger of vulgarizing religion when it tries to rationalize its "mysteries." The essential cleavage of mankind, says he in the September *Century Magazine*, is between the materialist and the spiritualist — "between the man for whom things seen are the sole realities and the man for whom things unseen have a sublime authenticity."



Courtesy of *Century Magazine*

DR. WILLIAM J. DAWSON

At his summer home on Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.

His point is that religion can not be reduced to severely logical terms without the destruction of its finer essences. "Separated from its mystery, its secret and compelling charm is lost, and the result is what I have called the vulgarizing of religion."

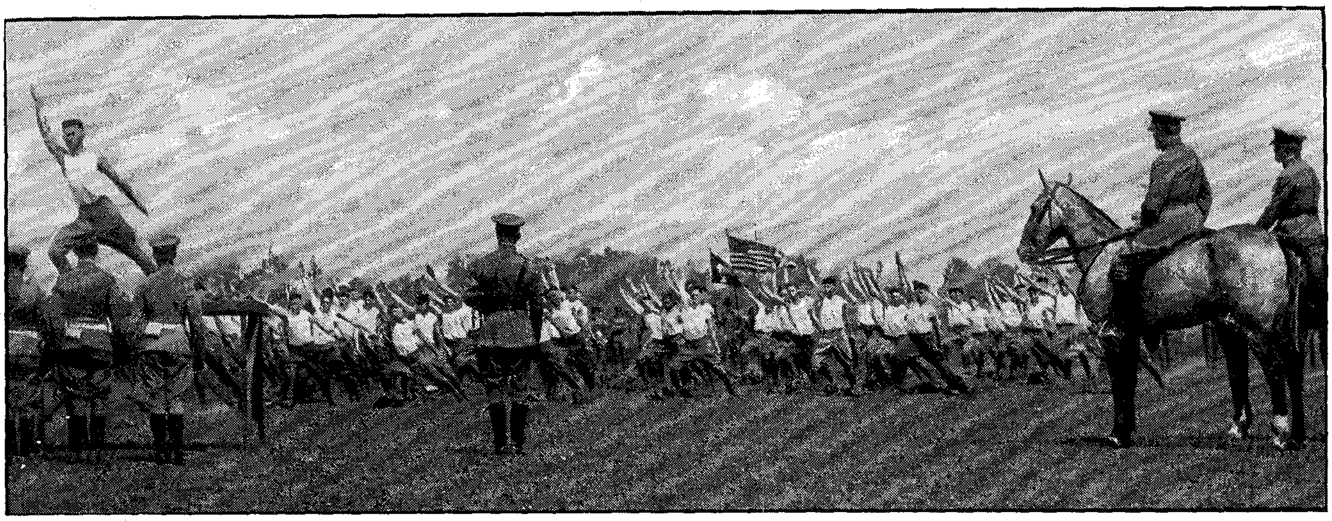
Dr. Dawson, the father of Coningsby Dawson, the novelist, was ordained a Wesleyan minister in 1875, we learn, preached in Methodist and Congregational pulpits in England and America, and has written much on historical as well as religious subjects. "I should probably have written differently thirty years ago," says he of this article. "What has influenced me most in these later years is the general decay of reverence, the disintegration of the spirit of awe, and the need for recovering this spirit." As he sees things to-day, it seems more essential to restore a profound reverence for religious ideals than to organize the church for popular success by business methods. Here is a part of Dr. Dawson's thesis:

"In this respect the Roman Catholic Church is perfectly right when it presents to the people the mystery of the mass, with no attempt whatever to explain it. It says, 'Here is something that lies beyond reason; take it or leave it; accept it as something inexplicable, dimly seen through sacred symbols, but don't ask any logical explanations.' And the power of this appeal is witnessed by the fact that to multitudes of Christians the mass, which they do not understand or presume to understand, is the living core of their religion. They submit themselves to the charm of mystery, which draws them out of the world of fact into a world of faith. During Advent I often attended mass at St. Patrick's in New York, and always with a sense of astonishment. Here were hundreds of persons of all ranks of society bowed in impressive silence. There was no music, no exhortation; nothing in fact but a lighted altar at the end of the long nave, before which the celebrating priest bowed, murmuring ancient Latin words, which the distance alone made unintelligible. Yet it was evident that the worshipers were profoundly moved. What moved them? A sense of profound awe in the presence of what to them was a divine mystery.

"I may take another instance of the same thing under conditions totally dissimilar. A great many years ago I attended an annual gathering of the Quakers held in the old meeting-house in the woods of Buckinghamshire where William Penn worshiped, and under whose shadow he is buried. They came from far and near, entered the meeting-house, and took their places on the ancient benches. The windows were wide open, for it was summer weather, and through them came the song of birds, the whispering of leaves, and the long sigh of the wind in the woods; there was no other sound, save perhaps the occasional faint rustle of a woman's dress. The service itself was mainly silent. A man rose with a brief word of exhortation; a sweet-voiced woman quoted a passage of Scripture; and then the silence settled down again like a pool that has been disturbed for a moment by a flung pebble. Presently they arose; there was the soft thud of carriage wheels on the green grass; the quiet, gray-robed women melted like shadows into the silence of the woods, and the meeting-house was closed and locked for another year. I have never known a service more impressive, and again, it owed nothing to anything external. It was the sense of actual communion with the invisible that made it so impressive, and laid a spell upon the spirit.

"Now, I am not contending that either in the service of the mass or of a Quakers' meeting is to be found the sole expression of the spirit of religion, but I am pointing out that both are the expression of man's awe in the presence of the invisible. And I further think that the chief end of any service which calls itself religious is to produce this emotion. If worship does not create the sense of the presence of God, if it does not withdraw the spirit from a materialistic world into contact with a spiritual world, and, for a time at least, make that spiritual world more real than the visible world, it fails altogether of its true object."

This brings him to a consideration of our common ideals of religion and our modes of worship. Our churches, for instance—do they aid the spirit of reverence as do the great medieval cathedrals, he asks. The central object is not the altar, but the pulpit or rostrum from which theses have to be explained and endlessly defended. After a time a man in search of real communion with the infinite tires of this atmosphere of controversy. So thinks Dr. Dawson. He takes the present theological controversies as an example of this vulgarization of religion. If a man believes in the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, he believes in a great miracle; and if he believes in a divine Christ who entered the world by the ordinary processes of generation, he also believes in a great miracle, thinks Dr. Dawson.



Photograph by Johnson Bros

A CITIZENRY TRAINED BY THEIR COUNTRY

General Pershing watches the setting up exercises of a Citizen's Training-Camp at Camp Vail, New Jersey, on one of his last inspections before retiring. A glance at the individualistic poses would tend to show that there is not much Prussianizing here.

But our modern disputants, whether Modernists or Fundamentalists, tear from this idea its veils of mystery.

There is the question of what a church exists for, continues the writer. It is frequently regarded as an institution differing very little from other human institutions. It must be elaborately organized, and a minister who is a skilled organizer, says he, ranks higher and is more sought for than a prophet. He speaks of the "mesh of intricate machinery, which allows little opportunity for individual action," the days fixt for public appeals and drives, the various movements and "causes" and the weariness that follows the "hustling methods of skilled organizers." Then there is the lure of "popular success" for churches and ministers, so strong that men rack their brains for sensational titles for sermons like "How to Wash without Soap," or call in an advertising expert who proceeds to sell religion as he would safety-razors or chewing-gum. It is hard, concludes the writer, to see how a church can achieve such popularity without debasing its ideals. He puts it this way:

"Protestantism, as I have said, is organized protest. It began in a courageous protest against forms of religious mystery which had degenerated into superstitions, but in rooting up the tares it destroyed much true wheat. It set itself against all mystery in religion, all symbolism; instead of mystery, it gave us controversy, and instead of symbolism, syllogisms. Having thus spent several centuries in driving out of the church holy mysteries, it is extremely difficult to reinstate them; yet he is but a poor student of history and a dull observer of human nature who is not aware that the heart of man does crave mystery in worship, and is not satisfied with a temple which is rather a meeting-house for men than a house of God and the vestibule of eternity.

"This paper is, then, a plea for the return of mystery in our forms of worship—a protest against over-organization and the common belief that organization can take the place of piety and devotion. It is a plea for spirituality, the return of awe, the sense of contact with God and the invisible world we worship. I do not mean by this the pomp of Catholic worship or the silence of the Quaker meeting-house; these are extremes. But I ask is there no midway point between these opposite poles? Can not we make more of silent communion with God and less of public exhortation? Can not we do much more to cultivate the spirit of reverence in worship?

We can organize ourselves as channels of divine grace rather than spend all our time and urgency in organizing our churches into superb machines for the getting and dispensing of money. We can set ourselves against all those cheap and vulgar methods of success which do little more than bring together a casual and capricious audience. Let us rely on spiritual dynamics and let us once more write over our churches the ancient words, which are the invocation of all true worship:

"'God is in this place. This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven.'"

CHURCH VOICES RAISED FOR DEFENSE DAY

THE WRATH OF A CERTAIN SECTION of the church, including prominent ministers and organizations, at the plans for "Defense Day," was fully covered in an article in the August 9 number of THE LITERARY DIGEST. At that time it looked as if church condemnation of the project were largely unanimous. The continuing discussion has since brought out many church voices in favor of "Defense Day." "We must have some adequate defense plan," says one minister, and another, while pointing out that Christianity contemplates an ideal society, suggests that while we are at church praying we are not "so improvident as to leave our doors unbolted."

The Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, in a recent bulletin reviewing the whole controversy with strict impartiality, says: "There is no indication that the protests which have given the War Department so much concern represent more than a minority opinion." That by no means implies that this minority is not very important. "The affair," points out the Federal Council, "has resulted in a remarkable demonstration of the potential influence of religious opinion, and of the religious press upon the Government." Two prominent clergymen, we are told, "resigned their commissions as chaplains in the Reserve Corps because of the War Department's plans," and "others have exprest their intention of obeying the mobilization order under protest."

These protests, points out the Federal Council, have brought into relief the difference "between the philosophy of the protesting Christian groups and the prevailing army philosophy" which holds, that "we were able to bring about a reduction in naval armament because we were rapidly becoming the leading naval Power of the world." Such a philosophy, the bulletin tells us, makes "the new church crusade against military preparedness difficult to understand," and it continues:

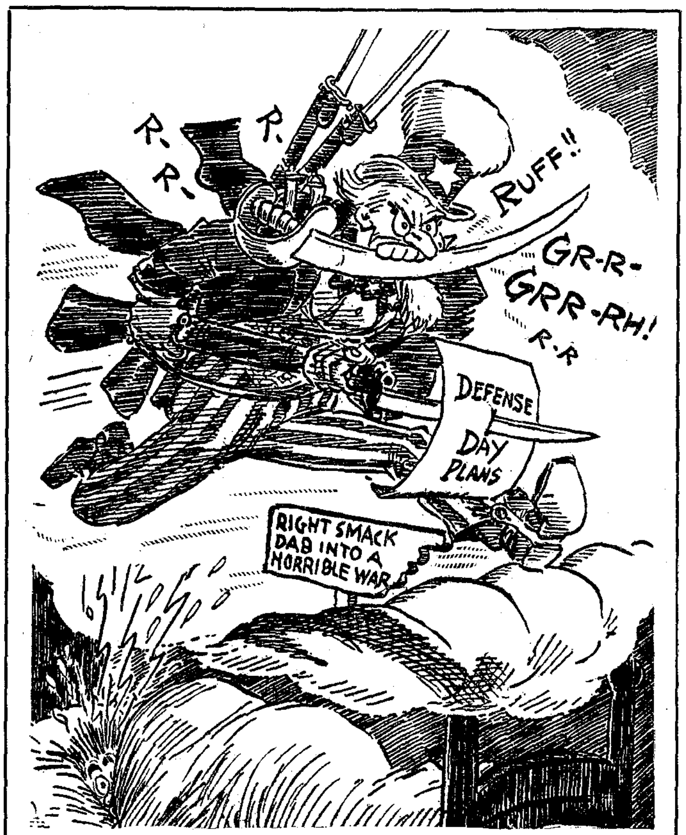
"It should be said that there is a certain logic in the War Department's position, with reference to the test of its plans. The Department is thinking in terms of the military resources and mobilization plans of other nations. They cite the French Army, totaling, regulars and colonials, 752,000 men, with 4,420,000 trained reserves, and compulsory training; the Japanese Army, with its 250,000 men in active service and 1,904,000 reserves, and compulsory training; the Russian Army, to which they assign a strength of 700,000 under arms, and a total trained man-power of 5,432,760, with compulsory training.

"The American Army, on the other hand, is limited by law to 125,000 enlisted men, a National Guard, which at no time greatly exceeds the regular Army, and the officers who served in the

World War, a wholly civilian force. In the foreign countries enumerated, mobilization would doubtless be, as War Department officials point out, a colossal regimentation of the population compared with which the plans for September 12 are but a summer holiday. As the Army sees it, assuming the necessity of a test of defense plans, those of the War Department represent the least possible disturbance of our civilian life. And in support of this view they cite the evident indifference of European countries to the published plans for Defense Day."

That there is a real necessity for such defense plans is the contention of ministers of various denominations who have been quoted widely in the press. In a sermon at a Methodist church in Spokane recently, the Rev. C. A. Rexroad, who saw the horrors of war as chaplain at the front, said:

"Unless we are ready as a people to surrender our ideals, claim no rights for ourselves or our more exposed nationals, and trust to luck, we must have some adequate defense plan."



THE PACIFIST'S NIGHTMARE

—From *The Los Angeles Times.*

Like many other clergymen who support Defense Day, Mr. Rexroad seems to believe that objections to this project are based largely upon honest misunderstanding not only of the War Department plans but even of our defense organization.

What Defense Day is for, points out the Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, is to give our first line of defense a clear idea of what would be expected of it if it ever should be called upon. It refers to the official organ of the Methodist church in Ohio and surrounding States, the Cincinnati *Western Christian Advocate*, which says:

"The blue-stocking pacifist will create arguments to justify apathy. The defeatist will boldly cry out and wildly acclaim his opposition, but the far-seeing, red-blooded, patriotic citizen will find a way by which he can respond to this call and not in the least violate his Christian conscience."

In a recent sermon in the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church in Washington, the Rev. John T. Axton is thus quoted in papers like the Baltimore *Sun* and Philadelphia *Record:*

"Eloquent lips are proclaiming the loveliness of peace. We are yearning for that time when we shall cast less cannon and say more prayers. But so long as individuals must fasten their windows and bolt their doors against intruders, just so long must our nation put bolts and locks to protect our seashores, maintain our commerce, and insure the safety of our public life."

That this is consistent with the views of the principal religious bodies of this country seems to be the conclusion at which many are now arriving, without in any way lessening the force of their denunciation of war. The force of the protest against Defense Day may now go into a "mobilization day" for peace, which the Federal Council of the Churches is planning for the anniversary of Armistice Day, November 11. Preliminary plans, we are told, have already been sent to 150,000 churches urging them to participate in an interdenominational movement to focus the attention of the churches on the task of ridding the world of war. From the appeal we quote these significant words:

"Six years have passed since the Armistice brought the fighting of the World War to an end. But permanent World Peace and national security are still to be achieved. The Federal Council of the Churches now suggests that all churches, pastors and congregations in the United States observe the anniversary of the Armistice as an appropriate time to mobilize their forces for this imperative task."

ASIATIC RELIGIONS GETTING TOGETHER

THE MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE is that astonishing young Polish explorer, Ferdinand Ossendowski, who wrote the book, "Beasts, Men and Gods." As everybody knows, he has penetrated some of the most mysterious parts of Asia single-handed, first as an escaped war prisoner, and then as a very original sort of explorer. He has told Americans all about the Back of Beyond—the hidden recesses of Tibet, the terrible Gobi Desert of Mongolia, and the gigantic Kuen Lun Mountains where are the mysterious sources of the thousand-league Yang Tse and Hoang Ho rivers. Now he is in France, and they are asking him about the tremendous political awakening among the hordes of Asia.

Asia to-day, he told the editor of the Paris *Matin*, is as different from the Asia of before the war as if a new continent had risen on our planet. The war and the Russian revolution mark the end of white domination, according to the intrepid Pole. Asiatic solidarity is coming, and here is his significant reason for it, as quoted by the Paris editor:

"The new fact which seemed up to the present time a Utopian idea, is religious unity. The great religious leaders of the different cults—the Buddhists, Brahmans, Confucians, and Moslems are uniting and have mutually agreed to preach to their followers and to all Asiatic peoples that the time has come to end the religious dissensions which oppose one against another, the men of one race. It is practically and politically a new religion which they are going about the founding of out there is Asia."

What practical lesson there is in this fact for the many different Christian creeds which maintain missionaries in Asia, Mr. Ossendowski does not say. But he etches in very sharply indeed the picture he is trying to cut. This is how he puts it:

"It is several years since I heard people saying in Asia: 'That man is my enemy; he worships a false god.' To-day throughout all that Asiatic immensity, a new saying has gone forth. They are telling each other: 'Whatever be the gods whom you worship, you are, before everything else, brothers who ought to love and help one another'; believe me, here is a change of which the consequences may well be incalculable. Indeed, Asiatic unity may be said to exist from this moment, tho for it to be clear to all men it must furnish itself with a leader.

"Do you see any such thing in prospect?

"Well, Russia, might play a dominating rôle there. The Soviet propaganda is very cleverly exploiting this new spiritual state. Everywhere it keeps dwelling upon union and the emancipation of Asiatics, a rebellion against England, against France, against Japan. I must say, too, that in every region that has not been directly subjected to looting by the Reds, I have found sympathy for the Soviets."

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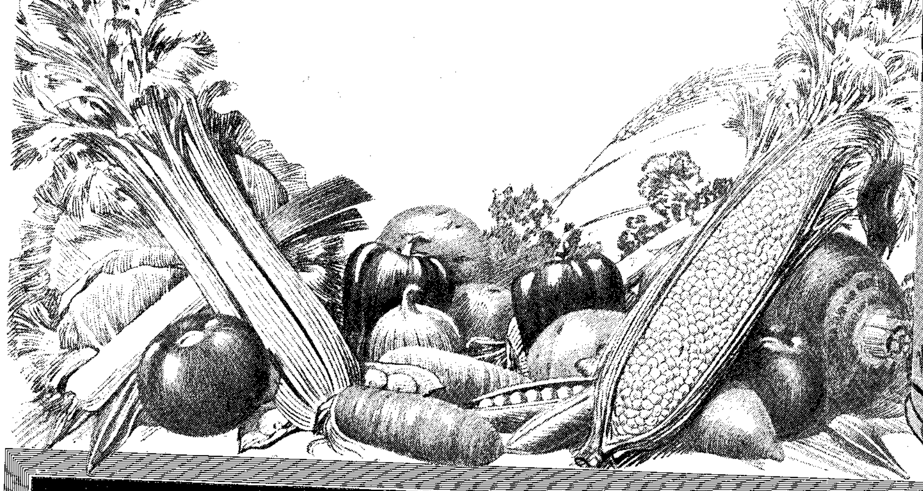

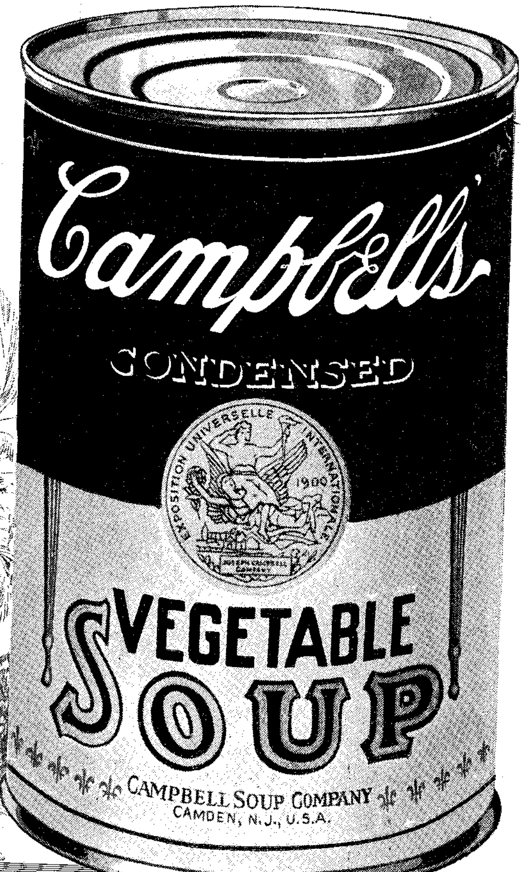
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CURRENT ◆ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

AN occasional return to one's classical studies helps to furnish a touchstone for to-day. Here is an easy method in *The Adelphi* (London):

BALLAD OF HECTOR IN HADES

By Edwin Muir

Yes; this is where I stood that day,
Beside this sunlit mound.
The walls of Troy are far behind,
And outward comes no sound.

I wait; on all the empty plain
A burnished silence lies,
Save for the chariot's tinkling sound,
And a few distant cries.

His helmet glitters near. The world
Slowly turns around,
By some strange sleight I am compelled
Far from the fighting ground.

I run. If I should turn again
The earth must turn with me:
The mountains planted on the plain,
The sky clamped to the sea.

The grasses puff a little dust
Where'er my footsteps fall.
I cast a shadow when I pass
The little wayside wall.

The strip of turf on either hand
Sparkles in the light.
I see nought but that little space
To the left and to the right;

And in that space our shadows run,
His shadow there and mine;
The little flowers, the tiny mounds,
The grasses frail and fine.

But narrower still and narrower!
My course seems shrunk and small,
Yet vast as in a monstrous dream,
And faint the Trojan wall;
The sun up in the vaulted sky
Is alien and tall.

Each rut within the wagon-path
Has eyes as we pass by,
Cold earthy eyes which close again
When we have passed on high.

Two shadows racing o'er the grass,
Silent and so near,
Till his shadow falls like steel on mine,
And I am freed of fear.

In dreadful distance, void and chill,
I hang, and do not care,
While round bright Troy Achilles whirls
The corpse with streaming hair.

A note that sounds in several modern writer's—see D. H. Lawrence, for example—is here put in brief in *The Quill* (New York):

AGAINST DEMOCRACY

By Harry Kemp

Give me great thoughts, large wrestlings with the lords
Of vision and of beauty, whence is won—
As men from mountaintops observe the sun—
Light, when the dusk-enfolded world no light affords!

Let me spend great days on a mountain-height
Above the little passions and the strife
That irk with ignobilities this life—
For only single eagles can be lost in light.

These days there's too much boasting of the Plain,
Too many empty words of brotherhood,
Too much acceptance of the multitude
And not enough of clean aloofness and disdain!

The page this week seems to represent a good deal of rebellion. Here is another angle in *Poetry* (Chicago):

THE BROKEN OF HEART

By James Rorty

As soon as may be, the old man said,
Break your heart, my son, and say to the galloping world, goodbye.
Break your heart, my son, and say to your Self, when that sad ghost comes demanding in the night:
"*Blow by, pale ghost,*
Blow by, fierce ghost,
I am not afraid."

Break your heart, my son, the old man said,
Break your heart, and take my hand, and come with me;
For the broken of heart are fearless and heartless and free.

In a country far and white,
With bright winds always blowing,
There the broken of heart find laughter and are free.

The heart is a thing to be broken
And drowned in the deepest sea;
A thing to be scattered and sown
Till the proud soul laughs, and is free.

Beware of the broken of heart—
They are curious and cool and intent.
What bride shall you give to the broken of heart?
They are cruel, and will never relent.

In a cavern under the ground
They chuckle and hum and are gay;
And the timeless challenge of Earth
Is shaped by their hands at play.

As soon as may be, the old man said,
Be done with your heart, and give it away;
Then build for your hopeless soul a house,
And laugh, and be kind and gay.

Whether it means a dead love before or after marriage does not seem to matter, since the truth of these lines in *The Lyric* (Norfolk) might hold for both:

HOW SHALL I PUT YOU FROM ME?

By Josephine Johnson

How shall I put you from me? Can the law
Of growth reverse itself, and let the tree
Put down the rising sap, or bid the rose
Deny her colour, and the jessamine
Destroy its fragrance? Can the swelling stream
Of memory flow backward to its source
And there be lost forever, blotted out?

(Oh love that will not die and must not live
Oh grief beyond the farthest reach of tears!)

How shall I cease to sorrow? How forget
When in your eyes I see my own despair
And in your silence hear my voiceless cry?

We meet no more and yet we can not part.
The living past remains, and with to-day
Is woven in one fabric. See the threads!
The haunting music that we loved so well,
The old, old songs we sang beneath the sky,
The rippling water moving toward the weir—
Still pour their melody upon the world.
And stab us when we hear. The twilight star
Throbs in the west to-day as when we stood
And watched the sad horizon sink to dark,
Before the young moon silvered the far hills.
The lad's love is as sweet, and ivy leaves
Pungent as when we trod them underfoot.
No sight, no sound, no thought, no way of life
But holds for me some memory of you,
A solace and a torture. You have grown
As much a part of me as warmth and dew
Are part and parcel of the fertile earth.

Without you all is dead and grey and waste,
A lonely desert where I can not live,
You are the slanting rain that cools my brow,
The mighty storm that shakes me to my soul,
The radiant sun that quickens me to life—
You are my strength in need, my daily food,
My hope of some dim heaven, and when I die
Your image will be patterned in my dust!

Here in *Harper's* is quiescence through the same cause as elsewhere Miss Johnson expresses revolt and repudiation of fate:

REVERBERATION

By John Hall Wheelock

At night in the old house of life I lie alone:
Spiders have fastened their soft webs, like clouds, between
Rafter and ceiling; threshold and gray floor are grown
Heavy with dust, where for so long no foot has been.

Mice in the dark of the old walls gnaw at the deep
Roots of the night, softly on the dewy air
The cricket's cry comes drifting in—even in sleep
I hear it, but I am too sorrowful to care.

Love has left me and Song has left me, and I know
I am a harp silent to all those lovely Things
That laid such hands upon me here so long ago.
Night deepens. Echo slumbers along the strings—

Only the murmur, vaguely felt, of the hushed blood
That on the shores of the old dream, like a vast sea,
Moves in the darkness, mourning; and in the solitude
Of my heart's forest a far horn sounds drowsily. . .

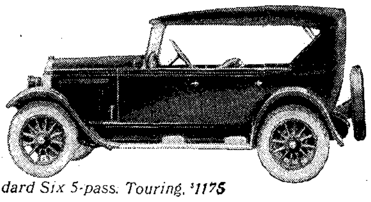
The Bookman brings forward again our old friend Pascal D'Angelo, the Italian workman-poet whose haunting music lulls one's criticism of his lack of clarity:

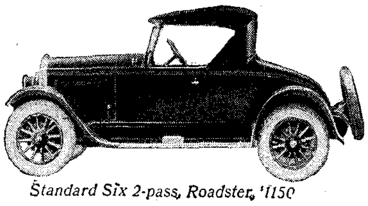
THE LAST SHORE

By Pascal D'Angelo

From the rocky haunts of birds
The ancient shepherd ocean
Is watching the faint herds
Of his endless motion;
In the black expanse of heaven
The bright stars gleam like tears,
And beneath is a grey mist driven—
Ah! hope of years!
And under the mist each wave
Bears a heart that beats no more,
That is stranded as they lave
The fantom shore.

The ancient shepherd ocean
Is whispering, "O cease!
O cease this soulless motion
And give me peace!"
Ah! There is nothing here but grief;
There is not the rest we need
Save where upon the reef
The dead hearts bleed,
And on the cheek of heaven
The bright stars trail like tears
While the mist is a grey hope driven
By the storm of years.


Standard Six 5-pass. Touring, $1175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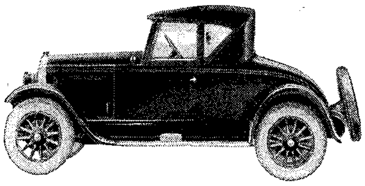
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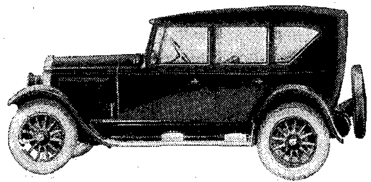
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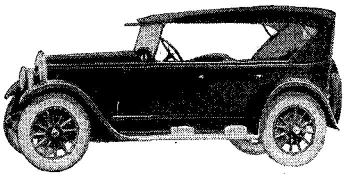
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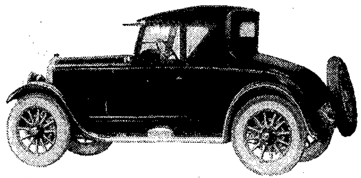
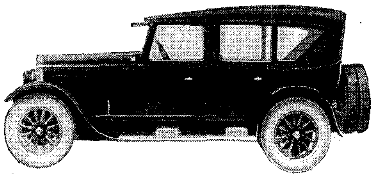

Master Six 2-pass. Roadster (with enclosure), $1400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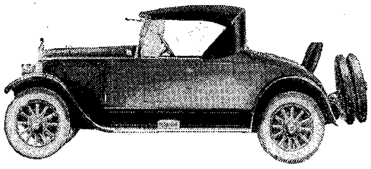
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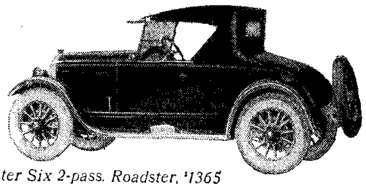
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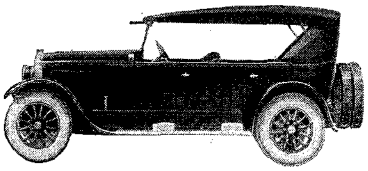
Whatever your need may be—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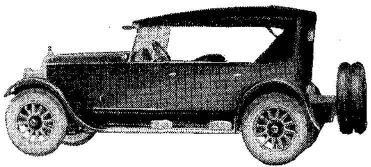
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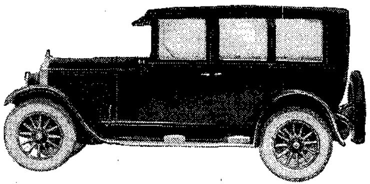
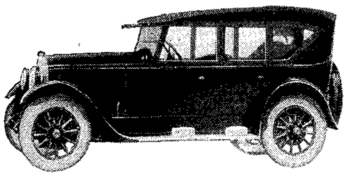
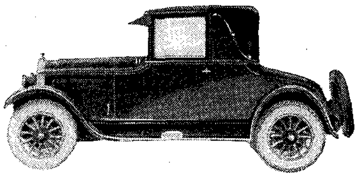

Standard Six 5-pass. Double Service Sedan, $1475


Master Six 5-pass. Touring (with enclosure), $1475


Standard Six 2-pass. Double Service Coupe, $1375

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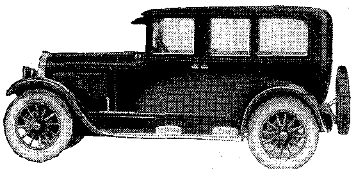
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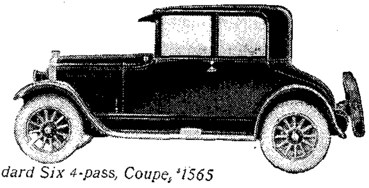
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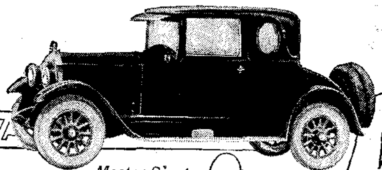
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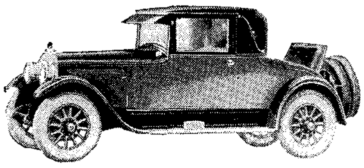
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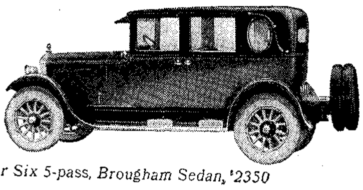
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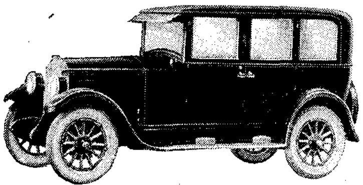
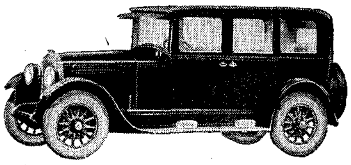
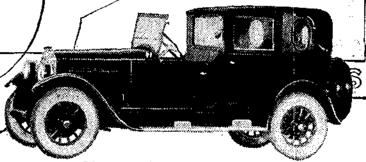
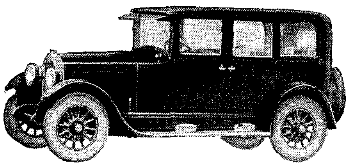

Standard Six 5-pass Sedan, $1665


Master Six 7-pass. Sedan, $2425


Master Six Town Car, $2925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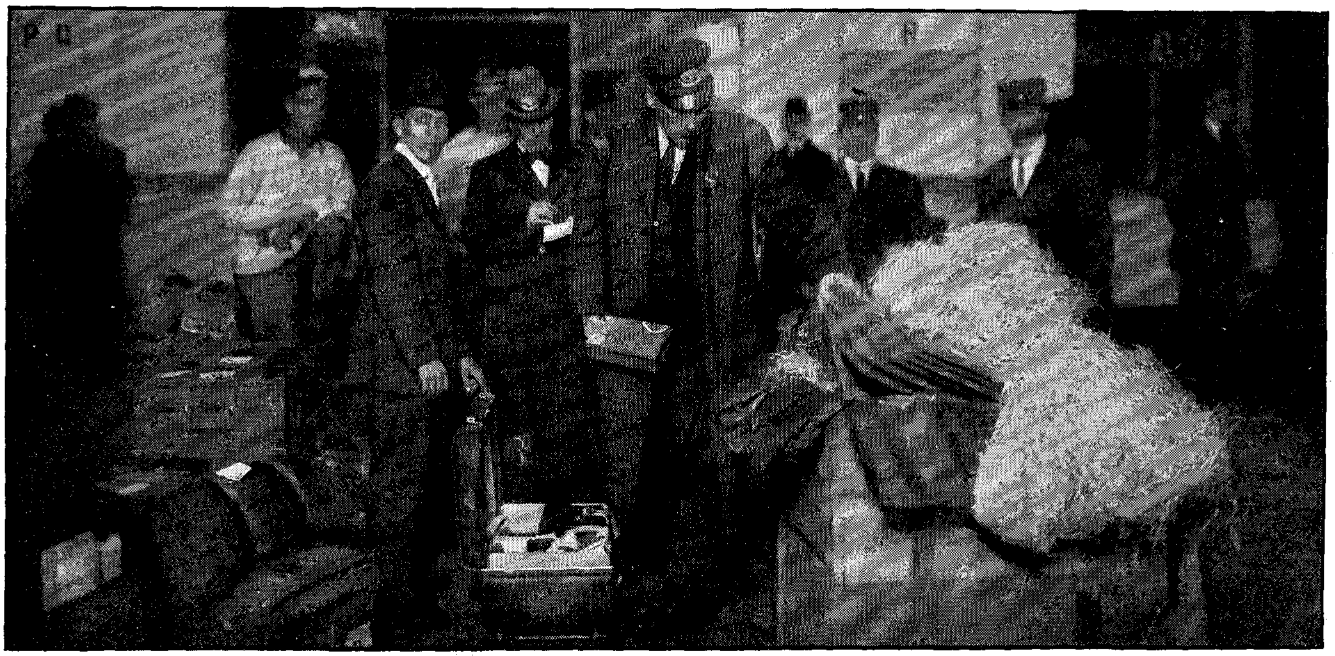
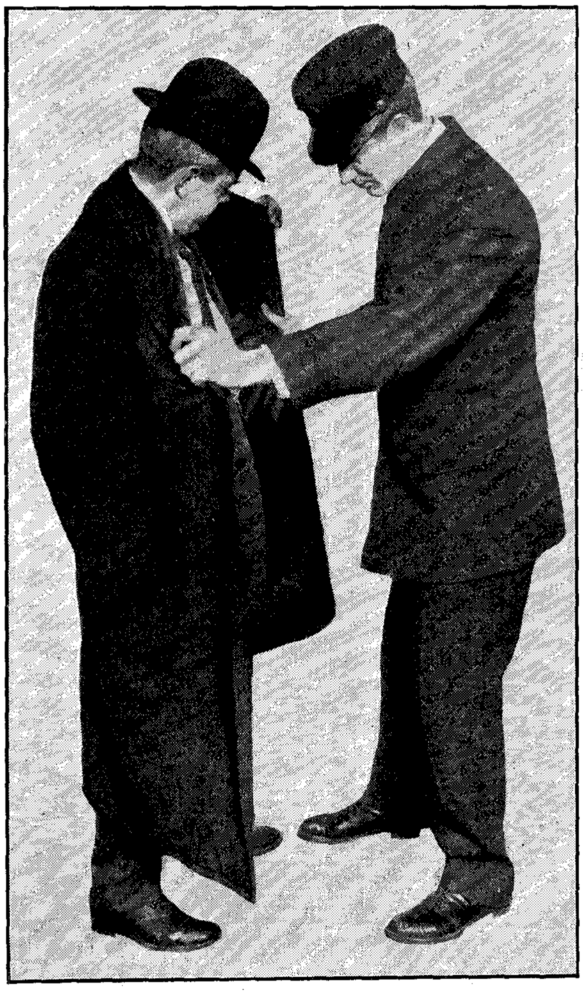


Photograph by Brown Brothers

A SIGHT CALCULATED TO FILL NEARLY ANY RETURNING AMERICAN TOURIST WITH DREAD

The customs inspectors' hearts are hard, the laws are numerous and rigid, and the American tendency to collect curios and valuables is insatiable. Out of this combination comes much comedy, and a certain amount of tragedy, at this time of the year.

THE "OPEN SEASON" FOR RETURNING TOURISTS



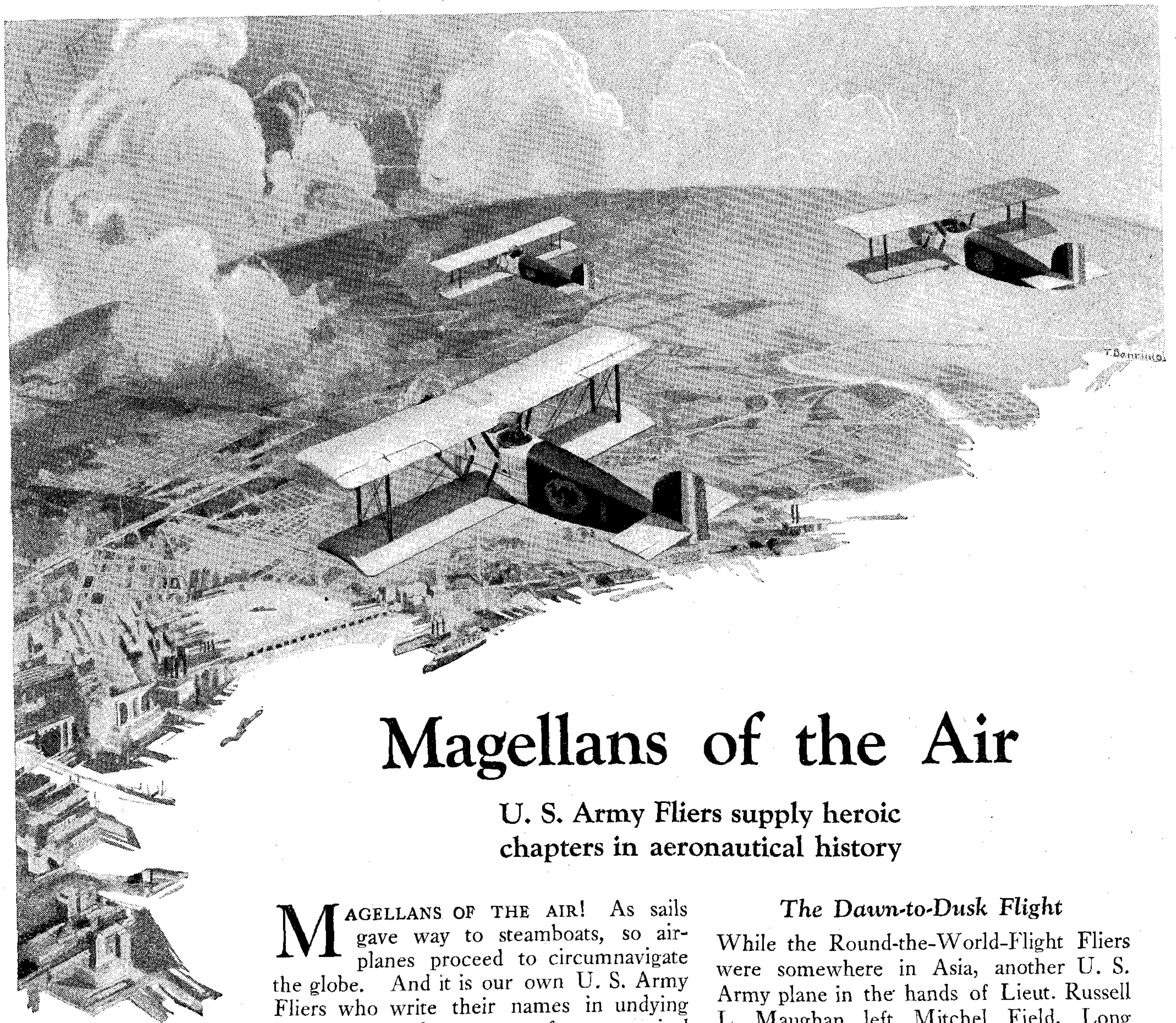
A GENTLEMAN UNDER SUSPICION

Most tourists get by without having their pockets picked, but an occasional unfortunate gets the customs' "third degree."

BOA-CONSTRICTORS and booze, monkeys and mantillas, Egyptian fleas and Italian flowers are some of the odd things brought home by American tourists each year. But diamonds and "dope" are the articles most often involved in attempts to cheat the United States Government, says a writer in the Springfield *Republican*. And knowing this, after many years spent in pitting their knowledge, experience, and sagacity against the cunning of the world's cleverest criminals, the customs officials at New York are "sharpening their pencils — and their wits — in preparation for the homeward rush from Europe." In other words, this is the "open season" for tourists, some of whom are not above trying to smuggle jewelry or furs into the United States duty free. As this writer explains:

> When your neighbor sets foot on the dock this autumn, customs inspectors are going through his luggage like locusts through a wheatfield. Congress may sleep through most of its sessions, but it woke up long enough to sock a tax onto every conceivable thing a tourist cares to lug back from Europe.
>
> For instance, diamonds are dirt cheap abroad—compared, that is, with their price in this country. Naturally you like to load up with a few solitaires, bar-pins, pendants and other bright ideas in the jewelry line. When you arrive at the shore of the U. S. A. the fact dawns on you that you'll have to pay a 20 per cent. duty on loose stones. And—most of your stones being firmly set in gold and platinum—you'll have to pay 80 per cent. of the original price. Upon a silk dress, whether it be manufactured wholly or in part, you pay 60 per cent. Upon wearing apparel which is knitted and the edges trimmed with lace you pay 90 per cent, or about as much as you paid for it originally. Upon articles embroidered in any manner you pay a neat little 75 per cent. And upon fur articles made up as wearing apparel, whether wholly or in part manufactured, you hand over half of the original price.
>
> By the time you've paid duty on that brooch you got for Aunt Delia in Venice, and that fur coat you picked up for cousin Hattie in Moscow, and the cute little silk frock your wife asked you to get for her in Paris, you begin to wonder why the Government needs to levy any other taxes in order to meet its running expenses. The best way to get your money's worth out of any article of clothing or jewelry is to remain abroad until you've worn it out and drop it overboard before the vessel gets into an American port.

Of course, we are told, "human nature being so human, it follows



Magellans of the Air

U. S. Army Fliers supply heroic chapters in aeronautical history

MAGELLANS OF THE AIR! As sails gave way to steamboats, so airplanes proceed to circumnavigate the globe. And it is our own U. S. Army Fliers who write their names in undying letters upon the pages of aeronautical history.

Early in March they left. Theirs was the first timetable and itinerary of its kind in history.

Seattle, Cordova, Chignik, Yokohama, Shanghai, Bangkok, Rangoon, Delhi, Bagdad, Bucharest, Belgrade, Paris, London, Scapa Flow and Reykjavik,—were but a few of the many points they touched. A 25,000 mile adventure!

But the Round-the-World Flight was even more than a great adventure. It proved that both the planes and the fliers of the United States Army could operate in any climate on the face of the globe—through the gales and snow of the Aleutian Islands, through the typhoons and torrential rains of the China Sea, through the equatorial heat of Indo-China, Siam and Burma, and even through a desert sand storm encountered after leaving Umballa.

The Dawn-to-Dusk Flight

While the Round-the-World-Flight Fliers were somewhere in Asia, another U. S. Army plane in the hands of Lieut. Russell L. Maughan left Mitchel Field, Long Island, at 3:59 on the morning of June 23rd, 1924.

21 hours and 48½ minutes later, Maughan landed at Crissey Field, San Francisco, his actual flying time having been 18 hours, 26½ minutes. The flight covered 2,850 miles.

For both the Round-the-World trip and the Dawn-to-Dusk Flight, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" was the oil officially selected and supplied by the U. S. Army Air Service.

This Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" differed in no way from the Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" which is used every day by so many of your own friends who own motorcycles, farm tractors, or certain types of automobiles for which this Mobiloil is recommended.

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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

that the more strict the custom regulations become, the more eager a lot of people are to evade them." A few weeks ago, says this writer, a man and woman were arrested for attempting to smuggle $100,000 worth of gems past the customs. The writer goes on to tell of this and other customs troubles:

> It was one of the boldest, cleverest and largest smuggling attempts with which Uncle Sam has had to deal. The jewels came originally from Vienna. A man and woman brought them into the country, not down a gang-plank past the eagle-eyed inspectors, but by way of Canada. . . .
>
> Diamonds and dope are the articles most often involved in attempts to cheat the Government. Liquor is a close third; but liquor, being bulky, requires deeper plans and a bigger staff of smugglers than those required by drugs or diamonds.

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STIRRING THINGS UP IN SAN FRANCISCO

Custom inspectors of the Golden Gate have their troubles, especially with passengers from Chinese ports. The passengers, also, have their troubles.

> Liquor—well, the customs officials smile when you mention it. Liquor is brought in by amateur and professional smugglers in every possible container. In cigaret cases, in "cigars," in canes, in wrist bags. So much liquor was found in the insides of one ocean liner—hidden behind steampipes and under heaps of coal—that the steamship company was compelled to put up a bond of $1,000,000 as a guaranty against further offenses.
>
> It keeps the custom officials hopping, not only here but abroad, to get a line on folks who might plan to bring contraband goods with them. No American to-day can buy a really valuable jewel or arrange for a sizable shipment of drugs without a United States inspector learning of the fact. Having once learned the fact, the inspector trails the customer till he is satisfied of the man's—or woman's—guilt or innocence.
>
> Women are by no means rare offenders. They rely on refined manners and good clothes to fool the inspectors. Several well-drest women with every claim to being called ladies have tried to smuggle drugs in the trimmings of their hats or inside their shoes or under the flounces of their gowns. They have hidden jewels inside flowers or bonbons.
>
> And women naturally are the worst offenders when it comes to the smuggling of fur coats. With tears of innocence in their eyes, three women in a row recently protested that the Russian sables which they wore had been purchased long, long ago in the United States, and were therefore not dutiable.
>
> The three women, however, were not able to explain two things: First, what became of three Russian sable garments purchased by them from a Russian dealer the month before. And, second, why they had taken sable coats abroad with them when they sailed in the summer and were spending much of their time in Italy.
>
> Two women who attempted to smuggle in gems were caught by the espionage which is always maintained in Europe. But before the women reached the port of New York, messages had come from abroad telling of mysterious purchases by these two travelers. When neither declared any dutiable goods except the routine articles, the women were, of course, searched. And thus the hidden gems were discovered, and so it goes.

FOUND AT LAST—A COURT WITHOUT FEES OR FIGHTS

THE LAW'S DELAY, the expenses of legal action, the disadvantage any "poor man" is under in an appeal to the law, all seem to have been swept away in the case of a new Philadelphia institution. The Municipal Court, of which Raymond MacNeille is the presiding judge, has points that apparently qualify it to fulfil an almost millennial ideal in the legal world. It is called the "Arbitration Court." The Judge presides, according to a reporter who describes a recent session in an article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "like a patriarch of old, sitting in the shade of a palm-tree, and dispensing justice to the just and the unjust." Not a lawyer is to be seen—except as a spectator. As if this were not a fact remarkable enough to justify the court's claim as a unique hall of justice, it is recorded, also, that not a penny of costs is collected from either party to any dispute. Finally, and quite as revolutionary as any other detail, not an appeal is taken from any of the Judge's decisions, no matter how glum a face some of the losers show—because all plaintiffs and defendants have signed in advance an agreement running, in effect: "What the Judge says, goes!" The *Ledger* reporter's record of one evening in the Philadelphia Arbitration Court runs:

> An important lesson for employers was taught in the "Take it or leave it!" case, one of the first to come before the court when its session began at 6 o'clock in a room on the sixth floor of City Hall.
>
> To begin with, so the testimony brought out, this particular dispute was over a mere matter of $1.05.
>
> "Why, car tickets coming here would cost almost that!" said Judge MacNeille. "Why not split the difference?"
>
> But the situation was not nearly so simple as that, it developed. Walter Vincent had been working for a manufacturer, and he had claimed $10.25 due him as wages. His employer had insisted the amount really was $9.20.
>
> "I put the envelop containing the money in his hand, but he wouldn't take it," said the employer. "I put it in his hand a second time, but again he wouldn't take it. Then I laid it down on the desk and told him, 'There's your pay!' I walked out and left him there. When I came back he was gone and the money was gone too."
>
> Perspiring with nervousness, the negro plaintiff declared he had left without touching the money he had twice declined to receive.
>
> "I wouldn't argue with him," said the negro, "because—" Then he sighed and was silent.
>
> "You thought you could hand him less than he claimed due and then walk out, did you?" said Judge MacNeille to the defendant, rebukingly. "Having made the tender and the tender having been refused, it was your duty to take care of that money. Now you'll have to pay him $9.70—and that's the cheapest legal advice you ever bought. You can't conduct business that way."
>
> The employer began to growl. Judge MacNeille stopt him, with the warning:
>
> "Go ahead, or you'll lose another envelop!"
>
> The story of the nurse who came too late was the theme of the next case.
>
> "Instead of coming when she was summoned, she stayed to fix some soup at home and she arrived at our house a quarter of an hour after the baby was born," said a man whom a nurse had sued for $8.50 balance for services at the rate of $10 a week.
>
> "She washed the baby," he went on, "then she went out, after an hour and a half, and didn't come back till the next day, and then only stopt to ask how the baby was getting along. I told the doctor how she'd done and he said we'd better get rid of her,

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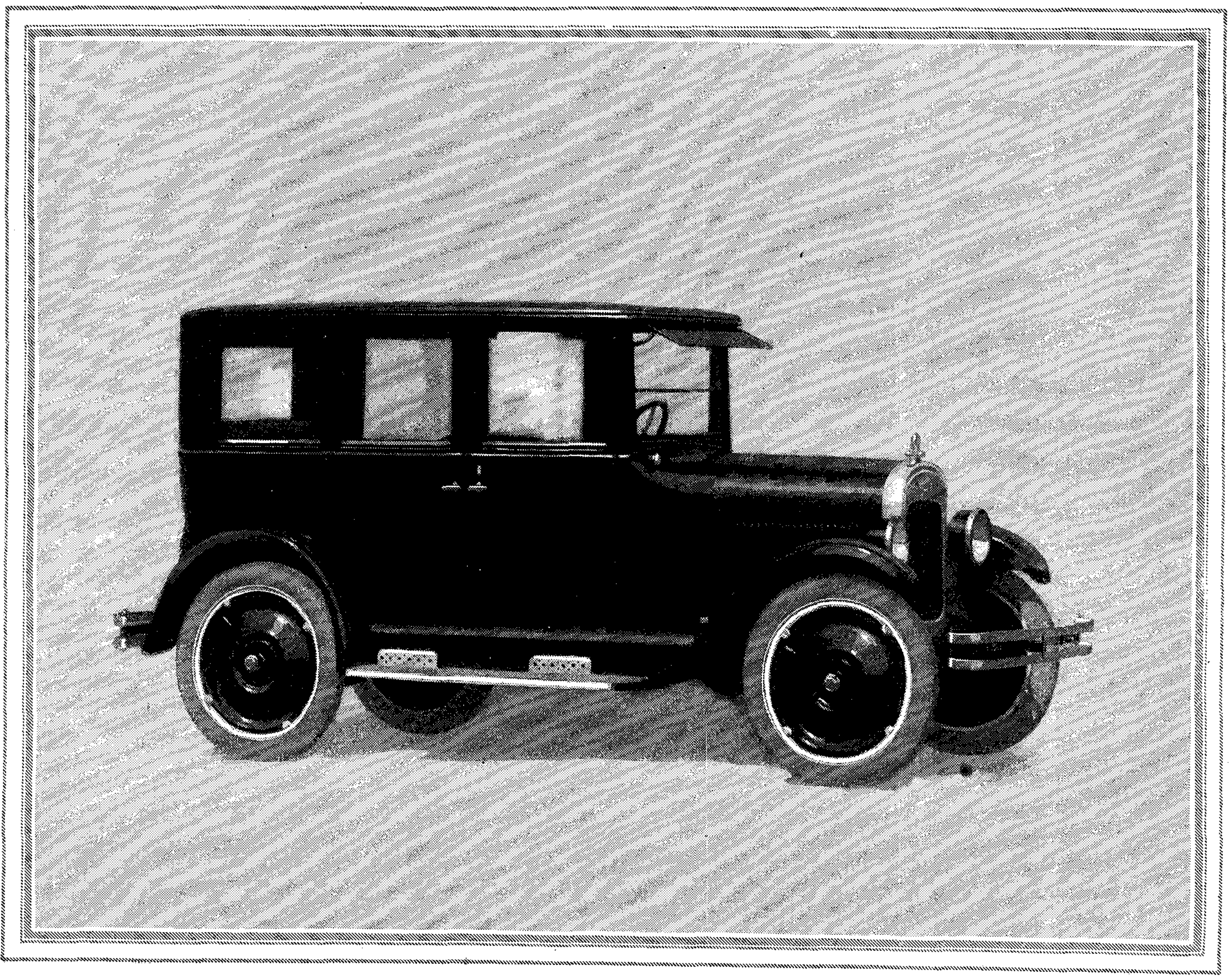
CHEVROLET



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There are now on exhibition, at your nearest Chevrolet dealer's show room, the new De Luxe models. They possess the dependability, equipment, economy and high quality of the regular Chevrolet models with special added features. These include disc wheels, nickel-plated radiator, kick plates, parking lights, front and rear bumpers, motor-meter and several other refinements. These models have special deep upholstery and have a double Duco finish in a rich blue with beautiful red trim. You will be specially interested in seeing these as examples of fine quality cars at low price.

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Superior Touring	510
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725
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De Luxe Coupe	775
De Luxe Sedan	940

Prices f. o. b. Flint. Michigan

and he gave me the name of another nurse to get. I'm not begrudging her the $10, but I gave her $1.50 for the hour and a half she was there."

"How's the baby getting along?" asked Judge MacNeille, with eager interest.

"Oh, the baby's fine now—he's a fat little fellow," answered the father proudly.

"A boy?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, a boy." There was even greater pride in the father's voice that time.

"Well, anyway, she didn't drop him and break his back," said Judge MacNeille, reflectively. "Nurses do things like that sometimes."

Then Judge MacNeille, with a sudden inspiration, turned to the nurse.

"How much will you give that baby to start a bank account in his own name?" he asked.

"Three dollars!" she shot back, with the smile of a good sport.

"Now pay her $5.50!" ordered the Judge, "and don't you forget to start that bank account for the boy to-morrow morning!"

There were tears in the history of the next case—tears from onions. The reporter relates that:

Joe Foster, negro, said that Charles Stein had hired him as a laborer and that $19.50 still was due him. It particularly rankled in his breast that Stein had denied to the investigators sent by Romain C. Hassrick, chief of the Bureau of Legal Aid, that he ever had employed him.

"What was your job?" asked the Judge.

"Cleaning up onions," answered Foster.

"Was that all?"

"No," said Foster; "catching watermelons."

"Mmmm!" said Judge MacNeille, enviously.

"But I didn't git none!" explained Foster.

"See here, Joe," asked the Judge, "would you agree he'd paid you enough if he gave you $5 now?"

"Yes, I'd think $5 enough," answered Foster, "if I could just get my hands on it."

"I guess that'll drive the onion tears out of your eyes," said the Judge.

The swift and unexpected turn—joy and despair of the dramatist at work concocting a play—marked the next case.

A carpenter, sixty-two years old, testified that a friend owed him $22.85 as balance due for repair work on three houses.

The friend declared that the work was so unsatisfactory that he had to hire another carpenter to do it all over. Moreover, he said, the carpenter had agreed to do the entire job for $9. The defendant's son testified that in the course of his daily employment in his father's meat market, his working hours being from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., he had heard the carpenter agree to do all the work for $9.

"My father gave him $1, to buy nails," said the son, "and afterward he told me he'd used the money to buy a drink. We found him asleep instead of working—he was intoxicated. Next day my father gave him ninety-five cents more, and I believe he spent that for liquor too."

"But if he was drinking, why did you keep on employing him?" the Judge asked the father.

"I thought when he had no money he wouldn't drink," the man defended his actions.

"When a drunken man says he won't drink, don't believe him," said the Judge sententiously.

Then Judge MacNeille turned to the carpenter, demanding: "Do you drink?"

"I take a drink once in a while," was the answer.

Then suddenly he flared up.

"It's that man who hired me that sold me the drink!" he cried out. "I paid him fifty cents for a half-pint. He gave me a drink besides. Afterward he sold liquor to my twelve-year-old daughter. I didn't speak of this before, but now I'm going to!"

"Your Honor Judge," burst in the other, "I never have liquor in my house."

"He was indicted Monday a week ago," interrupted the carpenter.

"No I wasn't!" insisted the employer. "They looked in my house, but they didn't find anything. He's the man who sent them to look."

"We'll have this case investigated further," sighed Judge MacNeille. "This man probably did some work, but probably it wasn't very satisfactory."

So the case was laid over for action at a later session of the Arbitration Court.

One of many cases that have come before the novel court involving disputes between sickness insurance companies and policyholders was the suit of Amanda Pinkney, a negro, against a beneficial association. She said that sick benefits for three weeks were due her. The case went on:

"She wouldn't let the company doctor examine her," said the company's representative.

"He wanted to put something in my mouth," said the woman, telling of the doctor's attempt to ascertain her temperature during her attack of grip. "He didn't tell me he was a doctor until he went out."

Her own physician testified that she really had been ill and that he had treated her for two weeks.

"I guess that company physician thinks he'll get more information out of them if he doesn't tell them he's a doctor," cogitated Judge MacNeille.

The company representative declared the case already had been dismissed by a magistrate, but Judge MacNeille pointed out that the magistrate, whose legal learning he complimented, had not found for the defendant, but merely had dismissed the case, which meant that it still was proper subject for the action of the Arbitration Court. However, the Judge deferred decision until he could have the matters inquired into by an investigator from the probation department.

"Zipkin says you got drunk," Judge MacNeille taxed a negro complainant. Thompson, a plasterer, had sued Max Zipkin for $24.50, as balance of wages, but Zipkin had contended the plasterer had been paid in full.

"He only says that to avoid paying me," answered Thompson, with dignity. "I don't drink—especially this stuff they're making now. You see, when he wouldn't pay me, my wife put the woman's suffrage on him."

"What's that?" exclaimed the Judge, startled.

"I mean the children's suffrage," Thompson amended his words.

"The children's suffrage?" inquired the Judge, still more puzzled.

"I mean the woman that looks out for suffering children," explained Thompson. "My children were suffering because he hadn't paid me."

"But how about your drinking, as he says?" the Judge prest the question.

"I ain't had a drink of whisky since gosh knows when." answered Thompson.

"I don't mean whisky—I mean gin," said the Judge.

"I guess they don't make any of that now," answered Thompson. At that statement the Judge shook his head, dissentingly.

As the story goes on Thompson took up his narrative again.

But after hearing further details from the plasterer, the Judge since Zipkin was not in court, laid the case over for decision later.

"Sure he was my partner—only he wanted a share of the profits when there were any profits and he wasn't willing to take his share of the losses when there were losses."

That's how Max Prostak explained the nature of his partnership dealings with Jack Tracer. But Tracer insisted there was no partnership at all. Instead, he declared that he was employed for wages, on the piece-work system, making fur coats for Prostak. He insisted that $44 still was due him as wages.

"But he owes me more than that for board," said Prostak.

"They just invited me to have a little bite with them," Tracer defended himself. "It wasn't worth fifteen cents, if that."

"It was this way," Tracer continued. "Prostak has a retail place. Customers keep coming in late in the evening. I stayed late—till twelve, one, two o'clock, and never asked any overtime pay. They didn't want me to take the time to go home for supper and so they asked me to have a bite with them. But my missus got lunch at home all the time."

Questioning from the Judge brought out that Tracer's name never had appeared on the shop nor on any cards or billheads.

"Can I say two words, Your Honor, Judge?" interrupted Mrs. Tracer.

"I'll bet you could say 200 if I let you in," the Judge smilingly answered her. "But suppose you just stay out a while!"

Then the witnesses began to set forth the episode of the fur coat for which Mrs. Nelson paid $350—there was a profit of $50 in that—and other sales less profitable or not profitable at all, too.

"He used my phone right along for six months," suddenly interposed Prostak, as another counterclaim.

"Prostak threatened he'd ask pay for board and telephone if my husband made any claim against him," broke in Mrs. Tracer.

"Give him $20," suggested the Judge to Prostak

"But he owes me money," laughed the furrier.

"Give him $20 and go out and make some more money—you're a smart man who knows how to make money," said the Judge. "What's the matter? Have you rheumatism in that right hand? Why don't you put it in your pocket and pay him?"

"All right—I will," surrendered Prostak, "—in eight days."

Why everybody is asking for this Vegetable Soup!

Luncheon
Dinner
Supper

In thousands of homes where vegetable soup used to be served only occasionally, it is now eaten regularly—and thoroughly enjoyed—one of the regular family dishes.

The reason is Campbell's Vegetable Soup. It's so delicious and tempting and nourishing—such good food, such hearty food. And no trouble—ready for your table in an instant!

Thirty-two different ingredients. Fifteen choice vegetables. Beef broth. Substantial cereals. Lots of people make it their meal at lunch or supper! Often served as the one hot dish of the meal.

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In dash and speed
We always lead,
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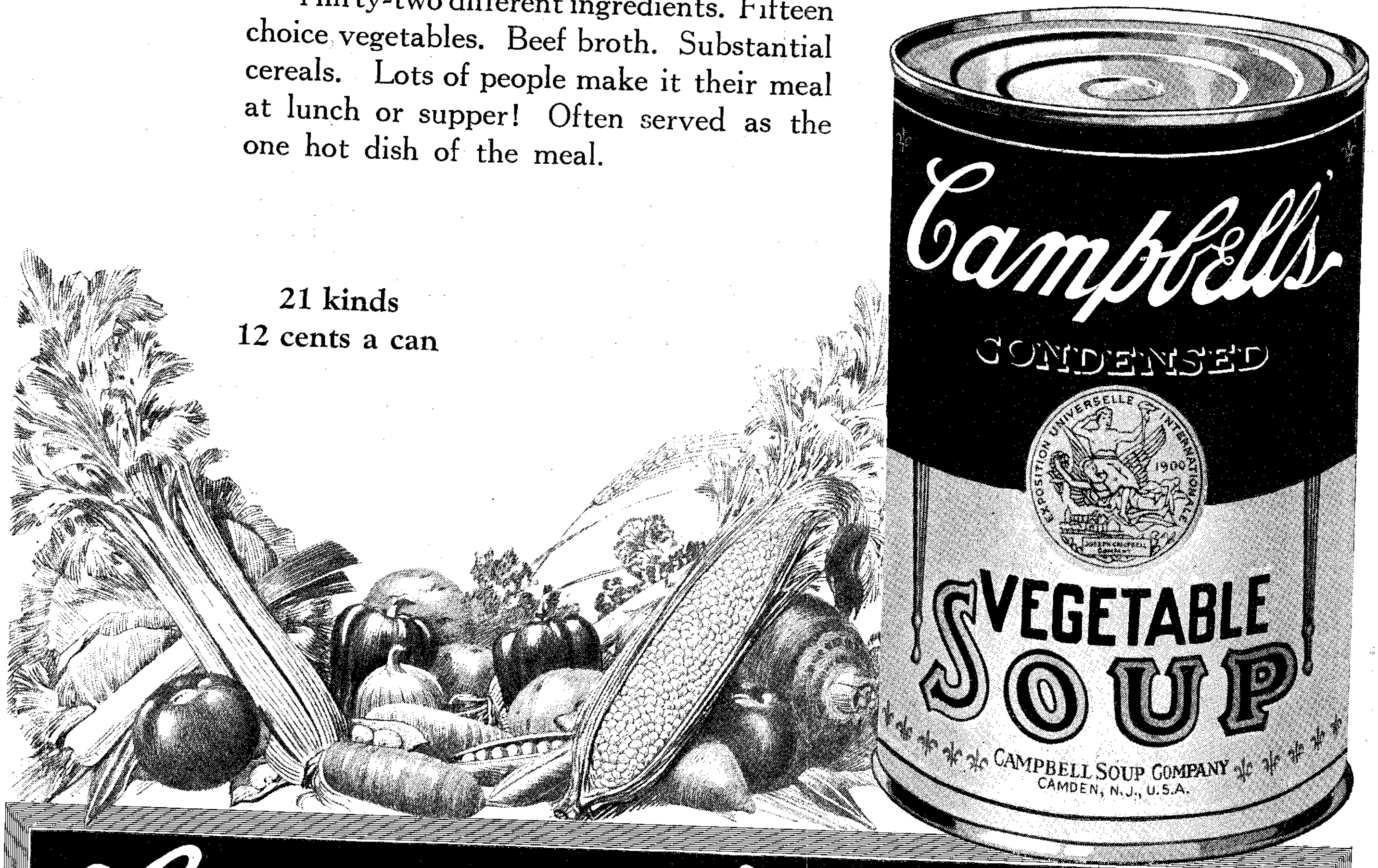
12 cents a can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LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

AN occasional return to one's classical studies helps to furnish a touchstone for to-day. Here is an easy method in *The Adelphi* (London):

BALLAD OF HECTOR IN HADES

By Edwin Muir

Yes; this is where I stood that day,
Beside this sunlit mound.
The walls of Troy are far behind,
And outward comes no sound.

I wait; on all the empty plain
A burnished silence lies,
Save for the chariot's tinkling sound,
And a few distant cries.

His helmet glitters near. The world
Slowly turns around,
By some strange sleight I am compelled
Far from the fighting ground.

I run. If I should turn again
The earth must turn with me:
The mountains planted on the plain,
The sky clamped to the sea.

The grasses puff a little dust
Where'er my footsteps fall.
I cast a shadow when I pass
The little wayside wall.

The strip of turf on either hand
Sparkles in the light.
I see nought but that little space
To the left and to the right;

And in that space our shadows run,
His shadow there and mine;
The little flowers, the tiny mounds,
The grasses frail and fine.

But narrower still and narrower!
My course seems shrunk and small,
Yet vast as in a monstrous dream,
And faint the Trojan wall;
The sun up in the vaulted sky
Is alien and tall.

Each rut within the wagon-path
Has eyes as we pass by,
Cold earthy eyes which close again
When we have passed on high.

Two shadows racing o'er the grass,
Silent and so near,
Till his shadow falls like steel on mine,
And I am freed of fear.

In dreadful distance, void and chill,
I hang, and do not care,
While round bright Troy Achilles whirls
The corpse with streaming hair.

A NOTE that sounds in several modern writer's—see D. H. Lawrence, for example—is here put in brief in *The Quill* (New York):

AGAINST DEMOCRACY

By Harry Kemp

Give me great thoughts, large wrestlings with the lords
Of vision and of beauty, whence is won—
As men from mountaintops observe the sun—
Light, when the dusk-enfolded world no light affords!

Let me spend great days on a mountain-height
Above the little passions and the strife
That irk with ignobilities this life—
For only single eagles can be lost in light.

These days there's too much boasting of the Plain,
Too many empty words of brotherhood,
Too much acceptance of the multitude
And not enough of clean aloofness and disdain!

THE page this week seems to represent a good deal of rebellion. Here is another angle in *Poetry* (Chicago):

THE BROKEN OF HEART

By James Rorty

As soon as may be, the old man said,
Break your heart, my son, and say to the galloping world, goodbye.
Break your heart, my son, and say to your Self, when that sad ghost comes demanding in the night:
"*Blow by, pale ghost,*
Blow by, fierce ghost,
I am not afraid."

Break your heart, my son, the old man said,
Break your heart, and take my hand, and come with me;
For the broken of heart are fearless and heartless and free.

In a country far and white,
With bright winds always blowing,
There the broken of heart find laughter and are free.

The heart is a thing to be broken
And drowned in the deepest sea;
A thing to be scattered and sown
Till the proud soul laughs, and is free.

Beware of the broken of heart—
They are curious and cool and intent.
What bride shall you give to the broken of heart?
They are cruel, and will never relent.

In a cavern under the ground
They chuckle and hum and are gay;
And the timeless challenge of Earth
Is shaped by their hands at play.

As soon as may be, the old man said,
Be done with your heart, and give it away;
Then build for your hopeless soul a house,
And laugh, and be kind and gay.

WHETHER it means a dead love before or after marriage does not seem to matter, since the truth of these lines in *The Lyric* (Norfolk) might hold for both:

HOW SHALL I PUT YOU FROM ME?

By Josephine Johnson

How shall I put you from me? Can the law
Of growth reverse itself, and let the tree
Put down the rising sap, or bid the rose
Deny her colour, and the jessamine
Destroy its fragrance? Can the swelling stream
Of memory flow backward to its source
And there be lost forever, blotted out?

(Oh love that will not die and must not live
Oh grief beyond the farthest reach of tears!)

How shall I cease to sorrow? How forget
When in your eyes I see my own despair
And in your silence hear my voiceless cry?

We meet no more and yet we can not part.
The living past remains, and with to-day
Is woven in one fabric. See the threads!
The haunting music that we loved so well,
The old, old songs we sang beneath the sky,
The rippling water moving toward the weir—
Still pour their melody upon the world.
And stab us when we hear. The twilight star
Throbs in the west to-day as when we stood
And watched the sad horizon sink to dark,
Before the young moon silvered the far hills.
The lad's love is as sweet, and ivy leaves
Pungent as when we trod them underfoot.

No sight, no sound, no thought, no way of life
But holds for me some memory of you,
A solace and a torture. You have grown
As much a part of me as warmth and dew
Are part and parcel of the fertile earth.

Without you all is dead and grey and waste,
A lonely desert where I can not live,
You are the slanting rain that cools my brow,
The mighty storm that shakes me to my soul,
The radiant sun that quickens me to life—
You are my strength in need, my daily food,
My hope of some dim heaven, and when I die
Your image will be patterned in my dust!

HERE in *Harper's* is quiescence through the same cause as elsewhere Miss Johnson expresses revolt and repudiation of fate:

REVERBERATION

By John Hall Wheelock

At night in the old house of life I lie alone:
Spiders have fastened their soft webs, like clouds, between
Rafter and ceiling; threshold and gray floor are grown
Heavy with dust, where for so long no foot has been.

Mice in the dark of the old walls gnaw at the deep
Roots of the night, softly on the dewy air
The cricket's cry comes drifting in—even in sleep
I hear it; but I am too sorrowful to care.

Love has left me and Song has left me, and I know
I am a harp silent to all those lovely Things
That laid such hands upon me here so long ago.
Night deepens. Echo slumbers along the strings—

Only the murmur, vaguely felt, of the hushed blood
That on the shores of the old dream, like a vast sea,
Moves in the darkness, mourning; and in the solitude
Of my heart's forest a far horn sounds drowsily. . .

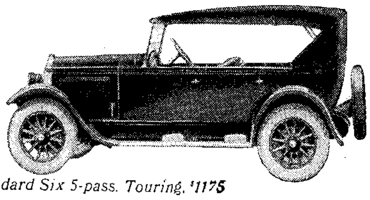
The Bookman brings forward again our old friend Pascal D'Angelo, the Italian workman-poet whose haunting music lulls one's criticism of his lack of clarity:

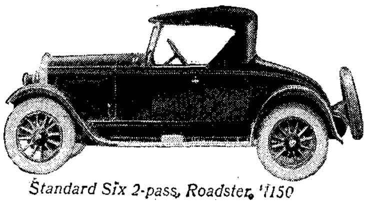
THE LAST SHORE

By Pascal D'Angelo

From the rocky haunts of birds
The ancient shepherd ocean
Is watching the faint herds
Of his endless motion;
In the black expanse of heaven
The bright stars gleam like tears,
And beneath is a grey mist driven—
Ah! hope of years!
And under the mist each wave
Bears a heart that beats no more,
That is stranded as they lave
The fantom shore.

The ancient shepherd ocean
Is whispering, "O cease!
O cease this soulless motion
And give me peace!"
Ah! There is nothing here but grief;
There is not the rest we need
Save where upon the reef
The dead hearts bleed,
And on the cheek of heaven
The bright stars trail like tears
While the mist is a grey hope driven
By the storm of years.


Standard Six 5-pass. Touring, '1175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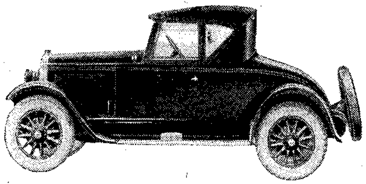
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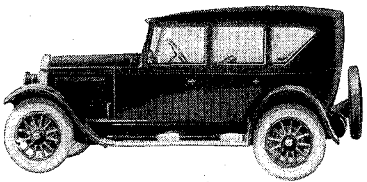
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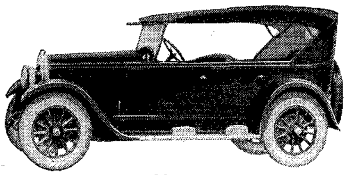
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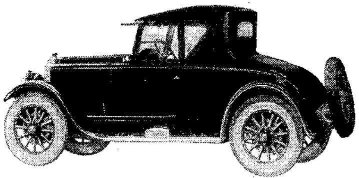
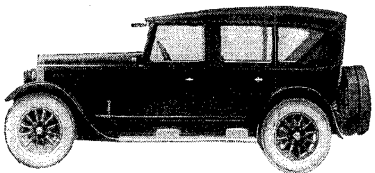
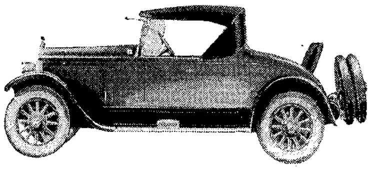
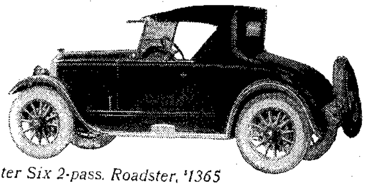
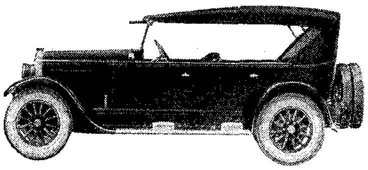

Master Six 2-pass. Roadster (with enclosure), '1400

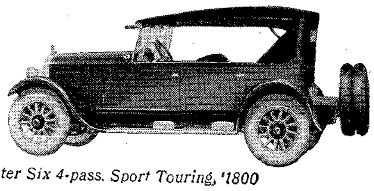

Master Six 7-pass Touring (with enclosure), '1700

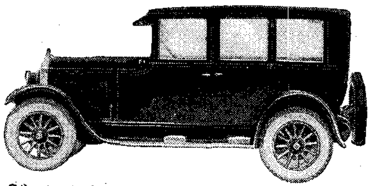

Master Six 3-pass, Sport Roadster, '1750

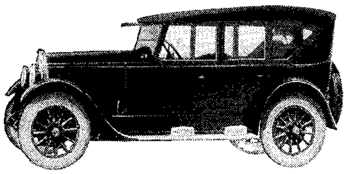

Master Six 2-pass. Roadster, '1365

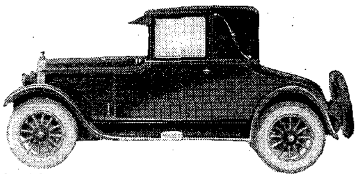
Whatever your need may be–


Master Six 7-pass, Touring, '1625

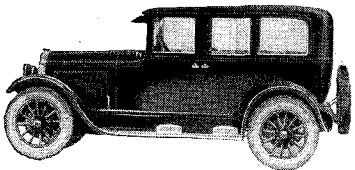

Master Six 4-pass. Sport Touring, '1800

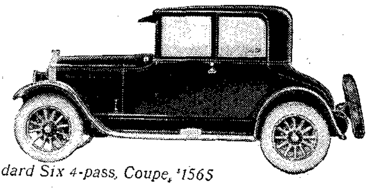

Standard Six 5-pass, Double Service Sedan, '1475

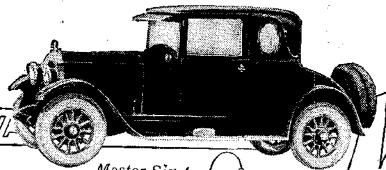

Master Six 5-pass, Touring (with enclosure), '1475

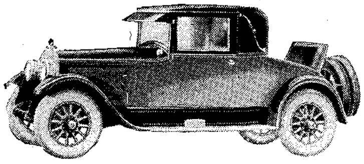

Standard Six 2-pass. Double Service Coupe, '1375

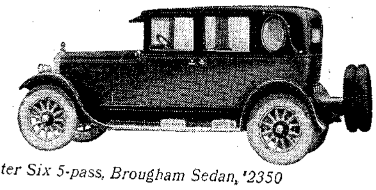
Whatever style you want –


Master Six 5-pass, Sedan, '2225


Standard Six 4-pass, Coupe, '1565


Master Six 4-pass. Coupe '2125


Master Six 3-pass, Country Club Special, '2075.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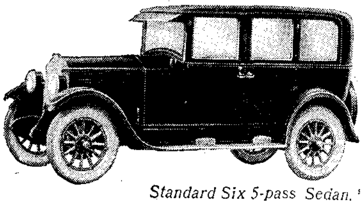
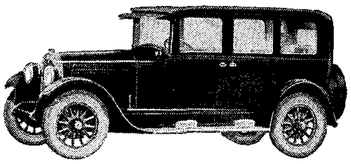
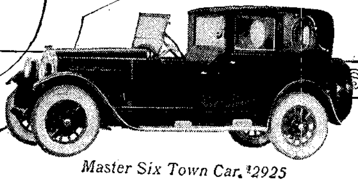
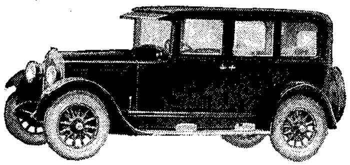

Standard Six 5-pass Sedan, '1665


Master Six 7-pass, Sedan, '2425


Master Six Town Car, '2925


Master Six 7-pass, Limousine, '2525

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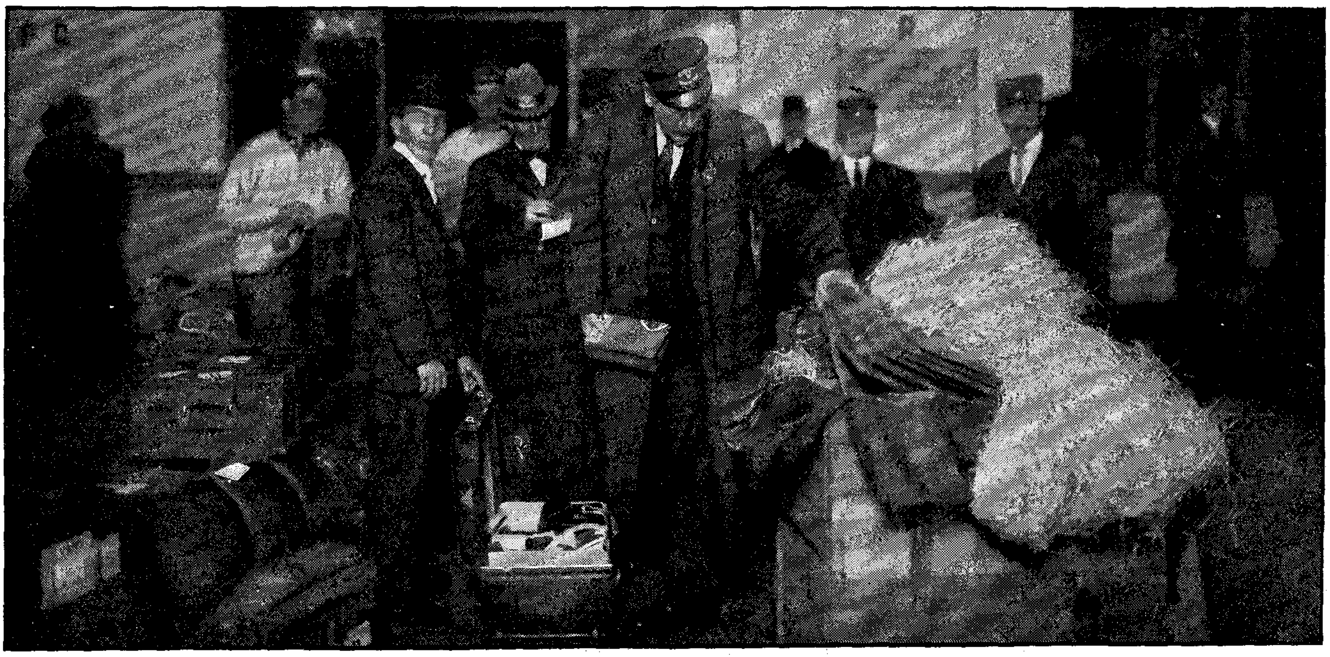


Photograph by Brown Brothers

A SIGHT CALCULATED TO FILL NEARLY ANY RETURNING AMERICAN TOURIST WITH DREAD

The customs inspectors' hearts are hard, the laws are numerous and rigid, and the American tendency to collect curios and valuables is insatiable. Out of this combination comes much comedy, and a certain amount of tragedy, at this time of the year.

THE "OPEN SEASON" FOR RETURNING TOURISTS

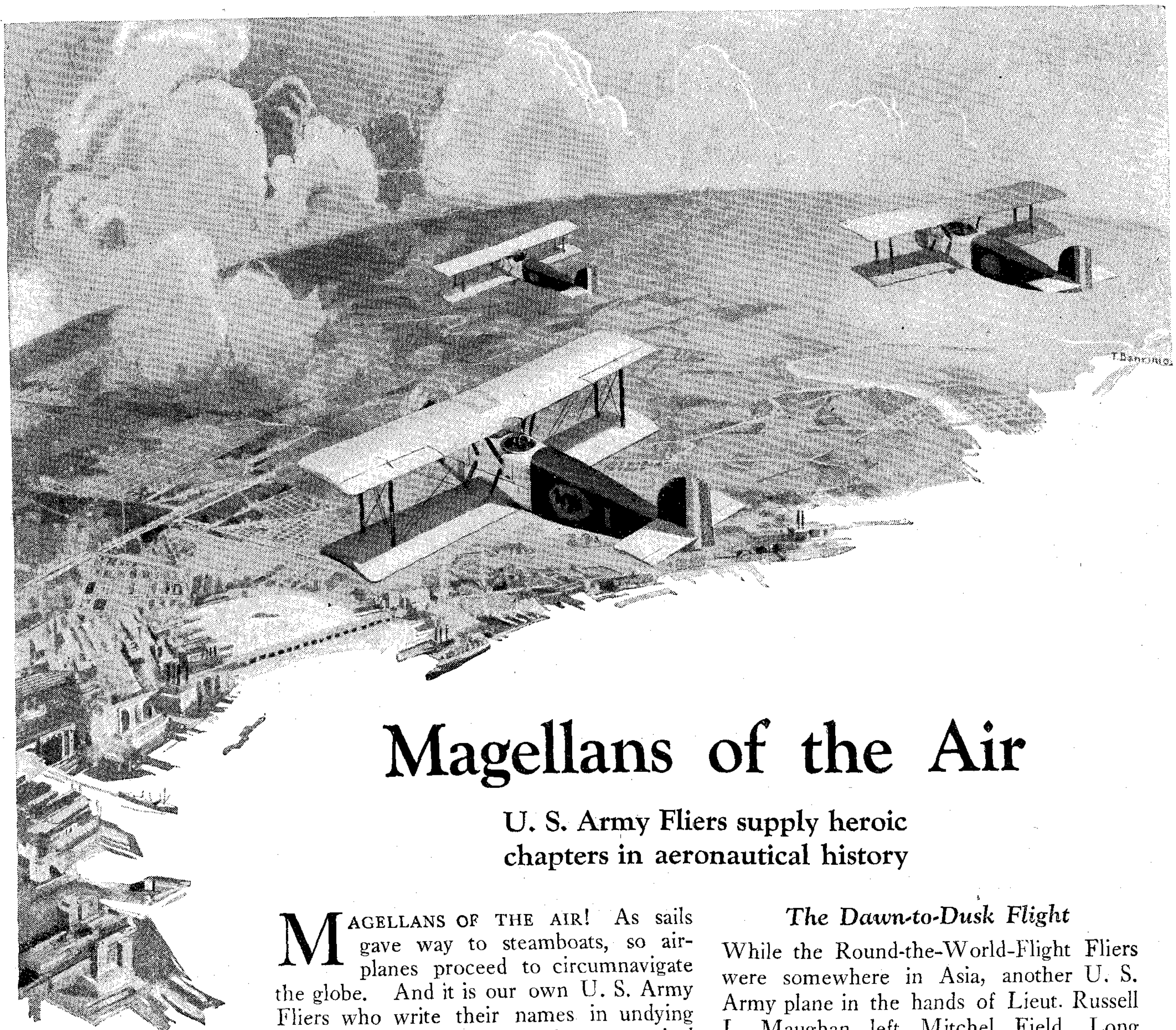
BOA-CONSTRICTORS and booze, monkeys and mantillas, Egyptian fleas and Italian flowers are some of the odd things brought home by American tourists each year. But diamonds and "dope" are the articles most often involved in attempts to cheat the United States Government, says a writer in the Springfield *Republican.* And knowing this, after many years spent in pitting their knowledge, experience, and sagacity against the cunning of the world's cleverest criminals, the customs officials at New York are "sharpening their pencils—and their wits—in preparation for the homeward rush from Europe." In other words, this is the "open season" for tourists, some of whom are not above trying to smuggle jewelry or furs into the United States duty free. As this writer explains:

> When your neighbor sets foot on the dock this autumn, customs inspectors are going through his luggage like locusts through a wheatfield. Congress may sleep through most of its sessions, but it woke up long enough to sock a tax onto every conceivable thing a tourist cares to lug back from Europe.
>
> For instance, diamonds are dirt cheap abroad—compared, that is, with their price in this country. Naturally you like to load up with a few solitaires, bar-pins, pendants and other bright ideas in the jewelry line. When you arrive at the shore of the U. S. A. the fact dawns on you that you'll have to pay a 20 per cent. duty on loose stones. And—most of your stones being firmly set in gold and platinum—you'll have to pay 80 per cent. of the original price. Upon a silk dress, whether it be manufactured wholly or in part, you pay 60 per cent. Upon wearing apparel which is knitted and the edges trimmed with lace you pay 90 per cent, or about as much as you paid for it originally. Upon articles embroidered in any manner you pay a neat little 75 per cent. And upon fur articles made up as wearing apparel, whether wholly or in part manufactured, you hand over half of the original price.
>
> By the time you've paid duty on that brooch you got for Aunt Delia in Venice, and that fur coat you picked up for cousin Hattie in Moscow, and the cute little silk frock your wife asked you to get for her in Paris, you begin to wonder why the Government needs to levy any other taxes in order to meet its running expenses. The best way to get your money's worth out of any article of clothing or jewelry is to remain abroad until you've worn it out and drop it overboard before the vessel gets into an American port.

A GENTLEMAN UNDER SUSPICION

Most tourists get by without having their pockets picked, but an occasional unfortunate gets the customs' "third degree."

Of course, we are told, "human nature being so human, it follows



Magellans of the Air

U. S. Army Fliers supply heroic chapters in aeronautical history

MAGELLANS OF THE AIR! As sails gave way to steamboats, so airplanes proceed to circumnavigate the globe. And it is our own U. S. Army Fliers who write their names in undying letters upon the pages of aeronautical history.

Early in March they left. Theirs was the first timetable and itinerary of its kind in history.

Seattle, Cordova, Chignik, Yokohama, Shanghai, Bangkok, Rangoon, Delhi, Bagdad, Bucharest, Belgrade, Paris, London, Scapa Flow and Reykjavik,—were but a few of the many points they touched. A 25,000 mile adventure!

But the Round-the-World Flight was even more than a great adventure. It proved that both the planes and the fliers of the United States Army could operate in any climate on the face of the globe—through the gales and snow of the Aleutian Islands, through the typhoons and torrential rains of the China Sea, through the equatorial heat of Indo-China, Siam and Burma, and even through a desert sand storm encountered after leaving Umballa.

The Dawn-to-Dusk Flight

While the Round-the-World-Flight Fliers were somewhere in Asia, another U. S. Army plane in the hands of Lieut. Russell L. Maughan left Mitchel Field, Long Island, at 3:59 on the morning of June 23rd, 1924.

21 hours and 48½ minutes later, Maughan landed at Crissey Field, San Francisco, his actual flying time having been 18 hours, 26½ minutes. The flight covered 2,850 miles.

For both the Round-the-World trip and the Dawn-to-Dusk Flight, Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" was the oil officially selected and supplied by the U. S. Army Air Service.

This Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" differed in no way from the Gargoyle Mobiloil "B" which is used every day by so many of your own friends who own motorcycles, farm tractors, or certain types of automobiles for which this Mobiloil is recommended.

To use the grade of Mobiloil recommended for *your* car is to secure the same dependability of engine performance that was demanded in the U. S. Army World Flight.

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Pittsburgh
Portland, Me.
Rochester
St. Louis
Springfield, Mass.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

that the more strict the custom regulations become, the more eager a lot of people are to evade them." A few weeks ago, says this writer, a man and woman were arrested for attempting to smuggle $100,000 worth of gems past the customs. The writer goes on to tell of this and other customs troubles:

> It was one of the boldest, cleverest and largest smuggling attempts with which Uncle Sam has had to deal. The jewels came originally from Vienna. A man and woman brought them into the country, not down a gang-plank past the eagle-eyed inspectors, but by way of Canada. . . .
>
> Diamonds and dope are the articles most often involved in attempts to cheat the Government. Liquor is a close third; but liquor, being bulky, requires deeper plans and a bigger staff of smugglers than those required by drugs or diamonds.
>
> Liquor—well, the customs officials smile when you mention it. Liquor is brought in by amateur and professional smugglers in every possible container. In cigaret cases, in "cigars," in canes, in wrist bags. So much liquor was found in the insides of one ocean liner—hidden behind steampipes and under heaps of coal—that the steamship company was compelled to put up a bond of $1,000,000 as a guaranty against further offenses.
>
> It keeps the custom officials hopping, not only here but abroad, to get a line on folks who might plan to bring contraband goods with them. No American to-day can buy a really valuable jewel or arrange for a sizable shipment of drugs without a United States inspector learning of the fact. Having once learned the fact, the inspector trails the customer till he is satisfied of the man's—or woman's—guilt or innocence.
>
> Women are by no means rare offenders. They rely on refined manners and good clothes to fool the inspectors. Several well-drest women with every claim to being called ladies have tried to smuggle drugs in the trimmings of their hats or inside their shoes or under the flounces of their gowns. They have hidden jewels inside flowers or bonbons.
>
> And women naturally are the worst offenders when it comes to the smuggling of fur coats. With tears of innocence in their eyes, three women in a row recently protested that the Russian sables which they wore had been purchased long, long ago in the United States, and were therefore not dutiable.
>
> The three women, however, were not able to explain two things: First, what became of three Russian sable garments purchased by them from a Russian dealer the month before. And, second, why they had taken sable coats abroad with them when they sailed in the summer and were spending much of their time in Italy.
>
> Two women who attempted to smuggle in gems were caught by the espionage which is always maintained in Europe. But before the women reached the port of New York, messages had come from abroad telling of mysterious purchases by these two travelers. When neither declared any dutiable goods except the routine articles, the women were, of course, searched. And thus the hidden gems were discovered, and so it goes.

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STIRRING THINGS UP IN SAN FRANCISCO

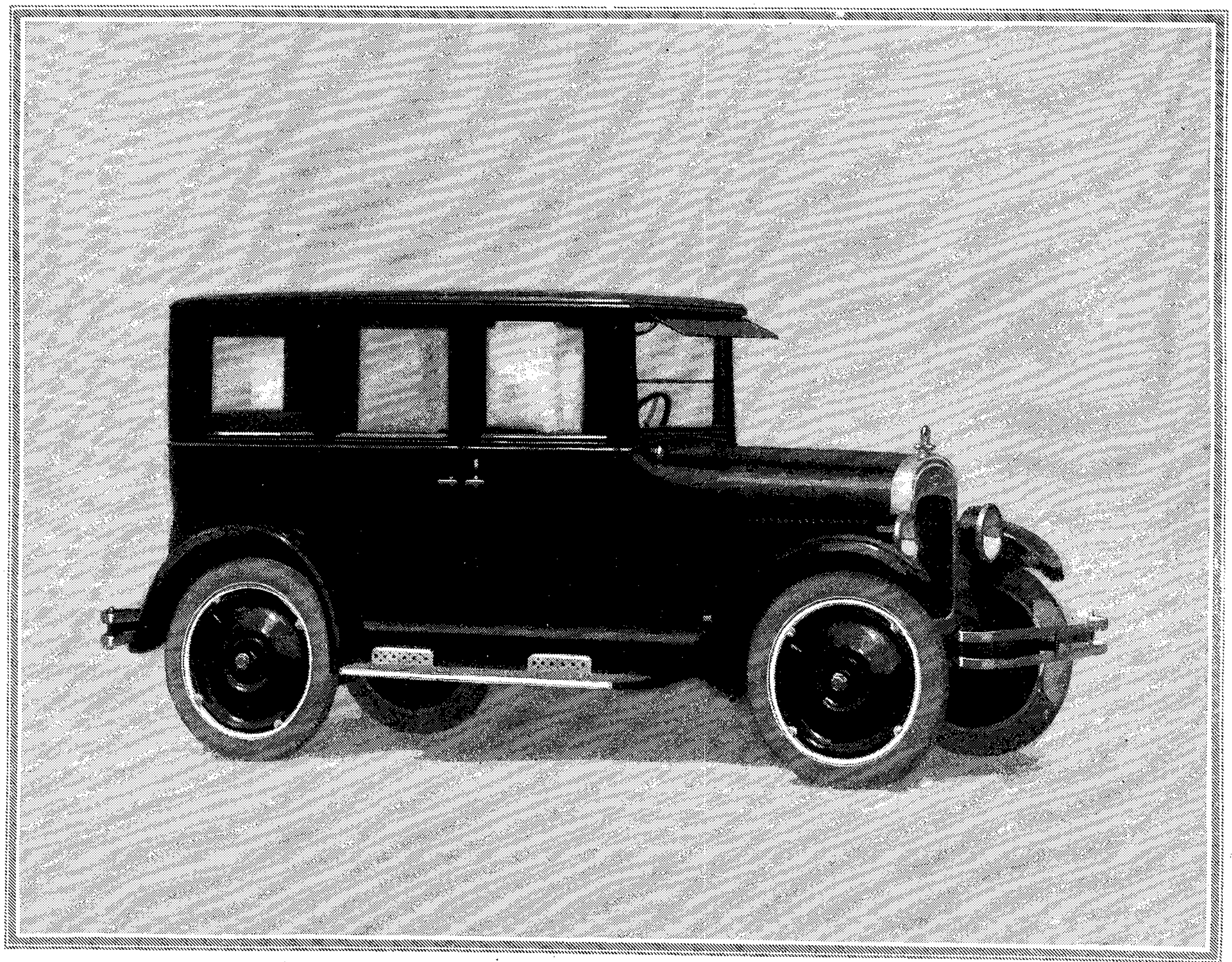
Custom inspectors of the Golden Gate have their troubles, especially with passengers from Chinese ports. The passengers, also, have their troubles.

FOUND AT LAST—A COURT WITHOUT FEES OR FIGHTS

THE LAW'S DELAY, the expenses of legal action, the disadvantage any "poor man" is under in an appeal to the law, all seem to have been swept away in the case of a new Philadelphia institution. The Municipal Court, of which Raymond MacNeille is the presiding judge, has points that apparently qualify it to fulfil an almost millennial ideal in the legal world. It is called the "Arbitration Court." The Judge presides, according to a reporter who describes a recent session in an article in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "like a patriarch of old, sitting in the shade of a palm-tree, and dispensing justice to the just and the unjust." Not a lawyer is to be seen—except as a spectator. As if this were not a fact remarkable enough to justify the court's claim as a unique hall of justice, it is recorded, also, that not a penny of costs is collected from either party to any dispute. Finally, and quite as revolutionary as any other detail, not an appeal is taken from any of the Judge's decisions, no matter how glum a face some of the losers show—because all plaintiffs and defendants have signed in advance an agreement running, in effect: "What the Judge says, goes!" The *Ledger* reporter's record of one evening in the Philadelphia Arbitration Court runs:

> An important lesson for employers was taught in the "Take it or leave it!" case, one of the first to come before the court when its session began at 6 o'clock in a room on the sixth floor of City Hall.
>
> To begin with, so the testimony brought out, this particular dispute was over a mere matter of $1.05.
>
> "Why, car tickets coming here would cost almost that!" said Judge MacNeille. "Why not split the difference?"
>
> But the situation was not nearly so simple as that, it developed. Walter Vincent had been working for a manufacturer, and he had claimed $10.25 due him as wages. His employer had insisted the amount really was $9.20.
>
> "I put the envelop containing the money in his hand, but he wouldn't take it," said the employer. "I put it in his hand a second time, but again he wouldn't take it. Then I laid it down on the desk and told him, 'There's your pay!' I walked out and left him there. When I came back he was gone and the money was gone too."
>
> Perspiring with nervousness, the negro plaintiff declared he had left without touching the money he had twice declined to receive.
>
> "I wouldn't argue with him," said the negro, "because—" Then he sighed and was silent.
>
> "You thought you could hand him less than he claimed due and then walk out, did you?" said Judge MacNeille to the defendant, rebukingly. "Having made the tender and the tender having been refused, it was your duty to take care of that money. Now you'll have to pay him $9.70—and that's the cheapest legal advice you ever bought. You can't conduct business that way."
>
> The employer began to growl. Judge MacNeille stopt him, with the warning:
>
> "Go ahead, or you'll lose another envelop!"
>
> The story of the nurse who came too late was the theme of the next case.
>
> "Instead of coming when she was summoned, she stayed to fix some soup at home and she arrived at our house a quarter of an hour after the baby was born," said a man whom a nurse had sued for $8.50 balance for services at the rate of $10 a week.
>
> "She washed the baby," he went on, "then she went out, after an hour and a half, and didn't come back till the next day, and then only stopt to ask how the baby was getting along. I told the doctor how she'd done and he said we'd better get rid of her,

CHEVROLET



See the New De Luxe Models

There are now on exhibition, at your nearest Chevrolet dealer's show room, the new De Luxe models. They possess the dependability, equipment, economy and high quality of the regular Chevrolet models with special added features. These include disc wheels, nickel-plated radiator, kick plates, parking lights, front and rear bumpers, motor-meter and several other refinements. These models have special deep upholstery and have a double Duco finish in a rich blue with beautiful red trim. You will be specially interested in seeing these as examples of fine quality cars at low price.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

Superior Roadster - -	$495
Superior Touring - -	510
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725
Superior Sedan - - -	795

Prices f. o. b. Flint. Michigan

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

PRICES OF DE LUXE MODELS

De Luxe Touring - -	$640
De Luxe Coupe - -	775
De Luxe Sedan - -	940

Prices f. o. b. Flint. Michigan

and he gave me the name of another nurse to get. I'm not begrudging her the $10, but I gave her $1.50 for the hour and a half she was there."

"How's the baby getting along?" asked Judge MacNeille, with eager interest.

"Oh, the baby's fine now—he's a fat little fellow," answered the father proudly.

"A boy?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, a boy." There was even greater pride in the father's voice that time.

"Well, anyway, she didn't drop him and break his back," said Judge MacNeille, reflectively. "Nurses do things like that sometimes."

Then Judge MacNeille, with a sudden inspiration, turned to the nurse.

"How much will you give that baby to start a bank account in his own name?" he asked.

"Three dollars!" she shot back, with the smile of a good sport.

"Now pay her $5.50!" ordered the Judge, "and don't you forget to start that bank account for the boy to-morrow morning!"

There were tears in the history of the next case—tears from onions. The reporter relates that:

Joe Foster, negro, said that Charles Stein had hired him as a laborer and that $19.50 still was due him. It particularly rankled in his breast that Stein had denied to the investigators sent by Romain C. Hassrick, chief of the Bureau of Legal Aid, that he ever had employed him.

"What was your job?" asked the Judge.

"Cleaning up onions," answered Foster.

"Was that all?"

"No," said Foster; "catching watermelons."

"Mmmm!" said Judge MacNeille, enviously.

"But I didn't git none!" explained Foster.

"See here, Joe," asked the Judge, "would you agree he'd paid you enough if he gave you $5 now?"

"Yes, I'd think $5 enough," answered Foster, "if I could just get my hands on it."

"I guess that'll drive the onion tears out of your eyes," said the Judge.

The swift and unexpected turn—joy and despair of the dramatist at work concocting a play—marked the next case.

A carpenter, sixty-two years old, testified that a friend owed him $22.85 as balance due for repair work on three houses.

The friend declared that the work was so unsatisfactory that he had to hire another carpenter to do it all over. Moreover, he said, the carpenter had agreed to do the entire job for $9. The defendant's son testified that in the course of his daily employment in his father's meat market, his working hours being from 7 A. M. to 9 P. M., he had heard the carpenter agree to do all the work for $9.

"My father gave him $1, to buy nails," said the son, "and afterward he told me he'd used the money to buy a drink. We found him asleep instead of working—he was intoxicated. Next day my father gave him ninety-five cents more, and I believe he spent that for liquor too."

"But if he was drinking, why did you keep on employing him?" the Judge asked the father.

"I thought when he had no money he wouldn't drink," the man defended his actions.

"When a drunken man says he won't drink, don't believe him," said the Judge sententiously.

Then Judge MacNeille turned to the carpenter, demanding: "Do you drink?"

"I take a drink once in a while," was the answer.

Then suddenly he flared up.

"It's that man who hired me that sold me the drink!" he cried out. "I paid him fifty cents for a half-pint. He gave me a drink besides. Afterward he sold liquor to my twelve-year-old daughter. I didn't speak of this before, but now I'm going to!"

"Your Honor Judge," burst in the other, "I never have liquor in my house."

"He was indicted Monday a week ago," interrupted the carpenter.

"No I wasn't!" insisted the employer. "They looked in my house, but they didn't find anything. He's the man who sent them to look."

"We'll have this case investigated further," sighed Judge MacNeille. "This man probably did some work, but probably it wasn't very satisfactory."

So the case was laid over for action at a later session of the Arbitration Court.

One of many cases that have come before the novel court involving disputes between sickness insurance companies and policyholders was the suit of Amanda Pinkney, a negro, against a beneficial association. She said that sick benefits for three weeks were due her. The case went on:

"She wouldn't let the company doctor examine her," said the company's representative.

"He wanted to put something in my mouth," said the woman, telling of the doctor's attempt to ascertain her temperature during her attack of grip. "He didn't tell me he was a doctor until he went out."

Her own physician testified that she really had been ill and that he had treated her for two weeks.

"I guess that company physician thinks he'll get more information out of them if he doesn't tell them he's a doctor," cogitated Judge MacNeille.

The company representative declared the case already had been dismissed by a magistrate, but Judge MacNeille pointed out that the magistrate, whose legal learning he complimented, had not found for the defendant, but merely had dismissed the case, which meant that it still was proper subject for the action of the Arbitration Court. However, the Judge deferred decision until he could have the matters inquired into by an investigator from the probation department.

"Zipkin says you got drunk," Judge MacNeille taxed a negro complainant. Thompson, a plasterer, had sued Max Zipkin for $24.50, as balance of wages, but Zipkin had contended the plasterer had been paid in full.

"He only says that to avoid paying me," answered Thompson, with dignity. "I don't drink—especially this stuff they're making now. You see, when he wouldn't pay me, my wife put the woman's suffrage on him."

"What's that?" exclaimed the Judge, startled.

"I mean the children's suffrage," Thompson amended his words.

"The children's suffrage?" inquired the Judge, still more puzzled.

"I mean the woman that looks out for suffering children," explained Thompson. "My children were suffering because he hadn't paid me."

"But how about your drinking, as he says?" the Judge prest the question.

"I ain't had a drink of whisky since gosh knows when." answered Thompson.

"I don't mean whisky—I mean gin," said the Judge.

"I guess they don't make any of that now," answered Thompson. At that statement the Judge shook his head, dissentingly.

As the story goes on Thompson took up his narrative again.

But after hearing further details from the plasterer, the Judge since Zipkin was not in court, laid the case over for decision later.

"Sure he was my partner—only he wanted a share of the profits when there were any profits and he wasn't willing to take his share of the losses when there were losses."

That's how Max Prostak explained the nature of his partnership dealings with Jack Tracer. But Tracer insisted there was no partnership at all. Instead, he declared that he was employed for wages, on the piece-work system, making fur coats for Prostak. He insisted that $44 still was due him as wages.

"But he owes me more than that for board," said Prostak.

"They just invited me to have a little bite with them," Tracer defended himself. "It wasn't worth fifteen cents, if that."

"It was this way," Tracer continued. "Prostak has a retail place. Customers keep coming in late in the evening. I stayed late—till twelve, one, two o'clock, and never asked any overtime pay. They didn't want me to take the time to go home for supper and so they asked me to have a bite with them. But my missus got lunch at home all the time."

Questioning from the Judge brought out that Tracer's name never had appeared on the shop nor on any cards or billheads.

"Can I say two words, Your Honor, Judge?" interrupted Mrs. Tracer.

"I'll bet you could say 200 if I let you in," the Judge smilingly answered her. "But suppose you just stay out a while!"

Then the witnesses began to set forth the episode of the fur coat for which Mrs. Nelson paid $350—there was a profit of $50 in that—and other sales less profitable or not profitable at all, too.

"He used my phone right along for six months," suddenly interposed Prostak, as another counterclaim.

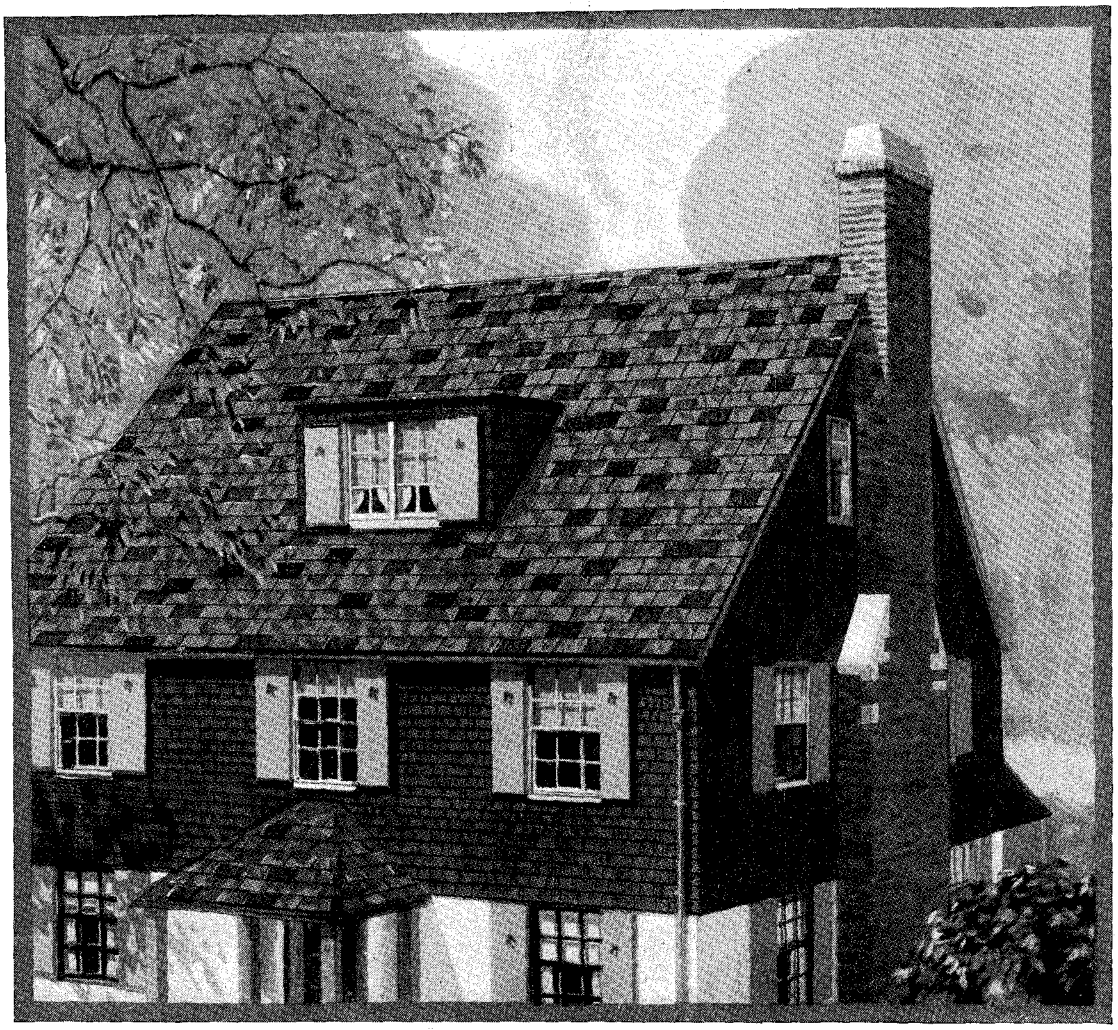
"Prostak threatened he'd ask pay for board and telephone if my husband made any claim against him," broke in Mrs. Tracer.

"Give him $20," suggested the Judge to Prostak

"But he owes me money," laughed the furrier.

"Give him $20 and go out and make some more money—you're a smart man who knows how to make money," said the Judge. "What's the matter? Have you rheumatism in that right hand? Why don't you put it in your pocket and pay him?"

"All right—I will," surrendered Prostak, "—in eight days."



The Richardson Multicrome Roof in Opal, shown on an English-Colonial house designed by the Home Builders' Service Bureau of House Beautiful Magazine

Richardson now achieves a new effect—*the opal roof*

A roof of rare new coloring—*opal*—has been created by blending on one shingle two of the most beautiful Richardson colors in slate, weathered brown and jade green.

No two of these Richardson opal shingles are alike. And the roof which they form just as they come from the bundle, has a coloring like that of a sun-flecked lake revealed between the trees.

The Richardson Multicrome Roof

This, however, is but one example of the beauty secured in the Richardson Multicrome Roof. Many color effects are possible—one to please every taste. The rare weathered brown, for instance, is attractive when applied with other Richardson Shingles of jade green, tile red or black pearl.

The Multicrome Roof is built of Richardson Super-Giant Shingles, extra large, extra heavy—to give greater beauty, longer endurance. The high quality of its inner materials, too, assures lasting beauty for this roof. Its base is sturdy Richardson felt, for fifty years recognized as the best. And the waterproofing is Viskalt—unusually durable because 99.8% pure bitumen, especially vacuum-processed.

Richardson Multicrome Roofs are economical to lay and equally good for new or over-the-old-roof jobs.

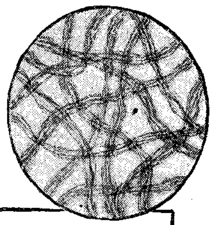
Prove the facts yourself

Go to your nearest dealer in lumber, hardware or building material and ask to see the color combinations in Richardson Multicrome Roofs. He will show you the reasons for their unusual endurance.

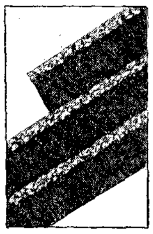
Meanwhile send for our beautiful new booklet, *Roofs of Distinction,* showing the exclusive color combinations of Richardson slate surfacing. Or ask for our booklet, *Roofing on the Farm.* Mail the coupon now.

The RICHARDSON COMPANY
Lockland (Cincinnati) Ohio
Chicago New York City (1008 Fisk Building)
New Orleans Atlanta Dallas

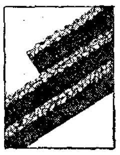
Note under the microscope how the long fibres of Richardson felt interlock to bind the Viskalt into an enduring weatherproof armor



The 50% greater thickness of this roof adds beauty of texture and years of endurance. Closely overlapping slate flakes further protect the sturdy Viskalt-saturated base against weather and fire hazards



Richardson Multicrome Roof
[cross section]



Ordinary Roof
[cross section]

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Dept. 59-I, Lockland, Ohio
Gentlemen: I am considering roofing for
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(types of buildings)
Please send me ☐ Roofs of Distinction
☐ Roofing on the Farm
(check booklet wanted)
Name..
Address..

RICHARDSON ROOFING

Dealers: There is a Richardson product for every roofing need. Perhaps you can secure the Richardson franchise for your territory. Write us

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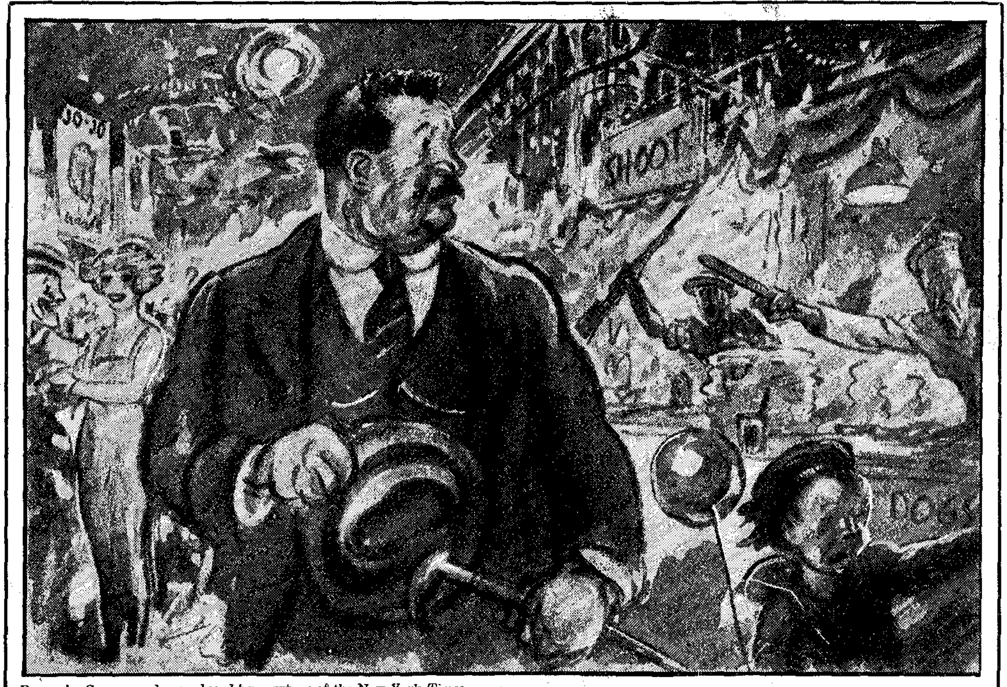
AS PREMIER HERRIOT VIEWS OUR HAPPY LAND

OURS IS "A LAND OF JOY," we are told by the latest distinguished Frenchman to write of America. It is "a land of free living." It is a land of "natural living." To define America as "a land of big buildings and mass production" is to take a very narrow point of view. For "it is also a land of free life beneath a wide blue sky." To represent it as the slave of mechanical invention is "a calumny," and the Frenchman, Edouard Herriot, has a great dislike for calumny, as he is a politician and now Premier. Also he has a dislike for rigidity of mind and for hasty generalization. Writing in the New York *Times*, he begins his impressions with this warning against both:

> The traveler who has just landed in New York and been all too soon taken in charge, ought to be on his guard against at least two kinds of bores. The first of these troublesome persons is the transplanted Frenchman who refuses to let himself become acclimated, who spends his time describing his victories over the Prohibition régime, and who is always breaking out with such a stock formula as: "America is a country of drafts; a sensitive man can do nothing here but catch cold." Or: "The United States—a paradise for women and children, inferno for the dilettante."



Drawn by Cesare, and reproduced by courtesy of the New York *Times*

"THOSE AMERICANS, THEY TEND TO MAKE ONE DIZZY"

The Premier of France announces that there are numerous misapprehensions about us, and adds a few words in appreciation of Coney Island "chien chaud," as he denominates the ever-popular "hot-dog."

> I like to go out with my grumpy friend, but I don't put my education in his hands. Together we visited the massive cathedral of business which dominates New York. Certainly this gaunt basilica recalls only vaguely the eurythmy of the Parthenon. None the less, a building two hundred and sixty meters high, where work fourteen thousand persons, is something to cause astonishment for a moment. My naïveté gave itself over to this emotion. "Bah!" said my companion. "They haven't invented anything. Arrange the Strasbourg Cathedral, tower included, in furnished flats, and you have the Woolworth Building."
>
> But even more than the skeptic, resolved never to let himself be bluffed, one must beware the philosophical theorist, whose ideas are laid out by rule of thumb, like an American city, and dignifies as theorems chance observations picked up here and there from infinitely complex surroundings.
>
> The fact is that the unity of the United States is political only.

With the notion, so common among Europeans, that Americans "care only for business," Mr. Herriot is in complete disagreement. He objects:

> It would be a mistake to suppose that the high degree of mechanical civilization to which they have attained deprives Americans of the pleasures and benefits of natural life. Nature envelops and purifies this formidable workshop. It is enough, in order to escape the obsession of New York's high buildings and immense stores, to betake one's self to Riverside Drive, where a temple of gray stone forms the tomb of General Grant. Turn your back on the great steel apartment houses (which are built without the use of scaffoldings) and their towers that pretend to be Moorish. The undulating mountainous line of the New Jersey shore is adorned with an edge of dark woods where nestle little wooden houses. The sinking sun spreads patches of gold across the face of the river.
>
> The crowd, however, demands rougher pleasures. To understand its psychology one must have visited Coney Island, as I did, on the last evening of the season when the gleaming electric lights of Luna Park light up the thousands of automobiles and the 400,000 visitors.
>
> The first effect is of a great conflagration or of a permanent display of fireworks. All is movement, noise and confusion. Under a swarm of electric lights, which give an illusion of mid-day, the people of New York, freed from their city prisons, swoop down upon the stalls of the candy-sellers and the vendors of sausages ("chiens chauds") and overflow the restaurants where an indefinable concoction is sold under the name of beer. The stream of humanity pours unceasingly along the streets, past Italian and Greek restaurants, Chinese chop-suey parlors, and sheds where are on view naively pretentious fortune-tellers, tattoo artists and hideous freaks such as the four-legged woman. The brutality of the pleasures offered this mass of people in these tawdry surroundings is really offensive. It is a fever of collisions and shocks and jerks, a quest after dizziness. One is swept along in a torrent of noisy humanity, composed of all the races of the world speaking all languages.
>
> But adjoining this Mekka of cheap pleasures for the salaried classes of New York the city has built a magnificent boardwalk more than three kilometers long, swept by the breezes of the open sea. Here on Sundays and holidays flock families who can not afford to frequent expensive watering-places; they play on the municipal beach; it is a sort of "Promenade des Anglais" for the proletariat. Here there is no noise. Installed on the beach, the Jewish and immigrant families from the poorest districts of the city find it quite natural that the authorities should have spent some $3,000,000 to provide them with this haven of relaxation and rest.
>
> Of a Sunday every one who possesses an automobile leaves New York and flocks to the country. One hardly has crossed the Hudson on the crowded ferry-boat when the whole face of things is transformed. Tiny wooden and brick villas nestle on the edge of oak woods, and along the roadside appears the national flower of the United States, the goldenrod. They are very neat, these little suburban houses on the flat grass plots. No enclosures, no walls. On the road itself automobiles follow each other in an endless stream. Motor-cycle policemen keep close watch over the speed of the motorists and distribute summonses freely.

In our clubs, Mr. Herriot found us by no means completely weighed down with business cares, and seems to have been a good deal surprized. He remarks:

> The rôle of the American club as a center of business as well as of sport among the better-to-do classes has often been commented on. But the members of most clubs are more engrossed when playing golf, hunting or fishing than when transacting business. Gymnasiums, squash and tennis courts, fencing rooms, baseball and polo-fields, swimming-pools—everything is provided to tempt one to exercise. Nothing of the sort exists in France.

Painting by
Charles E. Chambers

Bring out the beauty of your teeth with Colgate's

Nature made teeth beautiful. With Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream they can be kept that way—safely. Colgate's, being free from grit, has the washing action that protects, rather than the harsh scouring action that scrapes and scratches. It removes causes of tooth decay.

How to Protect your Teeth from Grit

The U. S. Public Health Service warns* against grit. Avoid it in your dentifrice as you would avoid sand in your toilet soap. Colgate's is a common sense dental cream, without grit or strong drugs.

It brings out all the natural loveliness of your teeth—makes them add to your attractiveness.

No "cure-all" claims are made for Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Educated people realize that only a Dentist, not a dentifrice, can correct unhealthy mouth and gum conditions. The purpose of Colgate's is to keep your teeth clean every day—to keep them beautiful as nature made them.

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Safe for a Lifetime

Regular examination at least twice a year by your Dentist will guard against unusual tooth troubles. You will find that more Dentists recommend Colgate's for daily brushing than any other dentifrice. The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit for you and yours.

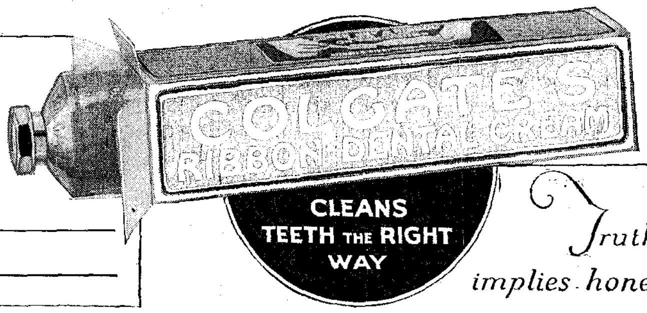
A large tube is on sale today for 25c at your favorite store. If you prefer a sample, mail the coupon and we will send you a generous trial size—enough for two weeks' use.

COLGATE & CO. *Established* 1806

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 680 199 Fulton Street
New York City
Please send me, free, a
trial tube of Ribbon
Dental Cream.

Name

Address



Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

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*On page 12 of the book "Good Teeth," Keep Well Series No. 13, issued by the U. S. Public Health Service, the emphatic statement is made that a dentifrice should contain no grit, for "grit is too hard for continuous use."

We have nothing to compare to the delightful country clubs with their trim lawns and flowering pergolas. American life is perpetually being made more healthy by this desire for exercise and fresh air. Even those engaged in intellectual pursuits arrange their lives so as to profit by these advantages.

Even Prohibition failed to dim Mr. Herriot's impression of America as a land of joy, tho it puzzled him somewhat, and he tries to account for it, telling us:

It is easy to multiply indefinitely examples of American vitality. To visit the United States—above all, for a foreigner—is to become rejuvenated. From a desire to conserve the health of the race the Government takes various measures which with us would not be tolerated. First among these, of course, is the suppression of all alcoholic drinks, including wine and beer.

The Prohibition régime is talked about and debated endlessly. Many Americans complain of it bitterly, and, if I may judge, more willingly to Frenchmen even than to their fellow-citizens. On board ship their eagerness to sample our vintages is manifest. "At precisely what spot," asked an American of the smoking-room steward, "does Prohibition come into effect?" "At the Statue of Liberty," was the reply. At which the voyager became very angry. But he had to bow to the law.

Will Prohibition last? I am inclined to believe that it will be defended to the last ditch. Not long ago President Coolidge called in person a conference of the Governors of States to discuss ways and means of enforcing the law. But despite all such efforts, bootlegging is wide-spread. Prohibition has the further bad result that it encourages Americans who have always been law-abiding to disregard the law. I was even told that it has corrupted many high governmental employees. The Chief of Police of New York was forced, for example, to sue some of his accusers for libel. The last Congress of the American Federation of Labor adopted a resolution to the effect that the Volstead Law should be amended so as to permit the consumption of light wines and beer. To our way of thinking, this would seem quite a sensible way of dealing with the matter and one which even certain clergymen recommend.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, it is impossible not to admire the effort of a young and vigorous race to escape the social scourges which decimate Europe and people it with failures.

While Mr. Herriot was seeing America, America was seeing Mr. Herriot, and Raymond Recouly gives us an additional glimpse of him in *The World's Work*, where we are told—

The first impression produced by M. Herriot, the leader of the "Parties of the Left" which recently gained a triumphant majority in the French elections, is that of robust and massive force. He is heavily built, broad shouldered, thick-necked, with stiff hair, and the hands of a prize-fighter. When he presides at a public meeting and strikes the table with his fist, there emanates from his entire personality an impression of powerful authority.

But when he begins to talk this impression of heaviness disappears. *Finesse*, quickness of mind, clearness and conciseness of diction, and a wide extent and precision of knowledge—such are the main qualities of his speech.

Toward the end of the war, and during the following years, I was in the habit of dining with him once a week, at the house of Mme. Adolphe Brisson, directress of the University of Annals, where we were both giving lectures. In these intimate gatherings, in the presence of a small audience, Edouard Herriot showed himself to be a charming talker, of countless anecdotes, which he told delightfully. One day when the conversation turned to the Greek historians, and to Thucydides in particular, Herriot, without a moment's hesitation, and in Greek, quoted at length from this author. He is a politician, but he is also a humanist and a scholar.

Herriot is of extremely humble origin, a son of the people in every sense of the word. At the time of the recent death of the great writer, Maurice Barrès, he himself told, in a newspaper article, of his mother's having held some humble domestic position in the house of Barrès, to whose good heart and generosity he owed his first clothing.

Graduated from the *Ecole Normale Supérieure*, and professor at the Lycée of Lyons, he wrote a book which had a great success, on Madame Récamier, one of the most beautiful and witty women of the Restoration, whose portrait by David is one of the treasures of the Louvre. This book was the work of a true man of letters, as far removed as possible from politics. Politics, however, was not long in attracting him.

It was in Lyons, the large industrial city, that he gained his first victory. From that time he has remained faithful to her, holding at the same time the offices of Mayor and Deputy and dividing his time almost equally between the *Palais Bourbon* and the City Hall of Lyons.

CLOTHES IN THE MAKING OF A CANDIDATE

CANDIDATES, EVEN MORE THAN most men, it appears, are dependent upon their clothes for the impression they make. Clothes not only make the man, to a considerable extent, in their case, but they make votes also, which is likely to be considered quite as important. Clothes have always played an important rôle in American politics, announces Everett Spring, writing in *The Clothing Trades Journal* (New York). Also, "candidates for election should carefully consider geographical variations in custom as to men's attire." A hat that would win in the effete East might everlastingly "queer" its candidate-wearer in the Northwest. "This is a fact that the Presidential aspirants can not afford to overlook when they start on their speech-making tours, which will probably extend to all parts of the country," announces Mr. Spring. Specifically, he observes:

In New York, the perfectly correct attire of President Coolidge will appeal to the public. In that part of the Union, carelessness in dress is frowned upon by rich and poor alike. Failure to realize this contributed in no small degree to the downfall of Gov. "Bill" Sulzer. Wo betide the candidate who, belonging to the affluent classes, attempts to win votes on the Bowery by affecting the raiment of his constituents there.

When J. Sloat Fassett ran for Governor of New York and had to go down to the East Side to deliver an address, he foolishly endeavored to costume himself in what he believed to be the most approved Bowery fashion and, just to show that he wasn't stuck up, he ended by taking off his coat and concluding his speech in his shirt-sleeves. The result was a particularly cruel frost. "He wears his fancy shell for his swell friends," his audience declared, "but we ain't good enough." And they showed at the polls the way they felt about the matter.

It is an established custom in New York politics to wear one's best clothes when addressing the populace. They take it as a big compliment. The shiniest silk hats and the glossiest coats, manifestly hailing from the best tailors, are worn even by the leaders of Tammany Hall when speaking before their constituents. Just the opposite is the case in the West.

"When a poor man in the West suddenly grows rich," says Mr. Spring, "he usually dresses very much as he did in the days of adversity. If he doesn't, he becomes highly unpopular." For, according to this authority:

Democracy there is the real thing, not a mere name. The people do not like to be made to feel that the idol of the moment is any better than they. So, as a general rule, any Western politician who wants to hit it off with his constituents refrains from dressing too well. He affects slouch hats, soft shirts, string ties and careless manners.

Charles W. Fairbanks appreciated this. So did Theodore Roosevelt, much of whose popularity in the West was due to his slouch hat, soft shirt, tweed coat and breezy manners. No one understands politics in the West better than William Jennings Bryan. Out there, his badly cut and usually rather shabby and dust-stained frock coat, his by no means irreproachable ties and his carelessly flowing hair, his shirt that does not always seem as if it came straight from the laundry, make a hit with the people indicating to them that he is not stuck up or dudish and does not hobnob with the "trusts."

When Henry J. Crocker, of the wealthy family of that name, ran for Mayor of San Francisco on the Republican ticket, he was dining out one evening. Suddenly a messenger arrived to say that an important speaker had failed to show up at a large meeting in a doubtful district south of Market, a part of San Francisco that corresponds to New York's Bowery.

The chairman of the meeting wanted Crocker to stem the tide. There was no time for the candidate to go home to change his dress-suit for some less conspicuous garb, so he put on his overcoat, buttoned it at the throat and hastened off to the meeting. As it was hot, during the course of his speech, without quite realizing what he was doing, he first unbuttoned his overcoat and then doffed it altogether, appearing in full evening dress.

The result was that those present, who had begun by welcoming with something akin to enthusiasm his appearance on the scene, developed an intense frigidity. "He has come down and tried to swell over us with his dress clothes," they grumbled. He lost the district by a large majority and the incident was used against him with so much effect in other parts of San Francisco that he met with an overwhelming defeat in his campaign for the mayoralty of the city of the Golden Gate.

DRURY COLLEGE LIB
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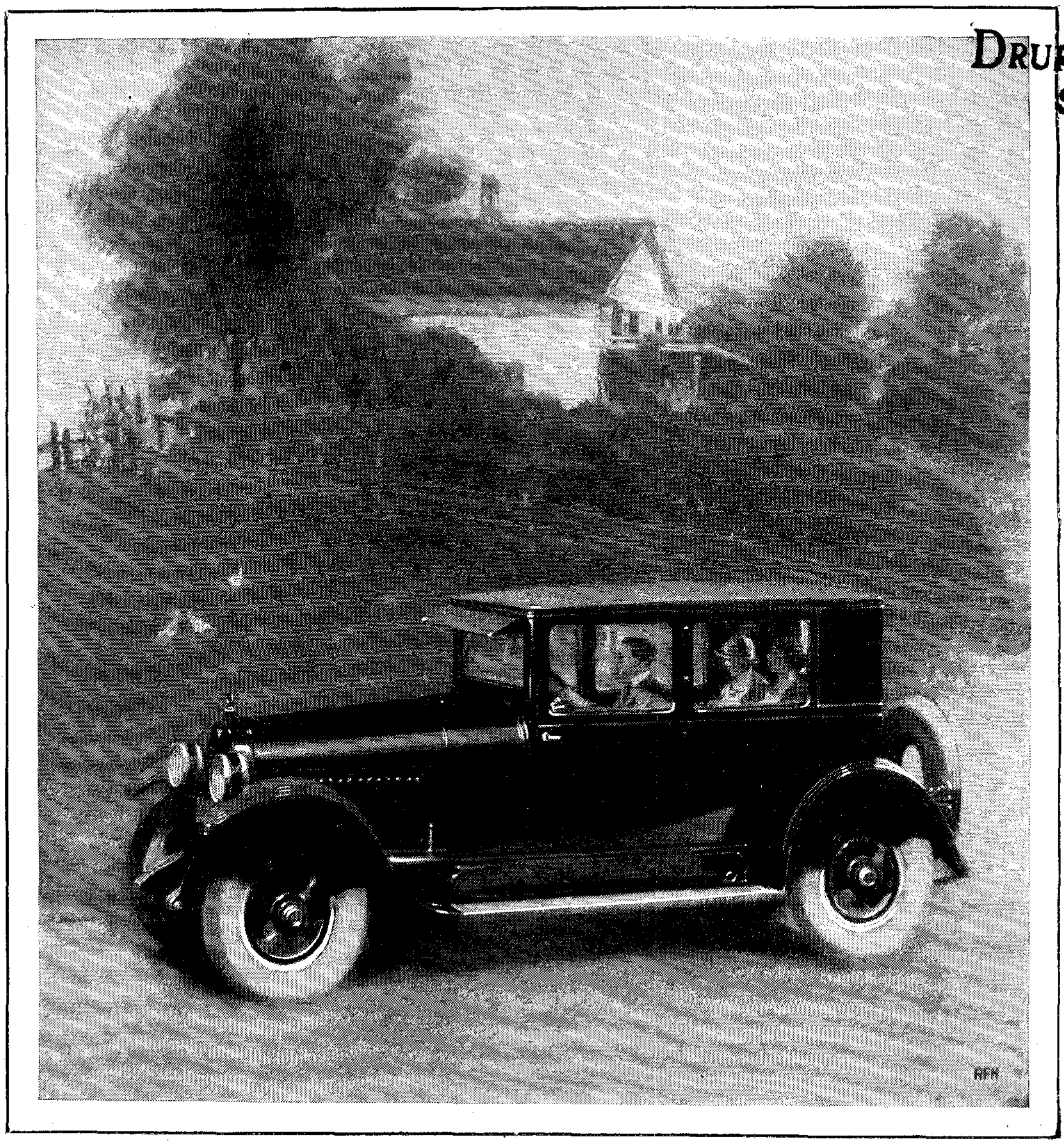

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And now genuine balloon tires are standard equipment. Do not confuse with "semi-balloon" types.

Note, too, that Hudson has not simply "added balloon tires." Both running and steering gear have been specially designed to compensate for the radical differences balloon tires bring.

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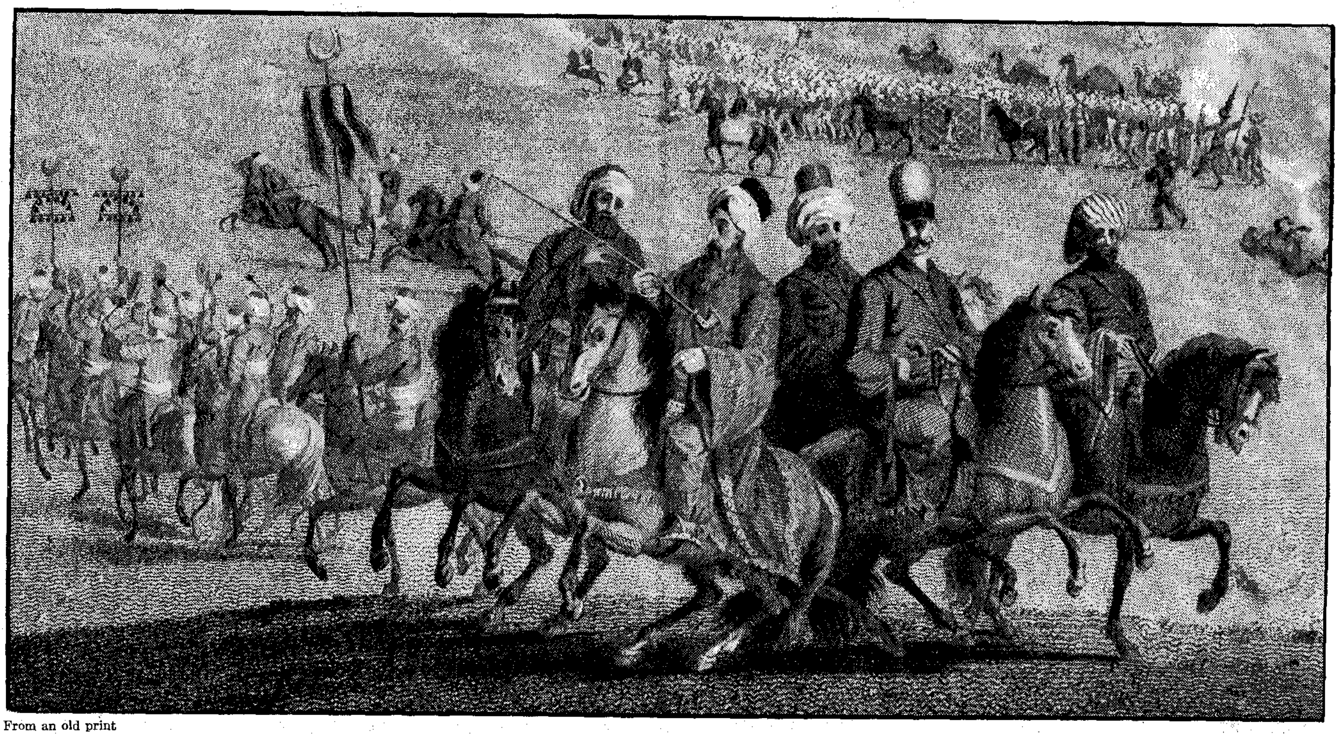
More than ever, "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost" is the uppermost buying issue. Note how fast the Coach is displacing open cars. As the wanted type the Coach maintains the highest resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

Why Buy an Open Car?

BIRDS - BEASTS - AND - TREES



From an old print

TATAR HORSES, FAMOUS IN HISTORY AND LEGEND

They are small, almost delicately built, but with amazing spirit, strength and endurance. They carried the Tatar hordes in their conquest of the East, and furnish excitement for horse-tamers to-day.

TAMING WILD TATAR HORSES

“WILD YOUNG STALLIONS, knowing no saddle and untouched by man's hand,” some white and some as “black as ravens,” with shining eyes that seem to flash like burning fires—such are the steeds that the Tatars love to tame and ride, and how they do it is told us by Dr. Ferdinand Ossendowski in “Man and Mystery in Asia” (Dutton), so that all who wish to tame a wild horse may try this spectacular plan. The imagination is stirred to the very depths by the stories which the Polish professor relates of the wildernesses of the Far East, and of those wild reaches of little-known Siberia, cold, with the chill of mysterious death lurking near; days of gloom and blacker nights; strange, still, dark lakes hiding dim secrets in their deeps; vast prairies and steppes covered with sparse vegetation, and cruel forests peopled only by those piteous human outcasts who have escaped from the prisons of Siberia. Dr. Ossendowski sets his story amid such wild and almost incredible surroundings that one is astonished to find that the rich nomads of the prairies dwell in luxury. Even here, however, nature in its hardest, wildest, aspect presents a picture not soon forgotten. Dr. Ossendowski and his companion went to visit a rich Tatar, Yousouf Spirin, who was the owner of immense horse studs, and their visit turned out to be highly exciting:

He was a nomad, simple and unlearned, but fabulously rich in the measure of the country. He lived with his family under tents which he moved from place to place throughout the region between the lakes of Szira, It-Kul, and Shunet as the grazing of his herds demanded.

He graciously phrased his invitation to indicate that he would be honored by the visit of learned people.

He sent a good carriage to fetch us, with three big, fine horses. A sturdy, attractive-looking young Tatar, Alim, acted as coachman. When we were in place, he looked about, raised in his seat and uttering a wild cry, lasht the horses with a long plaited leather whip. It felt as tho the carriage were torn from under us and we had to hold tight to it to keep from falling out. The horses had started at a full gallop and were tearing across the prairie, forced to top speed by the cries of the wild coachman and by the terrible lashings. In one hour we thus covered thirteen miles.

Spirin proved a most hospitable host. He had six wives, the eldest not less than fifty and the youngest a mere girl of sixteen, supple as an osier twig and with the big soft eyes of a deer. All these women were busy in the second yurta, where the kitchen was located. As we sat at dinner, new dishes, each one more tasty than the last, were presented to us.

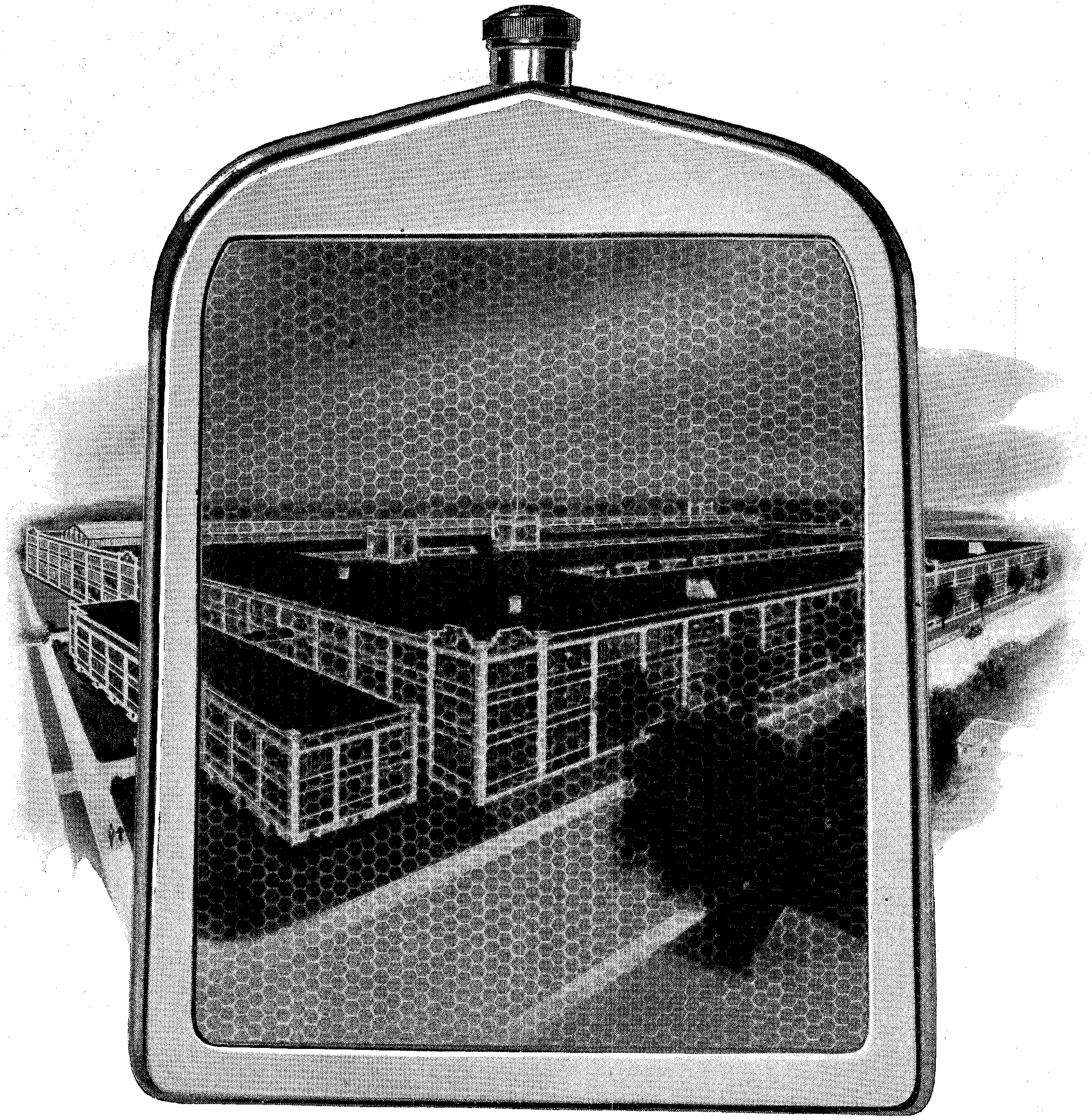
The tea drinking is the ceremonial part of the dinner and is usually long and tedious, but on this occasion Spirin had carefully planned for our entertainment during this part of the feast. He ordered his wives to place before the yurta some carpets and cushions and some low tables and asked us to come out into the air.

“I will show you my best horses,” he said with a smile, and clapped his hands.

The coachman, Alim, and the son of the host, Mahmet, says Dr. Ossendowski, immediately jumped in the saddle, rode off in the direction of the auls, and returned in fifteen minutes herding before them about fifty beautiful stallions, some black as ravens, some white or fallow:

They came on at full speed with their heavy manes and magnificent tails combed by the prairie wind. The horses snorted loudly like the wild things they were, kicking and biting one another; their shining, bloodshot eyes seemed full of fire, and fire also appeared to issue from their flaring nostrils.

“These are wild young stallions, knowing no saddle and untouched by man's hand. Their blood is noble and they were reared in Chum-Bazlik, where the richest grasses grow. The most noble in all our prairie, they are as strong as bears, as healthy as lynxes, and as swift as winged falcons. They are vicious and bold, ready to fight wolves or bears and unmatched in war. During the attack they fight with teeth and hoofs for their riders. The argamaks of the Turkomans, those horses which during the battle fight like demons and after the struggle



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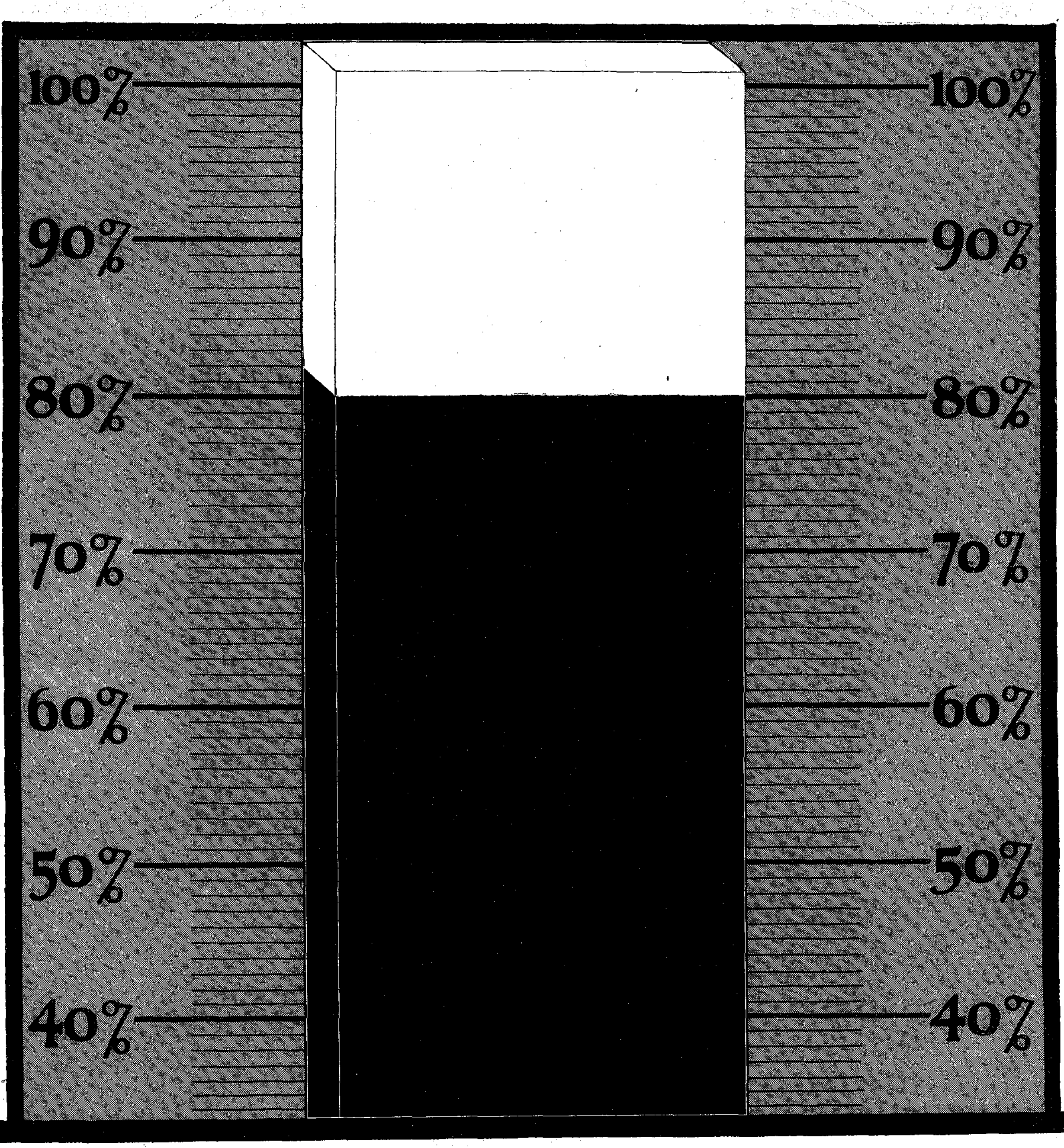
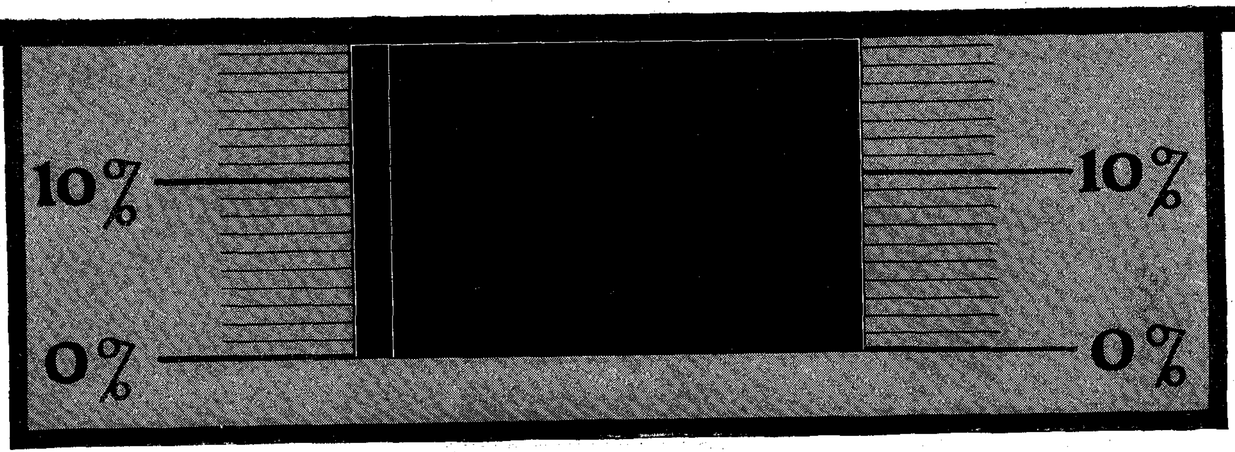
The Last 20 Per Cent



THE MULTIGRAPH



Pays Your Profit

The problem is *how to get* that last 20 per cent. There is no standard way. Many concerns are getting it *right out of customers they already have*—through closer work with wholesalers, retailers, clerks, and salesmen.

Take a leading cement firm as an example. It had to have more volume. For ten years it had done a whopping business, but had never made any real money. It couldn't reduce prices. It couldn't change the line. To make matters worse, it was being forced out of many markets by competition and rising freight rates. It did the only thing left under the circumstances. *It made better distributors of the customers it already had.* It taught them how to sell. It dug up new business for them. It educated them in accounting, selling, and business practice.

Many business men will tell themselves they're already doing this now. So had the cement concern told itself for years. But when it set about to do it *better*—according to a real merchandising plan—it got the *volume* and the *profits* it had been wanting for many years.

Take, next, the case of a big manufacturer of men's clothing; a name that's a household word. Ask the theme of its volume-building program. To quote: "It centers about the inherent possibilities of greater profits through more careful administration of the customers' businesses."

Nothing phenomenal here, either—just straight, pointed *merchandising*—the Multigraph kind. The Multigraph is no wonder-worker; it won't help any business that's fundamentally unsound. But where there's a good product, a live organization, a sound distributing and administrative plan, it has a national reputation for increasing volume, cutting costs, multiplying turnover, improving distribution. You'll find the how and why in an important new book, "Merchandising," which, unless you're exceptional, you'll pronounce the most stimulating book on selling you've ever read. A note, or the coupon, brings it.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation on my part, your new booklet entitled, "Merchandising," and inform me just how the Multigraph will be of service to me.

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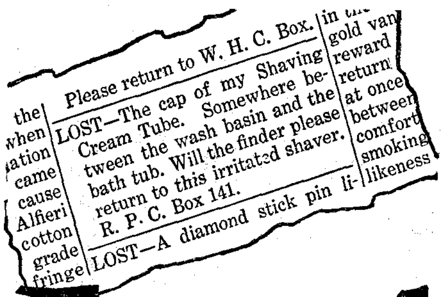
Please return to W. H. C. Box.

LOST—The cap of my Shaving Cream Tube. Somewhere between the wash basin and the bath tub. Will the finder please return to this irritated shaver. R. P. C. Box 141.

LOST—A diamond stick pin li-

the
when
ation
came
cause
Alfieri
cotton
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reward
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at once
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comfort
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Found

—a shaving cream cap that can't get lost!

You'll spot the convenience of this new Williams cap just as you spotted the finest cream on earth to shave with. Every Williams user knows the speed qualities that make it so:

- Williams lather is heavier, finer in texture. It holds the moisture *in* so that *all* of every hair is quickly softened.
- A gentle lubricant in this lather lets the razor work smoothly, eliminating painful razor-friction.
- There is an ingredient in Williams that's helpful to the skin. Your face remains soft, supple, in delightful condition.

Ask any dealer to show you one of the new tubes with the Hinge-Cap. Open the tube and note how pure and white the cream is. No coloring matter in Williams! It is the art of shaving-cream making at its highest.

Large tube, 35; *double size* tube, 50c, containing twice as much cream.

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Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. For free trial bottle write Dept. 29-A.

Williams Shaving Cream

Williams
The J. B. Williams
This cap can't come off

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

course over the field to crush the heads of the fallen enemy, took their wild characteristics from this breed."

Spirin called something in Tatar to the two young men, who at once shouted furiously. In an instant the horses scattered in all directions, casting about in fright and rushing farther and farther away. Wonderfully mounted the Tatars followed them, taking their arkan or native lassoes and whirling them above their heads as they sped ever faster and faster. A marvelous race began. The wild stallions, free from burden, put at first some distance between themselves and the Tatars' mounts; but these, trained in long and steady pursuits, maintained an even speed and when the stallions, already a little tired by their mad gallop, began to slow insensibly, they little by little drew up on them. The riders gradually and cleverly directed the movements of the stallions, forcing them to describe on the prairie ever narrowing circles.

When finally the horses were again all huddled into one group the Tatars rose in the saddle and straightened out their coiling lassoes like striking snakes, and again the herd scattered. The riders followed them, and one could see that two of the stallions, one black and the second one fallow, began perceptibly to slacken their pace. For a time they reared and plunged in all directions, then both fell down as tho struck by lightning. Old Spirin laughed:

"The arkan has throttled them!"

Then we saw the two riders swing from their saddles and, cautiously approaching the struggling stallions, tighten the ropes. When they had drawn the throttle tight enough, they deftly slipped up to the beasts and tied their feet. Then after a moment the stallions, freed from the throttling ropes, got on their feet and tried to escape, but they soon found they were tied, and after a few spasmodic attempts, gave up and stood still. The men put bridles on them and the next moment unshackled their feet. Tho they plunged and reared, it was only a moment before the riders were back on their mounts, bending low in their saddles and bringing in leash these wild magnificent creatures never before touched by man's hand.

Soon they were before the yurta with ears laid back and teeth bared. Two saddles were brought and Alim held the black stallion by the bridle while Mahmet saddled him. We witnessed an extraordinary struggle of man and beast. The stallion was almost constantly in the air with its lithe body rearing and jumping until its hoofs seemed at times above the men, touching the earth but for a second and only to bound again. Mad with fury and fright, it neighed and snorted; yet Alim, strong as an oak, held it securely by the bridle, and did not let go. The thongs of rawhide were strong as steel, while the bit cut the tender mouth of the steed so that it was red foam that flew, when it snorted and shook its head. Mahmet was, however, as alert as his steed and never lost a chance to tighten bit by bit the girth. With this finally accomplished, he put on the stirrups. Alim, with the strength of a bull, forced the stallion's head to the earth, and like a flash Mahmet was in the saddle, Tatar-fashion, bending low and with knees sharply angled over the short stirrups. He gave a wild cry and lashed the stallion with his whip.

For a second the untamed beast stood like a rock, only its eyes flashing fury; then suddenly it reared as tho it would fall over on its back. It reared, it plunged, it kicked, all in one mad whirlpool of movement that seemed impossible for any rider to live through; but all this time the bent form of the Tatar crouched in the saddle as a part of the writhing animal.

Despairing of throwing his rider, the stallion straightened himself and fled like an arrow into the prairie, clearing stones and ditches. I saw that Mahmet was holding the reins loosely, and lightly moving them in the air, was tapping the sides of the horse with his soft boots, and sometimes lashing it with his whip. I saw, too, how the wonderfully muscled body of the animal strained and how it extended itself in the even, low flight of its graceful, strong limbs. Mahmet looked like a specter rider, as I could not make out the horse's hoofs touching the ground.

Even tho the stallion was all this time on a slack rein, Mahmet brought it round in an immense circle back to the yurta. The foam fell from its sides and from its ever reddening mouth. After two more small circles I saw that which drew from me a cry of astonishment. The Tatar, seated on this mad Bucephalus, calmly bent to one side, let the reins fall and, taking out his pipe, leisurely filled and lighted it. With this done, he straightened himself in the saddle and came right up to the tent. The stallion obeyed every movement of his hand and feet; it trembled, but was already conquered.

"Well, here is a real prodigy!" I exclaimed, looking admiringly at Mahmet, who sat quietly smiling, smoking and patting the foamy neck of his horse.

"It is nothing at all," laughed old Spirin. "This wild horse came to know that if it did not obey the feet of Mahmet against its sides could break its ribs."

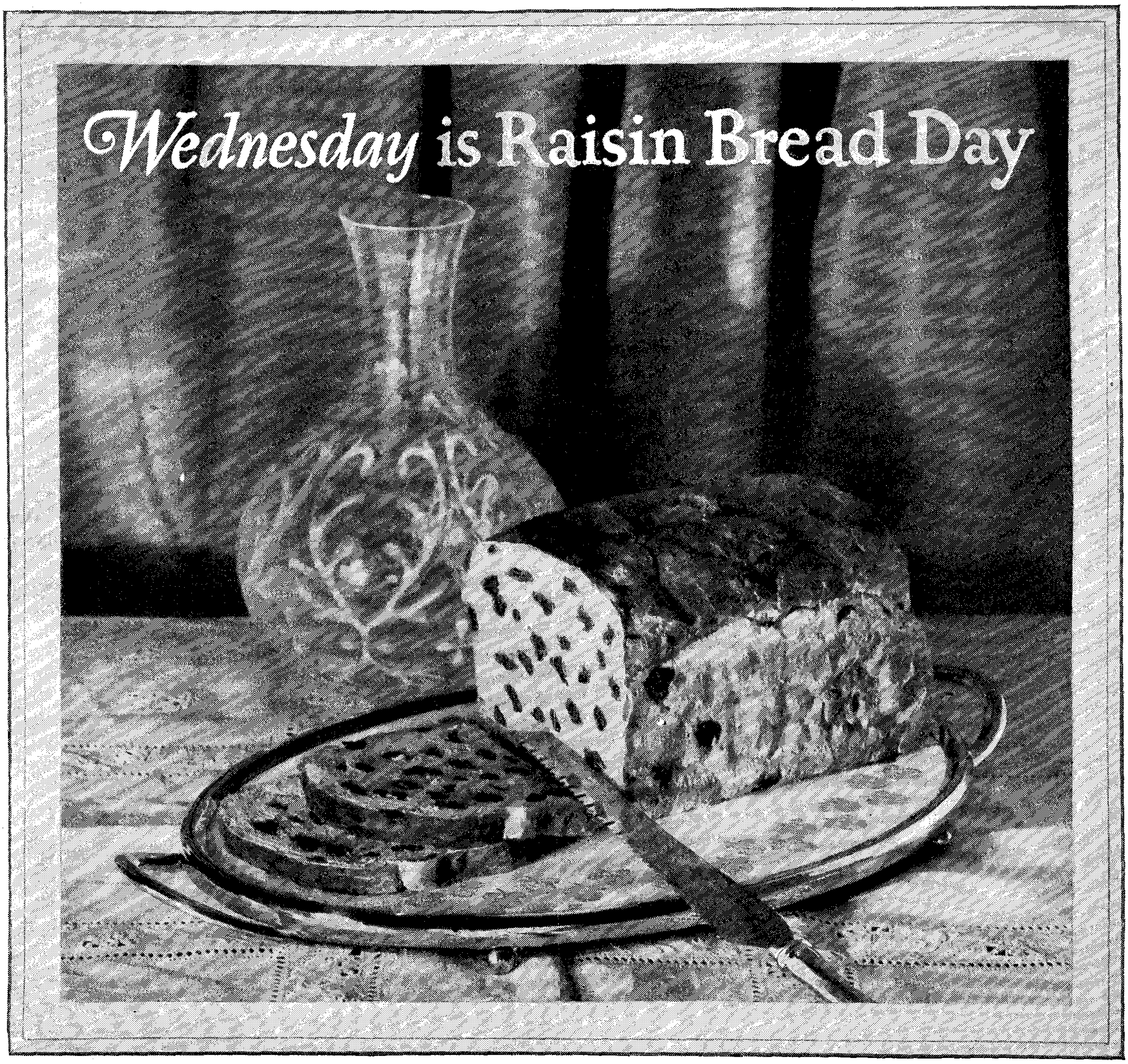
When I looked at these feet of Mahmet, curved and powerful as the roots of an old oak, I felt it might be possible for him to break the bones of the horse.

Magnificent as this exhibition of riding was, the coachman, Alim, gave a still wilder touch to the moment, making even his master cry out in fright as the saddle unexpectedly slipped, bringing Alim into terrible danger:

Like his young master, he fitted the saddle on a wild stallion in a storm of protest; but with the beast so constantly off the ground, he evidently did not cinch the girth sufficiently, for, while he still had his weight in the mounting stirrup and had not caught the off-side one, the saddle slipt to the side of the wild stallion, bringing Alim to the ground. The horse raced away, and even old Spirin cried from fright.

Alim was dragged on the ground with his left foot still caught in the stirrup. His face was down and several times he was in mortal danger, as the horse trailed him over stones; but by some miraculous combination of sight and strength, he gave a thrust with his hands, which he was using to keep his head from striking the ground, and bounded himself over the worst of these stones.

While we were all still held by the first shock of the fall, something more incredible happened; for there was Alim swung round with his right foot prest into the flank of the animal and his left hand grasping the bridle and traveling thus with his feet spread wide apart and his body out in an almost horizontal position from the



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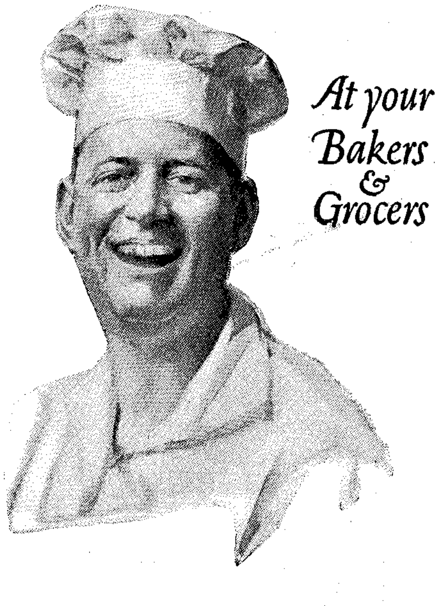
Your baker or grocer will be glad to take your standing order for Raisin Bread on Wednesdays. Just phone him to put you on his list. He will then deliver or reserve a loaf for you each week.

Raisin Bread is baked "special for Wednesdays" by bakers every week—everywhere. Get it fresh and fragrant from the oven—beautiful golden loaves filled and flavored with the rich and fruity goodness of Sun-Made Raisins.

Serve this delightful yet inexpensive mid-week treat regularly in your home—every Wednesday. It gives you so much goodness, so much healthful nourishment at such low cost! Make sure of having it every week. Place a standing order and avoid disappointment.



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The Pacific Northwest offers you *two* definite opportunities

You owe it to yourself to weigh these facts

THIS is, in a way, a confession of faith—faith in the destiny of a great and growing country.

We make it not for ourselves alone, but for those who in days past "dreamed the railroads across the plains." For those who from the beginning were actuated by an unswerving belief in the future greatness of the Pacific Northwest.

This belief has come down to us as a heritage. To know the Pacific Northwest is to believe in it. And to know it has been the business of our lives.

* * *

We have watched it grow. In a twenty-year period we have seen its population more than double.

We have seen the commerce of its magnificent ports increase more than 500 per cent.

We have seen a 118 per cent increase in the number of its farms.

The products of its workshops and factories we have seen increase more than 800 per cent in annual value.

But this development, phenomenal as it is, has not surprised us. On the contrary.

* * *

For we know upon what deep and firm foundations this growth is based.

Here, within the borders of five states, are natural wealth and economic advantages that *must* make for growth in the future as in the past.

Here are more than half the nation's water power resources—26,000,000 horse power.

Here is the largest reserve of standing timber in the United States, 960 billion feet—enough to rebuild thrice every frame dwelling in the country.

Here are millions of acres of the world's richest farm, fruit and stock lands.

Here is an almost limitless mineral wealth.

Here are matchless ports, the natural pathway of the Oriental and Alaskan commerce of today and of the boundless future.

And here are thousands of miles of fine roads—true highways of progress.

In such soil as this the development of the Pacific Northwest is rooted.

To you this country holds forth two definite and very real opportunities.

One is the chance to *grow with it*—to share its progress and its prosperity.

We have seen many men come to the Pacific Northwest. They found it no glittering El Dorado. They found that here, as elsewhere, hard work and plenty of it is the price of success. But they found too that here, if anywhere, the rewards of working, planning and saving are rich and sure and lasting. Here is a larger chance to get ahead—an opportunity created by swift growth and boundless wealth and a spirit that will not be denied.

The other opportunity is that for a richer, fuller and happier life. We mean the enjoyment of a natural wonderland and a delightful climate. Of health—for these are the healthiest group of states in the country. And better living conditions, whether on a farm or in one of the clean, modern cities and towns with their fine schools, churches, theaters, libraries, parks—everything that makes life finer and better.

* * *

We want you to know this country as we know it—then decide for yourself what it offers you. Here it is impossible to tell you more. But we have prepared a booklet, "The Land of Opportunity Now," which gives you detailed and authentic information about the states of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming—the Pacific Northwest.

We should like to have you read this booklet. If you will fill in the coupon below and mail it, we shall see that it is sent to you at once. For any special information, just write the Development Bureau.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

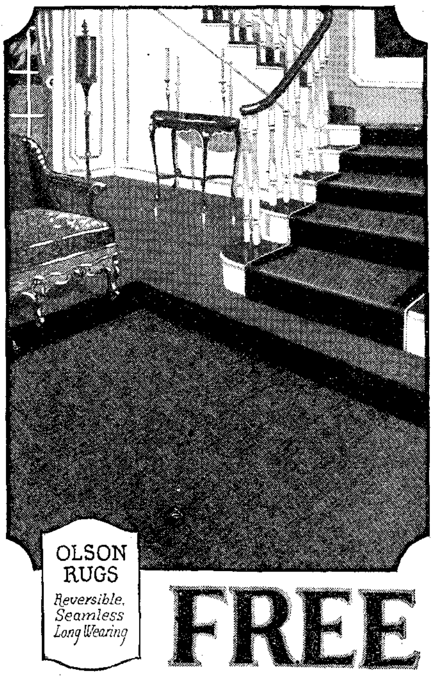
fleeing stallion's side. It happened in a flash and the steed was already drawing away down the prairie, yet we could plainly see Alim in his braced position work with the bridle and then go down again nearly to the ground under the horse's belly, where it looked as tho he was trying to catch the feet of the galloping animal. After some effort he succeeded in slipping a noose on the near foreleg and again strained himself out from the side of the horse, pulling the stallion's leg up against its belly and outward. For a time the beast continued to jump on three legs, but shortly fell on its knees. Alim was out of the stirrup and on the stallion's neck like a wild cat and soon throttled it with a noose. After the horse had ceased to struggle, Alim kept the throttling thong tight with one hand and with the other managed to tighten the girth. In a second he was in the saddle and had loosened the noose and freed the foot. After this short but dramatic experience the stallion offered no further resistance and humbly trotted back to the yurta, subdued and obedient to its rider, who, in spite of his cut and bruised hands, smiled and spoke caressingly to his mount: "At at, jaksze at! Toor! (Horse, horse, good horse! Be quiet!)"

This spectacle of breaking wild horses was the best recompense for our sufferings, for the rich, heavy dinner of Spirin proved a sore trial for us. We remembered it for a long time and always afterward were careful how we partook of Tatar feasts.

STRANGE CREATURES OF THE SEA

WHILE walking along on the floor of the ocean, at about the depth of sixty to ninety feet, just off the shore of Plymouth, England, be careful not to touch the sponges which encrust the rocks in lovely shades of yellow or vermilion, for they are full of tiny glass needles. But any one may take this expedition on the sea-bottom in perfect safety in imagination, and find many other curious forms of sea life, as Dr. J. H. Orton, Chief Naturalist of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Plymouth, tells us, in an article in *The Sphere* (London). The ocean is full of many inhabitants, some awkward and comic, like the unsociable crab, who covers himself in sand to his very eyes, and others strictly "up-to-date" like the spider-crab which undresses itself and dresses again in presumably more fashionable clothing when its surroundings are changed. Dr. Orton gives us something like a census of ocean people:

> Masses of orange red blobs are sea-squirts, and so also are the larger and more scattered turquoise and garnet-colored soft things on the rocks. Sea-squirts have babies, somewhat like little fishes, which swim in the water for a day or two before settling down permanently on a rock and transforming themselves into what the fishermen call "blubber."
>
> Anemones are sometimes called sea-squirts too, because they may squirt out water when squeezed, but sometimes also, to one's surprize, thirty or forty fully formed babies, exactly like the parents, and ready to stick on anything at once and fend for themselves. It is at this depth that we begin to notice the strikingly beautiful pure white, pink, and brown plumose anemones which look so well in the tanks at Plymouth and the Zoo. This same anemone is also common on the piles of many piers. A soft, creamy tuft of stuff is, we find, very slimy to the feel, and squeezing it may cause a charming little crystal-clear prawn to come out of some of the recesses. What this prawn lives on inside this sponge is a mystery, and there are often two together, male and female; but what is a still greater mystery is why one claw, which is like that of a lobster, should be as big as or even bigger than the whole body of the animal. In order to let you know that it has a claw, the prawn—especially if annoyed—snaps one tooth of the claw against the other to make a loud click, which can be heard all over quite a large room. A curious white object is also found growing on the rocks. At times it has the appearance of a hand with large fingers, and is actually called by fishermen, "dead man's fingers." Acute eyes would see that it has tiny little anemone-like bodies standing out all over the surface, and, in fact, it is a colonial animal related both to anemones and corals. Large and perhaps pretty sea-slugs attack this animal and bite great chunks out of it.
>
> But we have spent enough time on this ground; let us go a little deeper off the rocks on to muddy-sandy ground and see some fishes. On the rocks we had seen conger hiding in holes, bass and wrasses playing about the rocks, and occasionally had peeps of schools of fine pollack, but as we go off the rocks we meet also schools of large whiting-pout, plenty of poor-cod or bibs, which, in my opinion, is one of our most beautiful fishes, with its translucent body, iridescent fins, and perfect bloom of skin. Now we see a shoal of small whiting nosing about on the bottom for burrowing prawns, and on the bottom itself gray gurnards, which grunt when you haul them out of the water, red gurnards and gurnards with rainbow-colored fins, dogfishes, rays, some of them laying mermaids' purses on the bottom, angel-fishes, and the fishing-frog patiently hoisting its lure above its head to attract unwary fishes to its cavernous mouth. Not content with its color resemblance to the bottom, this fish grows out rags and tags of skin all around the edge of its body to render more deadly the attractive lure. The mouth of this fish is so great and its stomach so distensible that it can swallow other fishes almost as large as itself, and some of its relations living in deep water have actually been captured with fishes in their stomachs larger than themselves, and to make the story still more frightful, the larger fish swallowed was in one case one of the same kind!
>
> Other fishes we now meet are soles, long slithery things; merry soles, fishes of the same shape as plaice; plaice also, and dabs, and scaldbacks, as well as other similar fish, are seen. We are most delighted, however, with John Dory. John has an expression on his face indicating a temperament like that which some of our friends have. He is always dissatisfied. Fishes won't come near enough to let him gulp them down, or if he does go after them they either dart away or wait until he is just near them, and then coolly glide out of reach. He can't swim fast, so has to rely on his cunning. When anything approaches he blushes furiously and elevates his fins as tho his anger is rising rapidly at the slowness of the approach of his prey. And then, if he does manage to stalk a



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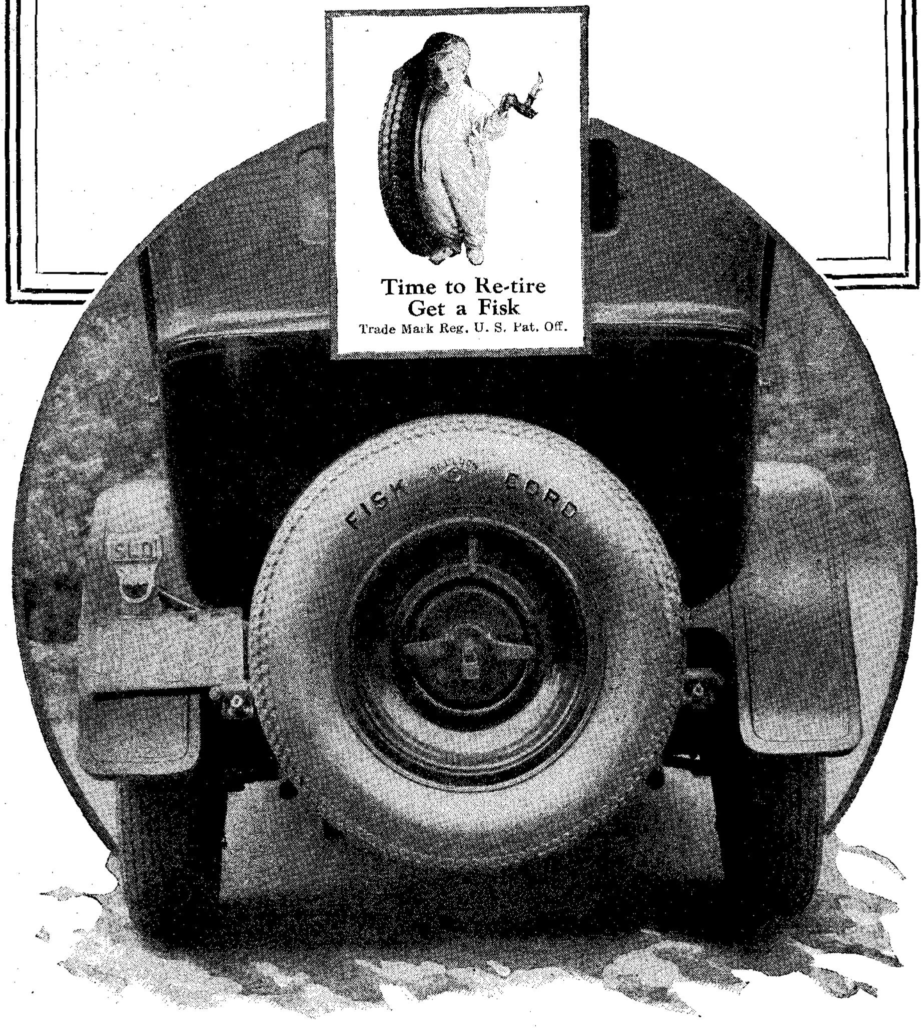
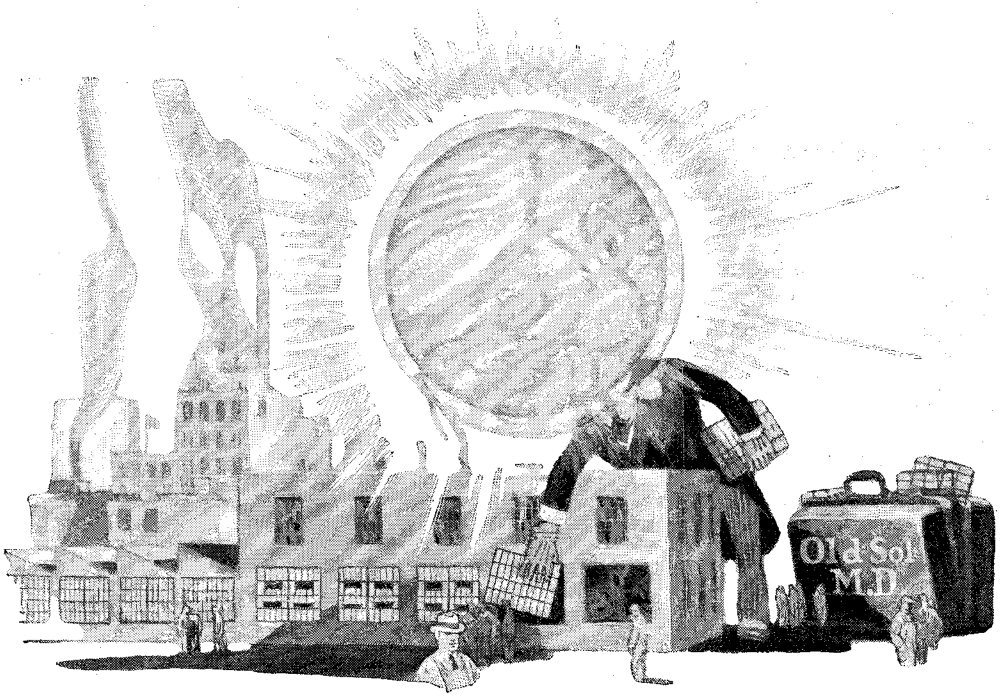


BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

prawn which is in a nice position for being gulped into his throat when he extends his enormous mouth, he either succeeds and gets the spiny snout of the prawn stuck in the roof of his mouth, or he misjudges the distance and bangs his nose on a pebble on the bottom.

All the sea people are as busy as human folk about their own affairs, and alas, many of them are intent on the destruction of their neighbors. Crawfish, sea-mice, feather-stars, lobsters, are seriously going about the business of life, and Dr. Orton gives a vivid description of what they are doing:

> There are a few more fishes we might find on the ground, but the time is short, and some attention must be paid to the creeping and crawling things. The cray-fish or crawfish, *écrivisse*, soon obtrudes itself on our sight by its long horns and legs; sometimes also it makes a grating noise by rubbing the bases of its horns against the side of its head. Whether the noise is a serenade or a shout of defiance, or, with modifications, both of these, we do not know, but my respect for the powers of animals increases the more I know of them. Lobsters, too, occur on this ground, lurking in any old pot or place of concealment. If no lair is available, a lobster will make one by piling up stones, shells, and anything else it can lay claws on around it to give seclusion from prying eyes. Starfishes, scallops—which, by the way, can swim—sea-mice, which are really worms, swimming crabs in shoals, spider-crabs, feather stars, octopuses, cuttle-fishes, queens—a small swimming scallop—large whelks and their masses of papery balloons, from which the babies have now crawled away, and many other shell-fish can be seen on this ground. I can, however, deal only with a few. The spider-crab—the big one, I mean, because there are lots of different small ones—is really clever. It is probably often attacked by large fishes, but it has sharp spines all over its back, and uses them in two ways for defense. In attack its legs are protected by being held well under the body, and the back opposed to the direction of attack; this is a common defensive attitude of crabs. Failure to protect a leg may result in the fish breaking it off. The loss of one or two legs to a crab is probably not important, because it can grow them again. The other method of defense is to make itself look like the sea bottom. It does this by dressing itself with bits of sponge, hydroid, coralline, seaweed, or indeed anything which happens to be growing around it. The bits of sponge are nipt off the rock with the claws, lifted up, and stuck on to the sharp spines on the back, care being taken to see that the material is properly attached. This process is repeated with great patience until the back is covered with all kinds of bits of animals, many of which survive and actually grow. A spider-crab dressing itself suggests at once a woman putting hairpins into her hair. It is said that th animal will undress itself if placed in u congenial surroundings and redress i appropriate and presumably fashionable wear. Another crab, of most ungainly angular appearance, sits buried in th muddy parts of the bottom with its eye on long stalks, just peeping out of th ground; another one sits completely buried



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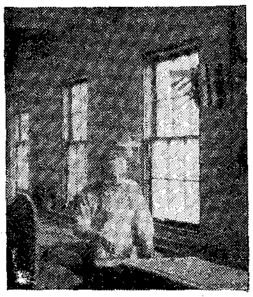
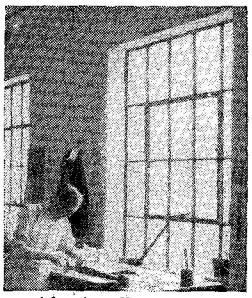
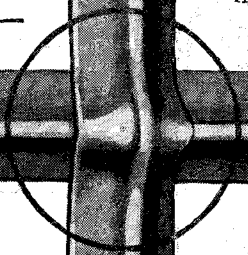
Two views of the plant of the Sligh Furniture Co.



Before installing Fenestra Windows.



After installing Fenestra Windows.



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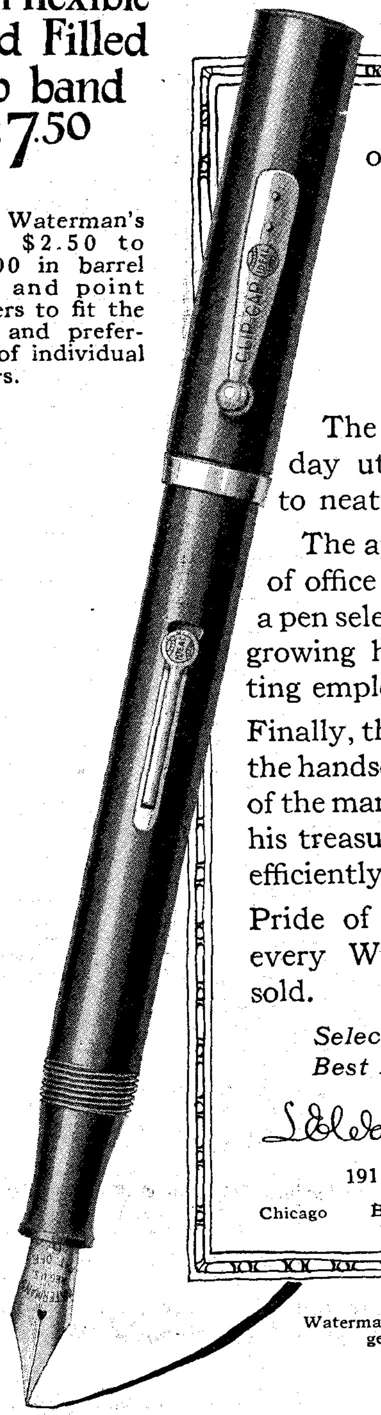

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

in muddy sand, or preferably sand, except for its two very long feelers, which are grooved, and can be made to face each other to form a long breathing-tube.

Cuttlefishes are seen stalking prawns or crabs, which they seize by shooting out their concealed long-suckered tentacles. Crabs are ripped open by powerful parrot-like beaks, and the tasty inside is devoured at leisure. Hermit crabs are plentiful everywhere; one kind appropriates empty whelk-shells to cover up its naked abdomen, and carries anemones on its back to frighten away fishes. The wrasse, however, is not frightened; this cunning fish waits until the hermit crab puts out a long claw, and then grabs the claw with a sudden dart and shakes the hermit, shell and anemone, like a dog shaking a rat, until either the whole crab or the big claw is pulled off and can be crunched between powerful crushing teeth. There are many other animals we can not now mention, but you will agree with me that it is a wonderful sight to see all these strange creatures tumbled out of a trawl in a great heap, sometimes more than one foot high, on the deck of a steamer. Fishes of all kinds fall flopping about, sea-urchins in dozens, starfishes—red, orange, blue, and white, many throwing off their arms under the impression of being attacked—sea-mice, crabs, lobsters, mermaids' purses, hermit crabs with anemones, crawfish, sea-slugs, brittle-stars, and scallops—all produce an impression which one is not likely to forget.

ACTÆON, THE WHITE-TAILED DEER

When Forest Kimton, a guide in the Blue Forest region, looked through his field-glasses and saw a lithe, sinewy, white-tailed doe on the side of Croyden Mountain, it was such a common sight that he at first paid her no special attention, but when he saw that she was running to and fro in a very peculiar manner, he was so curious that he started up the mountainside to see what was the matter. Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, who writes such fascinating stories of wild animals, tells in *Nature Magazine* (Washington) what the guide found in most pitiful plight on the grass:

> When he arrived at the ledge the doe had disappeared, but he found a little spotted fawn lying in the grass just over the ridge. It arose on three legs; the fourth was broken below the hock. A narrow fissure in the ledge, with a few short, brownish hairs clinging to one side of it, told the story. While following his mother the little fellow had stept upon some leaves which hid the fissure, his leg had gone down, to be wedged between the narrow walls. The sudden jerk which freed the imprisoned limb had broken the delicate cannon bone, and at once he was bereft of half his tiny might. That was why he had lain down; that was why his anxious mother had run back and forth and attracted the attention of the guide. Now he stood there, wide-eyed, trembling, and, crippled tho he was, in another moment he would have made a frantic effort to escape. But the guide was used to the ways of wood folk, and with a single

sweep of his strong arms he deftly captured the wild baby before him and carried it off, lest it be devoured, perhaps that very night, by the first hungry fox or wildcat which chanced to pass that way.

Kimton returned to his cottage and placed the patient in a narrow wooden box, where most of the time it stood quietly, and where from time to time it was given milk from a bottle. The little fellow did not struggle nor attempt to use the broken leg, which hung down in an almost natural position. In a few days the broken ends of the bone had knit perfectly, and the little black hoof was allowed gently to touch the floor. Then Kimton took the fawn in his arms again, drove five miles over the mountain and delivered him to me.

At first we put him in the barn, where he occupied one of the stalls. We boarded it up to a height of four feet to resemble a "loose box." He was still rather lame and at once lay down upon a bed of hay which we had provided for him. When he got up again he seemed better, and, as he was hungry, he let us know it by bleating gently and by looking toward us eagerly, with most appealing brown eyes. When I held out to him a milk bottle, he knew from experience that it contained his food, yet, as he took the nipple, he punched me vigorously with his hard little head, just as he would have punched his mother had he been taking his dinner with her. We named him Actæon, and by that appellation he was known to all of us except the housekeeper, who always called him "Cuddy," a name suggested, I suppose, by the fact that after he began to graze and browse he spent much time in chewing the cud.

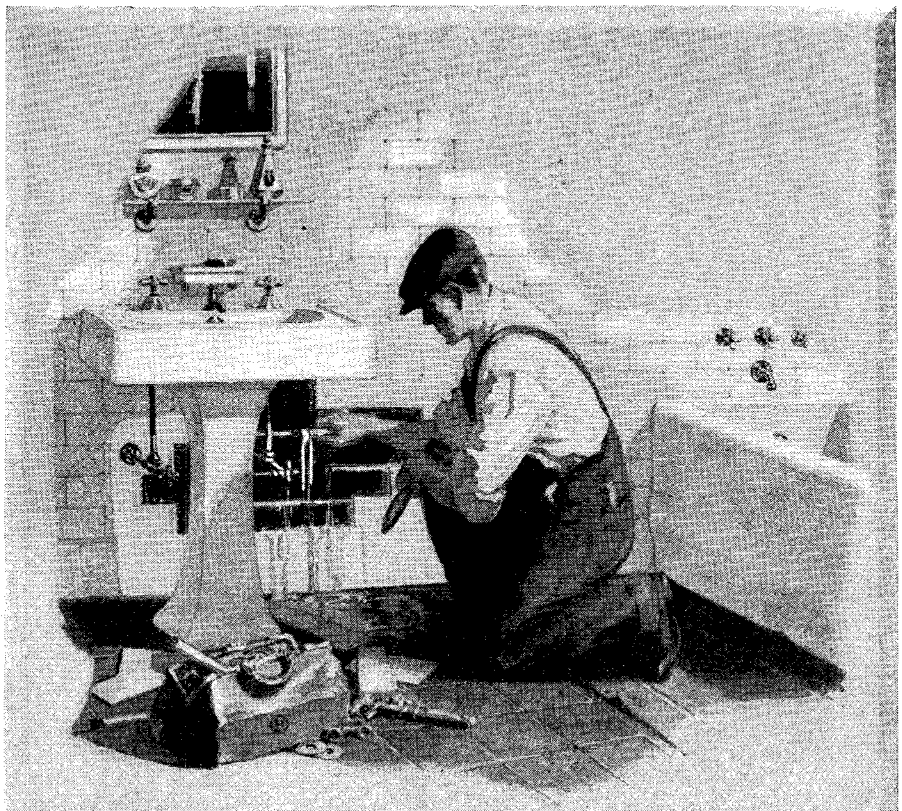
He was a wonderfully beautiful creature, says Mr. Baynes, and one never tired of looking at him. No wonder:

His glossy coat was reddish-brown in color, with striking white spots on the neck, back and sides. There was a white patch on the throat and a white stripe down either side of the neck. His legs, which were lighter in color than his body, were slender, sinewy and graceful, one of them only being slightly marred by a bunch of hard tissue around the point of fracture. But his most beautiful feature was his head. His large dark eyes were full of expression, and in combination with his shapely ears, which moved back and forth with every sound, showed pleasure, excitement, fear and other emotions, almost as plainly as a human face could show them.

The white spots, it would seem, were in the nature of concealing coloration. Conspicuous as they were when he stood in the barn, when he lay down in a shadow on the edge of the woods he might easily have been mistaken for a patch of white flowers. And once when he stood in a field of oxeye daisies his legs and body seemed to melt into the background, and the white spots formed one of the hundred patches of bloom which strewed the landscape. He was no longer a deer, but a part of the field he stood in.

His disposition was affectionate, and whenever he had a chance he would lick one's face and hands, making them feel as if they had received a coat of thin glue.

He had been with us only a few days when I found him trotting about the barn. I made inquiries to find out who had lifted him out of his stall. Apparently no one had done so, yet it seemed impossible that this baby, lately quite lame, should have



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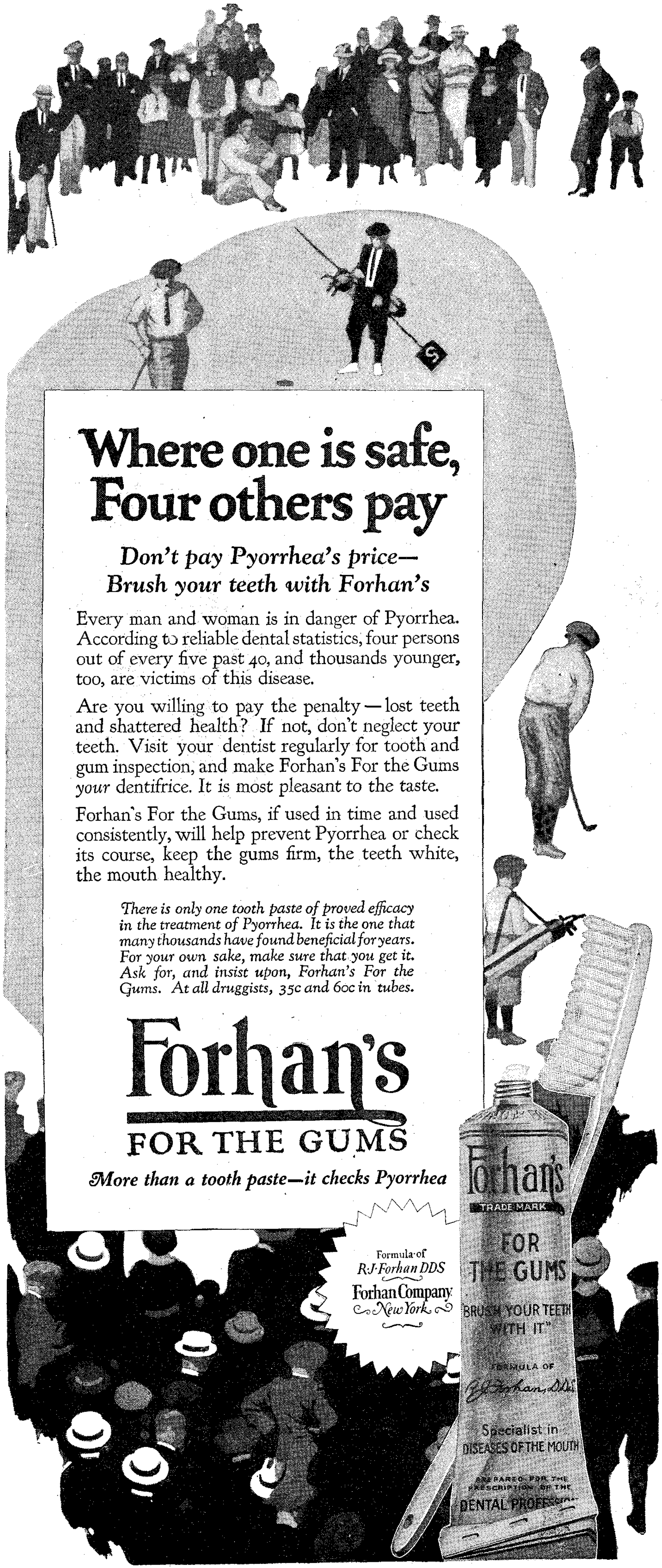

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

cleared a four-foot barrier from almost a standstill. Yet he had done so, and when I put him back he proved it almost at once by leaping out again with an ease and grace which gave promise of marvelous performances when he should have attained his maximum powers.

Every morning now we took Actæon out for a run over the hills, using a bottle of milk to coax him back to the barn after he had had his exercise. Often he would run clean away from us and go on and on, until he disappeared over a ridge perhaps half a mile away. Sometimes he would be gone so long that we feared he would never return. Then some one would shout, "Here he comes," and we would see him coming like a brown streak, tail up and ears laid back, rising like a swallow at every rock and bush in his path, checking his speed as he approached us, breaking into a brisk, elastic trot, and finally slowing down to a walk just before he came up to thrust his moist muzzle into our hands. Once he gave us a real "scare." He stayed away all day, and it was not until nightfall that he came bounding in, so hungry that he tried to swallow the bottle as well as the milk. If the dogs had scented him, his concealing coloration might not have been enough to save his life.

Once while he was still very young I saw the fawn display a very curious taste. I was cutting up raw meat for my wolves when Actæon sauntered up and, seizing a piece weighing a pound or more, carried it off and began to eat it. It was quite too much meat for a baby of that age, so I took it away from him, but when I offered him a few thin slices he ate them with surprizing relish.

For a long time we fed the young deer chiefly on milk, the quantity of which was increased until he was taking three quarts a day. But as we gave him more and more liberty, and as he was thus able to pick up more food for himself, his milk ration was gradually reduced. Finally, when we no longer confined him at any time, we gave him only a pint of milk night and morning. But he did not forget that that amount at least was coming to him, and often, as we sat at breakfast, he would come to the window and, standing on his hind legs and with his forefeet on the window-sill, gaze at us so reproachfully that one of us was sure to get up from the table to feed him.

With the coming of autumn the white spots on Actæon's coat began to disappear, and his thin reddish coat gave place to the much heavier one of grayish brown which was to be his protection through the long New Hampshire winter. He still came for his milk rations, but after he had had them he would wander off to browse on the leaves of shrubs and low trees, to nibble the grass, or to pick up fallen apples, of which he was very fond. Very often he took a romp with other animals we had about the place, especially with the prairie wolf, Romulus, for the two were great pals and very evenly matched in speed and strength. A favorite game was to race the length of the long verandah, clearing the railings at the ends like race-horses in a steeplechase. Once, when they were rough-housing just outside my room, Actæon became so excited that he leapt right through the window and landed on my study floor in a shower of broken glass. His excitement disappeared at once; he

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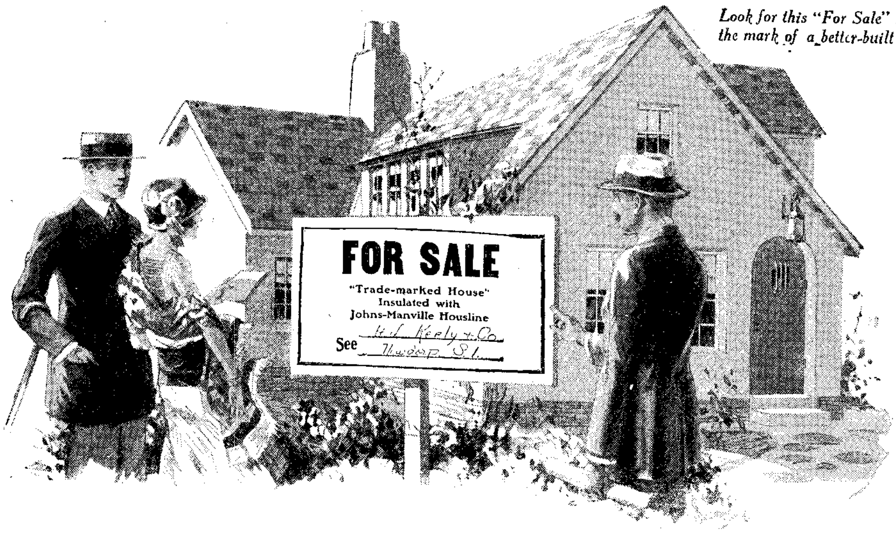

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calmly licked the blood from a cut on his flank and then walked up to me to be petted.

If he saw any of us setting out for a walk, he almost always wanted to go with us, and usually we let him. At such times he gave very little trouble. Unlike some of our other animals, he minded his own business and amused himself quietly in his own way. I remember very well our coming to the first pond he had ever seen. He showed the unaffected joy of a child having a delightful experience for the first time. The pond was shallow and he ran into it, pawing the water vigorously with his forefeet, at the same time lowering his head as if trying to get the full benefit of the shower-bath he was creating. Then he would gallop through the pond, sometimes jumping right out of the water and coming down with a big splash.

With such a kind and helpful friend as Mr. Baynes, Actæon did not worry at all about the food supply, for he seemed to know that food would not be the uncertain matter that it is with many wild animals in the winter. After a comfortable night snugly covered with a blanket of snow, Actæon would come to get the good meal which was provided for him. Mr. Baynes remarks on the strange picture the little deer made in his snow-bed:

Usually he slept in the orchard, quite at his ease even when the thermometer fell to 25 or 30 degrees below zero. Often we would look out of the window and see him lying under an apple-tree in the falling snow; at least we would see his head, for the rest of his body might be completely buried. Sometimes his face would be sheathed in ice, and icicles would be hanging from his chin and eyelashes, but he would go on chewing the cud as calmly as a cow in a clover field on a summer evening. If we tapped on the window he would rise to his feet and stretch himself as if to take out the kinks. Then he would give his body a vigorous shake, sending the snow flying in every direction, and all brown once more he would come to the window and stand on his hind legs to reach a slice of bread held out to him.

In the early spring we decided to turn Actæon back into his native Blue Mountain Forest, and this was an easy matter, for the fence of this great game preserve ran along the edge of our garden, whence we could enter it by a gate. So, into the forest he went, and with him a goodly store of bread, potatoes and other things which a deer will eat, for the grass had not yet come up and he had little experience in foraging for himself. For some time he did not stray far from the gate, and every day he would come back partly in the hope of seeing us, perhaps, and partly to eat the food he knew would be waiting for him.

In May, when grass and browse were to be found on every hand, Actæon turned up his pretty nose at bread and potatoes and wandered far afield. It was seldom indeed that we saw him, and when we did, usually it was only to get a glimpse of him in the distance, and even then we were not always sure that it was he. But one day in July, when I was walking through the woods looking for an elk fawn, I caught a glimpse of red on the ground beneath a tree, and a moment later saw that it was a young buck deer. I dropt to the ground behind a knoll, and then, crawling to the top of it, I was able to examine him at leisure. One good look was enough to show me that it was Actæon. When one is really familiar with an individual animal, it is surprizing how different it looks from others of its species. However much Actæon may have resembled his brethren when seen at a distance, I feel sure that, close at hand, I could have distinguished him instantly from any other Virginia deer.

I called to him in a low voice, and he started and turned his big dark eyes toward me. His ears were bent to catch a repetition of the sound and they caught it, for louder now I spoke his name, and then quietly arose from my hiding-place. Instantly he sprang to his feet, white tail in the air and nostrils dilated. He was about to wheel and dash away, when I spoke again and held out my hand to him. He craned his neck inquiringly, his tail dropt and switched nervously from side to side, and then he strode out to meet me. After advancing a few yards he stopt, shook his tail again, moved his head from side to side to make quite sure he was not mistaken, and then he came up and began licking my hands and the sleeve of my shirt. If possible he was more beautiful than ever. He had completely shed his winter coat and stood revealed in his bright red summer pelage, which, being thin, displayed his graceful sinewy form to its best advantage. His head was clean, smooth and beautifully modeled, with a look of refinement which was not present in the autumn or winter. It was crowned with his first antlers, already six inches long, and with their covering of "velvet" looking like stubby branches of stag-horn sumach.

For a little while he walked about, nibbling the grass and the wild flowers, and then he lay down again. I dropt to the ground beside the little fellow, that I might stroke and admire him. In a little while I arose, gave him a pat by way of "good-by" and started for home. But he did not want to be left alone, and presently I heard the pattering of his feet behind me. He did not stick close to my heels, but stopt when it pleased him, to graze or browse. He never let me get very far away, however. Usually before I was out of his sight he would start after me. If I turned round I would see him coming at an easy gallop, leaping a stream if one lay between us and rising easily at every rock and bush which lay in his path as tho he disdained to turn aside for one of them. And when he leapt it seemed as if he were not satisfied with merely clearing an obstacle; he would fling his lithe body far higher than necessary, and even give additional emphasis to his abandon by a final toss of his hind legs, as if to show that he still had plenty of reserve.

Sometimes, as we descended steep ledges of rock, I could see what appears to be one of the uses of dew claws. Coming down a sharp incline they would connect with the hard surface and, spreading out, would act as a brake which tended to prevent the animal from sliding. Another use of these claws I observed one day when Actæon was racing across level ground which was slippery with mud. In looking at the footprints one could see the marks of the dew claws which had punctured the mud only when the animal was extended and which no doubt at such times performed a service similar to that performed by the spikes in the soles of running-shoes. Another means he sometimes used, apparently to prevent himself from slipping on

When you are having the best times together—talking and laughing—your teeth show most. Keep them always white and shining with Pebeco.

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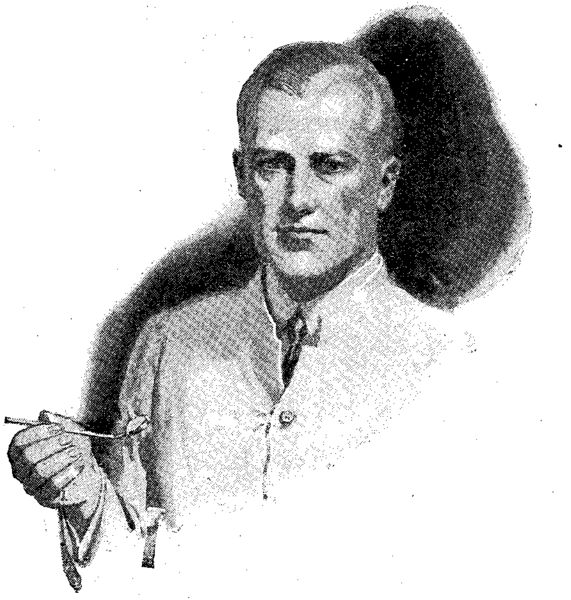
TOOTH PASTE



How to prevent gum infections

PHYSICIANS and dentists have been unable to determine the fundamental reason for the enormous increase in gum infections. It is apparent, however, that modern methods of living, particularly in regard to food, diet, exercise, etc., lead to a general weakening of the gum tissues. They become soft and "flabby" so that they cannot offer a proper resistance to germ attack.

Gum infections are fast becoming the most serious dental problem of the day. Your dentist will tell you that three out of five men or women who have reached the age of thirty show signs of this unfortunate condition.

Tenderness and bleeding of gums are the first indication of trouble to come and if proper corrective measures are not taken infection sets in and the gums slowly recede until the teeth loosen and eventually fall out.

To guard against this, two things are necessary. First: Regular dental inspection, and treatment if necessary, at least twice a year. Second: Systematic cleaning of teeth and gums and *the destruction of the bacteria* which cause the infection. The latter requires a powerful germicide. Mildly antiseptic mouth washes won't begin to do it. The ideal antiseptic for this purpose is Zonite. Although non-poisonous, non-caustic and perfectly safe to use, it has greater germ-killing power than pure carbolic acid. Laboratory tests show that Zonite, diluted 1:50, kills the infectious bacteria of the mouth in thirty seconds.

Zonite is not only an effective germ-destroying agent in the mouth; it also possesses other properties of the utmost importance in combating gum infections. Because of its unique chemical composition it has the property of stimulating the tissues of the mouth, making the gums firm and tightening the teeth.

Zonite, therefore, not only kills the germs that cause gum infections but is also a decided help in correcting harm already done and keeping the tissues in condition to resist further attacks.

Zonite, when used as a mouth wash (teaspoonful to quarter glass of water), also destroys the germs which are responsible for colds, sore throat and the more serious respiratory diseases and instantly removes all breath odors arising from conditions of the mouth.

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BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES
Continued

hard surfaces, was to spread his toes before they touched the ground as if to make two points of contact instead of one. I have seen him do this when descending steep, rocky surfaces, stone steps, and on the hard crust of snow. In the last case the spreading of the toes would also tend to prevent the animal from breaking through the crust. Interesting as these observations are to me, they must be verified by other observers before final deductions can be made.

Actæon followed me to the border of the forest, and after very daintily eating some candy from a paper bag, he turned and disappeared among the trees.

EVERY BIRD HIS OWN BIOGRAPHER

WHEN any one contemplates an extended journey, there generally ensues a period of looking up trains, steamers and hotels, and much packing and preparations; but when a bird thinks of a change of scene, he gives his feathers a little shake, takes a particularly nice fat worm for breakfast, and then is ready for a trip to the far South. Just how far these little feathered travelers go, and where, we have never been able to know until a method of marking them, called banding, came into use among the ornithologists.

Birds are very individual in their dispositions, it has been discovered. Some are lively and gay, others morose and gloomy. Banding has helped the ornithologist to classify the bird-psychology as well as to read many interesting stories of long flights. Mr. R. H. Howland, in an article in *The Outlook* (New York), speaks of the chimney swift which returned to nest in the same New Hampshire chimney after a long journey to Central America. Mr. Howland also tells how banding is done:

> The early method was to mark nestlings or birds which came into the hand by some accident. While the possibilities of these birds being heard from again at first seemed quite remote, it was surprizing how many "returns" there were. After the pioneer work of S. Prentiss Baldwin, of Cleveland, Ohio, who demonstrated the possibilities of systematic trapping of adult birds, bird-banding made rapid strides. Many designs and styles of traps have been in use. Some operate on the principle of the "catch-'em-alive" rat-trap, while others are operated by pulling a string. The traps are baited with food which the birds like, and while the majority of bird-banders have comparatively little time to give to the work each day, the traps are used all day long by the birds and become feeding stations which augment their regular food supply. The bird-bander is a bird conservationist; not only does he feed the birds, he is careful to guard his grounds from their enemies.
>
> The bands are of aluminum, each band bearing a number and the address of the Biological Survey, Washington, D. C. I have often watched newly banded birds

to see what they would do, and in several instances have been able to keep track of a bird for several minutes. In most instances they fly to a near bush or tree where they "collect themselves" and generally give themselves a good shake. Sometimes a bird will sing almost at once. Almost invariably the band will soon receive the bird's attention, and not infrequently an effort will be made to dislodge it by pecking or pulling at it. I remember one song-sparrow that apparently spent most of the afternoon trying to get rid of the band, but during the course of the same afternoon he twice entered the trap again. It is certain that, while a bird may bother a little about the band at the start, it is soon unnoticed, just as are the rings we wear on our fingers, and as far as the traps are concerned and the fear which we would naturally expect the birds would have for human handling, the number of birds which enter the traps again and again and year after year is really surprizing until one becomes used to these occurrences. I have had a white-throated sparrow enter the trap ten times in two days. Contrary to what we would logically suppose, the birds are not frightened away. Trapping has proved that birds have a very keen recollection of a spot where food is to be found. I have frequently seen birds come from a distance and go directly to a trap. That they associate the human element with the traps is perhaps improbable, but if they do, it is certain that hunger, or a craving for the luxuries which the traps contain, is a more dominating force in their lives than is fear. After a bird has been handled many times, however, it is apparent that it remembers just what to expect from the giant who comes plodding toward the trap; and my old song-sparrow, first mentioned, shows every indication of taking the whole circumstance as a matter of course.

There are numerous records of birds which have returned to the same spot year after year—in fact, a certain percentage of the adult birds banded may be expected to be recaptured the following year. One can not fail to ponder for a moment in wonderment that a little feathered creature can find its way back to the same trap after an absence of five months. And there is the chimney swift that returned to nest in the same New Hampshire chimney after journeying as far as Central America, or elsewhere in the tropics. It would be of added interest if this bird could have been captured at its winter home, thus establishing the two extremes of its travels. Considerable data have been secured in this respect, as, for instance, a young bluebird banded in New Hampshire and retaken the following winter in Maryland; a young robin banded in Maine taken in Tennessee; a common tern banded in Massachusetts, found dead in West Africa four years later; and a blue-winged teal banded north of western Lake Ontario, shot at Port of Spain, Trinidad.

Thus from a few inklings is it possible for us to comprehend something of the importance of bird-banding, and what possibilities there are for those who take part in this altogether fascinating pursuit of studying birds as personalities, distinct entities that move about us with an instinct (or will) quite beyond our comprehension!

And indeed the bird-bander soon discovers that birds have a great deal of individuality. The field naturalist has had an opportunity to discover this also, but the bird-bander develops a closer

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Here is a Shaving Cream which millions are discussing.

It does five things which men desire in a surpassing way.

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But men, we knew, wanted other results. So we asked 1,000 men to tell us what they wanted most.

Then we worked 18 months to meet their requirements as no one else had done. We made up and tested 130 formulas to attain the utmost in a Shaving Cream.

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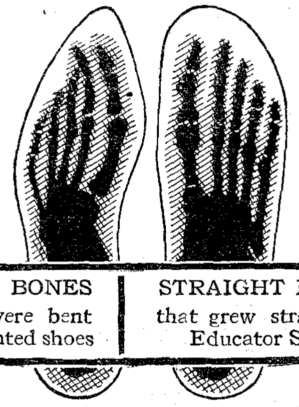
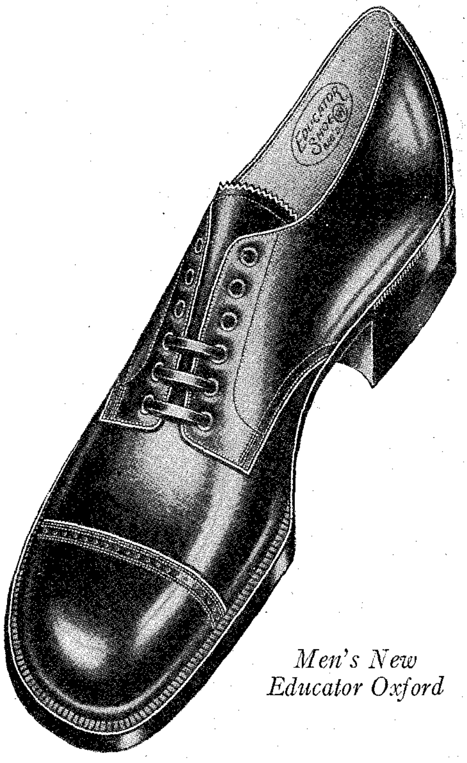


BENT BONES
that were bent by pointed shoes

STRAIGHT BONES
that grew straight in Educator Shoes



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Room for 5 toes!

How often your toes have twinged, and you have longed for a "comfort shoe" that had good looks! Now you can have that happy combination in an Educator last.

This shoe, like all Educators, is shaped to the bare foot. Yet it is styled for the man who is careful about his dress.

No need, any longer, to suffer a moment's discomfort. Wear this easy Educator that looks as well as it feels. None genuine without this stamp:

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Also send for booklet.

BIRDS, BEASTS AND TREES

Continued

personal relationship with his birds, and they are wont to tell him much about their likes and dislikes, and reveal their individual and specific temperaments in more ways than one. Winter before last a certain white-throated sparrow decided that the trap was a mighty fine institution and made good use of it for three months. In all the sixteen times I had this bird in hand not once did it fail to bite and peck at the hand that for a moment held it captive.

Some birds show bravery, others are cowards. I had a robin that screamed most alarmingly when I took it in my hand. The next year it returned and seemed to yell louder than before. Right after handling this one I caught another that fought me until I let it go. Even then it flew to a near tree and scolded at me. Not only is there a difference in disposition apparent between individuals of a certain species, but there are discernible differences between species. Species act differently in the traps, in the hand, and when released. Song-sparrows are most generally cheerful, robins show some resentment and are generally rather cowardly, starlings are most morose, catbirds apparently more concerned over their ruffled feathers and loss of dignity than anything else, and, contrary to what we might suppose, bluejays are, in my experience, generally cowards. Chipping-sparrows seem to like to be held, and sometimes close their eyes as if they would like to go to sleep right then and there. But, no matter what the temperament, they all seem willing enough to "come back for more," and fortunately it is so, for the more frequently they use the traps the more completely do they write their biographies.

At one time or another almost every one has watched those little children of nature winging their way from tree to flower, singing and sipping the sweetness from their place in the sun, and has wondered how long each small, fleeting life could last. So tiny and frail, and apparently at the mercy of all the storms, the ornithologist has discovered that many birds attain quite an old age. Mr. Howland speaks of some such cases:

How long do birds live? Banding has thus far disclosed a passerpine bird that is at least eight years old, and there are many instances of birds which are known to be four and five years old. Is it the general practice of the young to return to the same locality where they were reared? While it is not yet possible to answer this question, apparently the tendency which the adults display is not so marked with the young, altho many birds banded when nestlings or fledglings have been retaken in the same general locality a subsequent year.

Are birds monogamists? In the case of house wrens there seems to be a tendency on the part of the males to desert their wives after the rearing of the first brood (the house wren raises two broods each year) and take unto themselves new wives for the second brood. Mr. Baldwin has obtained some most interesting facts at Cleveland in this connection, and by banding has been able to trace the matrimonial affairs of these birds from year to year.

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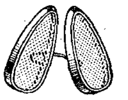

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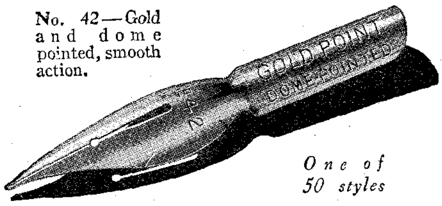

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Six novel features give Eversharp a redoubled capacity for usefulness.

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Match your Eversharp with a Wahl all-metal pen, identical in design with your pencil. The Wahl pen is uniform with Eversharp not only in appearance but also in excellence of performance.

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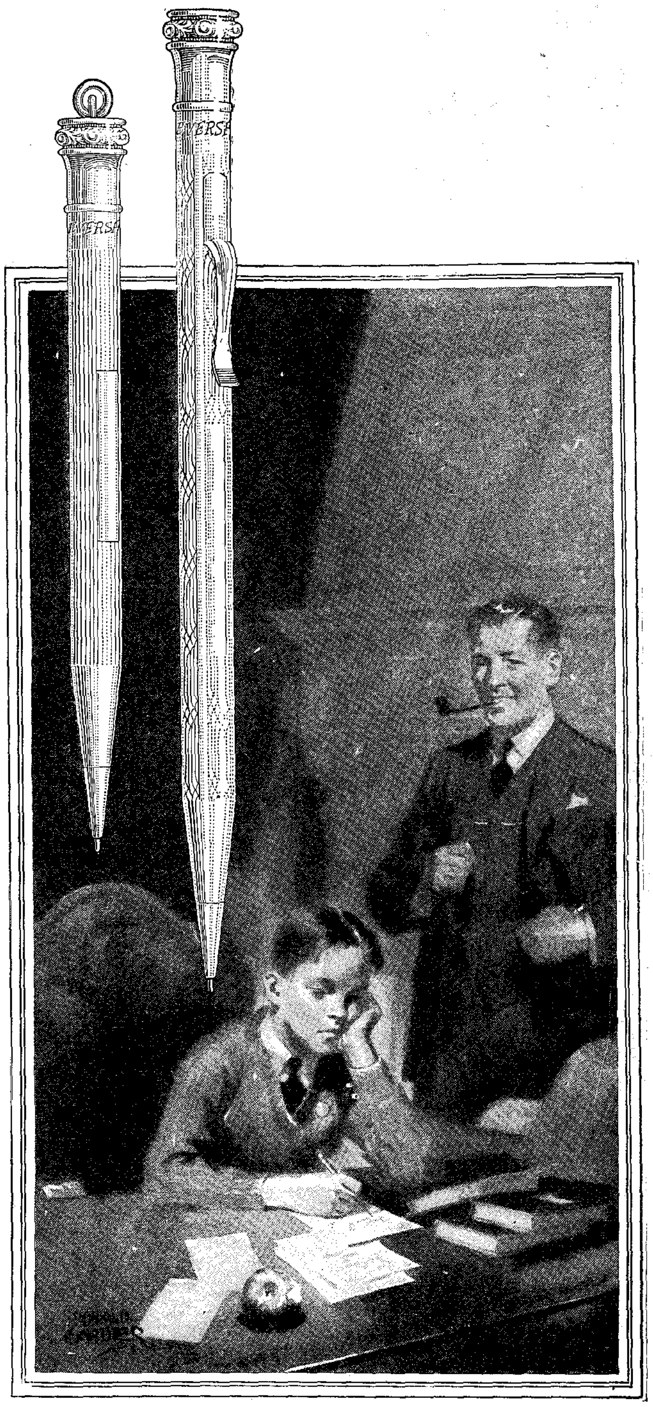
For remembrances or prizes Eversharp and Wahl Pen suit every occasion



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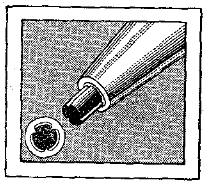
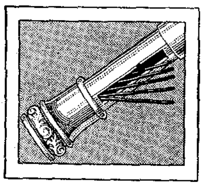
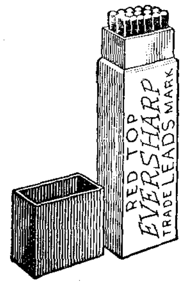


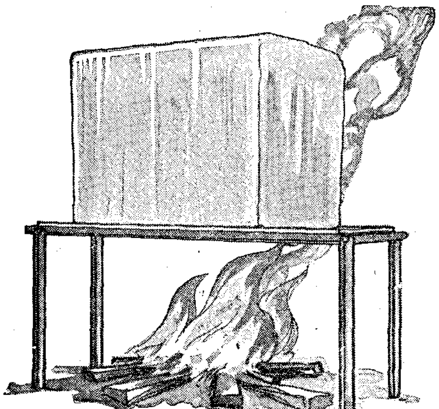
1 The patented Eversharp rifled tip first made a good mechanical pencil possible. Tiny relief spaces between the lead gripping teeth now prevent clogging or jamming.



2 The new perfected Eversharp magazine delivers the reload lead with one simple movement. You can always see how much reserve lead you have.



3 Use Red Top Leads in your Eversharp for complete writing satisfaction — "ammunition to fit the gun." They are the smoothest quality —perfect in size, and economical. Made in black (7 grades), red, blue, green, yellow, purple, copying. Any dealer can supply you.



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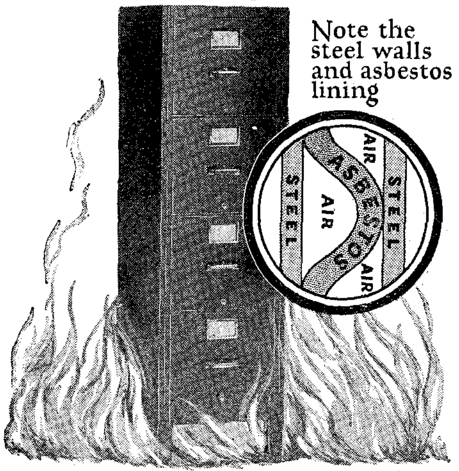
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

OUR MERCHANT MARINE'S WAGE BURDEN

AMONG the "handicaps and disabilities" under which the American Merchant Marine is operating, a serious one is high wages, thinks *American Shipping*, New York, whose editor furnishes us with a comparative table showing the pay of our own and other seamen. Ours receive the highest by far, and he advises that "some extra compensating factor be sought" to "offset the operating disadvantage." Calling the problem of maintaining our footing on the seas "a many-sided one," he tells us that it "seems possible of a satisfactory solution only through a scheme of governmental aid that will embrace the whole," wages included. But *The Nautical Gazette*, New York, studying the same figures, thinks them "interesting in view of the tendency to magnify out of all proportion the handicap placed upon American ship operation by the wage differential," and tells us:

> Wages constitute a comparatively small part of the operating costs, it being estimated that approximately only twelve cents out of every dollar spent for the entire operation of a vessel is paid for wages, while thirty cents go for fuel and twenty-five cents for port charges. If there be any modicum of truth in the contention that the high wages paid on Shipping Board vessels are largely responsible for the Board's heavy losses, then the Board has nobody but itself to blame. It has raised the wage scale and the standard of living on its vessels higher than those on any other ships in the world; even higher than those on private American ships, for private owners can not afford to keep pace with the wage advances made by the Board. In this respect the Board has rendered profitable operation more difficult for private shipowners, as it is well-nigh impossible to keep a crew contented on a privately owned vessel when the lure of higher wages on government ships is kept dangling before the men's eyes. Altho nobody will deny the right of any man to an honest day's pay for an honest day's work, it should be remembered that a highly paid crew is not necessarily a highly efficient crew. But if through its ability to pay high wages the Board has secured a monopoly of the best men, the Board should keep its wage scale more in line with that which private owners can afford to pay, in order that it might be possible for them also to secure good crews for the better handling of their ships.

Fortunately, as *The Nautical Gazette* goes on to say, "the wage scale is not the final test of a ship's competitive ability." The "present supremacy of the British mercantile marine is unquestionable," yet—

> The table shows that the wages on a British ship are higher than those on Norwegian, Dutch and French vessels, whereas, if the low wage scale were the determining factor in the success of a merchant marine, Norway, with the lowest scale, would hold first place. Efficiency is the first essential of low operating costs. In view of these facts it is somewhat surprizing that steamship men should hesitate to endorse the Dieselization program adopted by the Shipping Board. An official of the American Steamship Owners' Association is credited with the statement that the conversion of government steamers into motor-ships will not solve our mercantile marine problem, for, altho American motor-ships will be better able than steamers to compete with foreign vessels, they will still suffer from the same wage handicap as at present. It is not a few hundred dollars more on the monthly pay-roll that will prevent American motor-ships from becoming competitive, but the indifferent attitude displayed by some of the operators toward the program.

But a vessel is not always sailing the seas, and, as we are told,

> One effective method of reducing ship-operation costs is to cut the labor charges incident to a vessel's stay in port. The importance of this economy is not fully recognized, yet it looms up large when it is remembered that the cost of loading a ton of cargo in an American port and unloading it in a foreign port is from one-tenth to one-quarter the total cost of transporting it across the ocean. If the stevedoring charges can be reduced, the operating costs will be reduced proportionately. In Seattle a definite forward movement in this direction has been taken by the Waterfront Employers' organization, which has embarked on a campaign to reduce accidents among longshoremen. Longshoring, as the organization points out, is naturally a hazardous occupation, but both longshoremen and employers in that city have come to believe that many of the accidents can be prevented. A competent, trained and experienced safety engineer has been

COMPARATIVE MONTHLY PAY ON AN 8,800-TON SHIP

Employee	*Great Britain*	*Norway*	*Holland*	*Japan*	*Sweden*	*France*	*U. S. Shipping Board*
First Mate	$92.00	$61.86	$105.52	$101.00	$110.26	$73.94	$185.00
Boatswain	46.00	26.98	42.87	44.44	46.80	24.33	75.00
Able Seaman	39.82	24.52	37.28	18.78	39.57	20.85	62.50
Ordinary Seaman	27.37	13.14	.....	8.08	32.44	....	47.50
Radio Operator	65.71	27.68	105.00	58.58	56.71	105.00	105.00
Chief Engineer	105.04	77.64	139.80	137.36	149.04	121.21	260.00
Fireman	41.61	24.35	39.14	20.87	39.56	22.75	67.50
Chief Steward	59.14	46.08	27.96	38.34	84.41	31.60	120.00
Average Total Crew	$1,782.71	$1,100.14	$1,623.33	$1,865.53	$1,820.59	$1,318.85	$3,466.00

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Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
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Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
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Ogdensburg, N. Y.
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The largest company-owned motor truck service organization in the world. In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.

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Assurance!

THROUGHOUT the history of this institution, extending back almost a hundred years, its products have been known all over the civilized world for their excellence, their dependability and the service behind them. Probably no other institution has contributed more to the development of every country of the globe.

So when twenty years ago the Harvester Company introduced to this world market a motor truck to bear its name—that truck had to be worthy. It was—it is—it always will be.

Few organizations use as many trucks or have reason to know as much about truck transportation as the Harvester organization. During the past five years more than 7000 Internationals have been hard at work in the service of this company, its branches and its dealers. This very experience with these trucks has developed marked improvements and tested most severely the stamina of International construction. Experience and skill build these trucks—we know they should be good. We use them—we know they are.

International Heavy-Duty Trucks are built in 3000, 4000, 6000 and 10,000 pound maximum capacities with bodies to meet every requirement. There is also a sturdy Speed Truck for loads up to 2000 pounds. Motor Coaches are supplied to meet every passenger transportation need. Upon request we will gladly supply you with names of International owners in your own line of business and the address of the nearest showroom where the full line of new models is on display.

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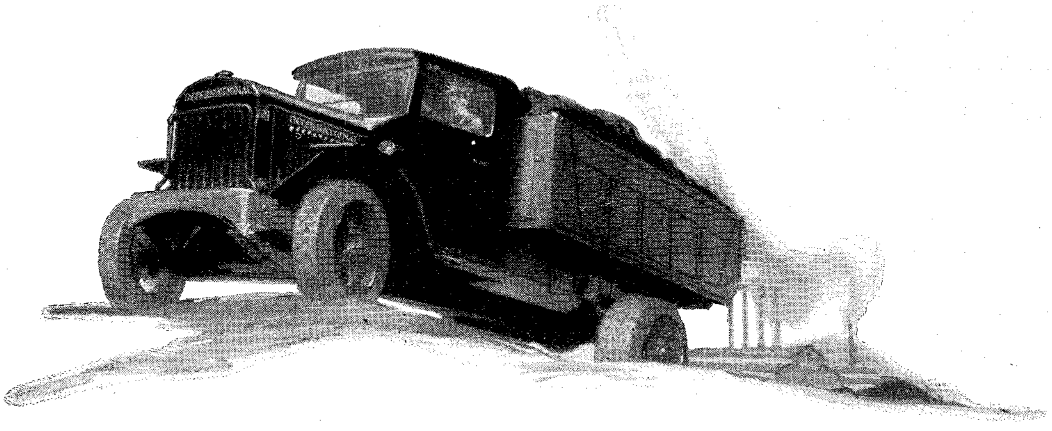

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

engaged to organize safety work, study the causes of accidents, and act in an advisory capacity as a safety counsel, in an endeavor to prevent accidents through a system of education, inspection and supervision. Through the adoption of a few simple policies safe habits of work will be instituted.

Accidents are increasingly costly, and by way of showing the expense they entail, the magazine cites the case of Seattle:

> Some idea of the need for action along this line can be gathered from the increasing cost of accidents. For example, taking 10,000 hours of longshore labor as a unit, on the Seattle waterfront the wages in 1913 were 45 cents, the rate of insurance 2.5 per cent. and the cost of insurance $112.50. In 1917 the wages had increased to 65 cents, the rate of insurance to 3.3 per cent. and the cost of insurance to $214.50. In June of this year the wages were 90 cents, the rate of insurance had increased to 4.565 per cent. and the cost of insurance had jumped to $410.85. Last month the wages were unaltered, but the rate of insurance had increased to 6.8 per cent. and the cost of insurance to $612. In other words, wages have doubled but insurance costs have increased more than five times. Or, it may be said that a premium of 6.8 per cent. of the pay-roll is practically one-fourteenth, which means that every fourteenth longshoreman is on the injured list. This is a human and economic waste that is adding greatly to the cost of ship operation, and shipowners, stevedores and longshoremen at all ports should cooperate to reduce it to a minimum.

The comparative table on which the discussion of wages is based shows that American wage scales "range from 48.8 per cent. to 215 per cent. higher than the wages paid on foreign ships," taking an 8,800-deadweight-ton coal-burning steamship as the standard. Pay is reckoned by the month, and "all values have been converted into United States dollars."

The table on page 70 is made up of selections from *The Nautical Gazette's* elaborate comparative tabulation of foreign and American wage-scales.

A $50,000,000 LIFE INSURANCE CONTRACT

ONE of the largest life insurance policies on record has just been written for employees of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. Approximately 25,000 workers on this road will participate in the benefits of this $50,000,000 group contract. We read in a New York *Commercial* dispatch from Hartford that:

> Under the plan every employee who has completed a probationary term of service is insured for an amount payable at death and the insurance is paid for entirely by the railroad. The employees will be allowed to take out additional insurance to be paid for jointly by the railroad and by the employees. If an employee becomes totally and permanently disabled before the age of 60 the insurance is payable immediately instead of at death.

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JUST made for you and your pipe. Famous Locktite fastener opens or closes pouch in a jiffy. Tobacco can't leak out. You've always wanted a Locktite. Now, go get one! Locktite is a man's pouch through and through—durable and attractive. $1 and up, at cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. Write direct if dealer cannot supply you.

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Inexpensive Sewage Disposal
FOR COUNTRY HOMES

Why risk the dangers of the old-fashioned germ-breeding cesspool?
The Kaustine Super-Septic Tank is inexpensive to install—requires practically no attention—insures maximum sanitation.

GUARANTEED FOR 20 YEARS

Constructed of Armco Ingot Iron, coated inside and out with Hermastic Enamel; will last a lifetime; shipped ready to install; one man can handle it.
Your plumber can supply Kaustine equipment. Write today for Free Booklet No. 201. Plumber's name appreciated.

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Brusson
for
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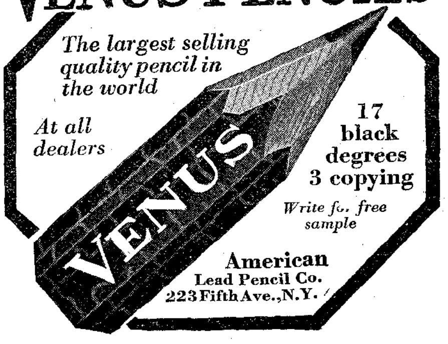

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

August 20.—Grand Duke Cyril Vladimirovitch, cousin of and legal successor to the late Czar of Russia, has issued a statement, says a dispatch, describing the loan which Great Britain has agreed to lend the Soviet Government as a means of making it possible for the Third Internationale "to continue its destructive propaganda in Europe, Asia, Africa and America."

August 21.—Lieut. Lowell H. Smith and Lieut. Erik Nelson, American round-the-world flyers, fly from Reykjavik, Iceland, to Fredericksdal, on the southern coast of Greenland, a distance of 825 miles.

August 22.—Lieut. Antonio Locatelli, the Italian round-the-world flyer, is reported lost somewhere between Iceland and Greenland, after beginning the flight between the two countries with the American aviators.

The Italian Cabinet approves the work of the Italian delegation to the International Conference in London, and adopts a resolution conferring upon Owen D. Young, member of the Dawes committee, the Grand Cordon of the Crown of Italy, in recognition of his work in connection with the Dawes reparations plan.

August 23.—Abolition of the Danish Army and substitution of a reserve police force for the national militia are provided for in a disarmament bill, prepared by the Minister of Defense and approved by a Cabinet Council of the Socialist Government.

August 24.—Lieuts. Lowell H. Smith and Erik Nelson fly from Fredericksdal to Ivigtut, on the western coast of Greenland, on their round-the-world trip.

August 25.—Lieut. Antonio Locatelli, the Italian round-the-world flyer, who was forced down by motor trouble in flying from Iceland to Greenland, is rescued by the *U. S. S. Richmond*, seventy miles east of Cape Farewell, on the southern tip of Greenland.

Divers who have been working for six years in salvaging $35,000,000 in gold and silver bullion from the liner *Laurentic*, sunk by a German submarine in 1917 off the northern Irish coast, succeed in recovering $1,250,000 from an unsuspected storing place and thus complete what is said to be the greatest salvage feat on record.

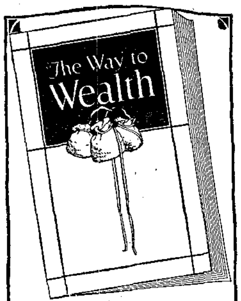
DOMESTIC

August 21.—Mayor W. A. Coleman, of Columbia, South Carolina, proclaims a thirty-minute period of mourning for "Uncle" Charles Jaggers, ninety-three-year-old negro preacher, who for three-quarters of a century "had held the love and respect of high and lowly, white and black."

Four people are killed and thirty are injured when a train of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad crashes into a motor-truck near Cranford, New Jersey. Two of the dead were on the truck and the others were a fireman and a baggage-checker on the train.

August 23.—Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, known as "Ma" Ferguson, anti-Klan candidate, wins the Democratic nomination for Governor of Texas by more than 80,000 votes, according to incomplete returns.

August 24.—Nine persons are killed and nine are injured when a tornado demolishes a church at St. Patrick, Louisiana.



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How to make the most of an investment plan.

How a professional man accumulated a $200,000 fortune before he reached 60.

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It Answers This Vital Question:

"How much wealth will I have ten years from now? — twenty years? — when I reach sixty?"

Every thinking man has asked himself that question many times. And here is the answer, in this interesting, valuable new book.

Following the principles it outlines, a great many of our clients have attained impregnable wealth by steady, sure-footed accumulation over the span of a few short years.

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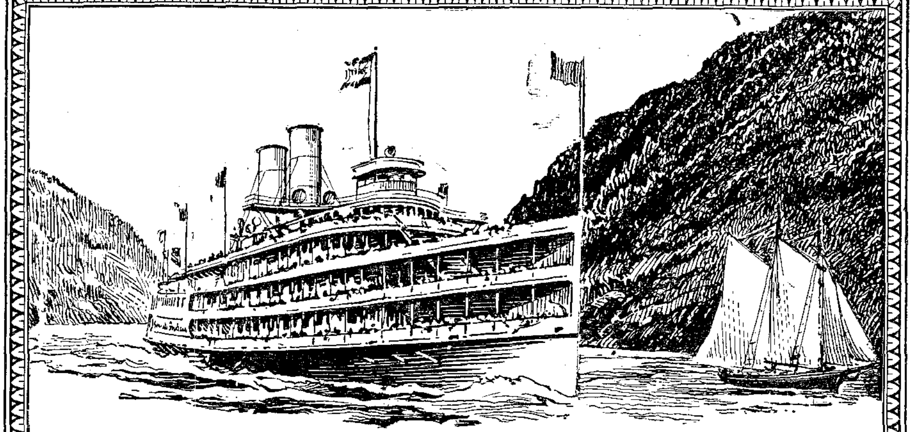

See the Hudson

Autumn Service until October 19th

SEE the Hudson's wooded shores, now brilliant in the reds and browns of early autumn. Those who have traveled the world over say that there is nothing finer, nothing more majestic, than the Hudson in September and October.

Daily between New York and Albany
150 Miles of Nature's Most Alluring Scenery

Six Splendid Steamers. Luxurious Day Parlors. Salaried Orchestras. Superior Restaurants. Rail tickets accepted New York to Albany and Albany to New York. Delightful One-Day Outings. Write for illustrated literature.

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Ask Him

how to fight film on teeth

DO you realize that leading dentists the world over now urge a new method of teeth cleaning? And that millions of people of some 50 nations follow their advice?

Have you noted how many teeth now glisten—teeth which once were dim? If so, will you now learn what that method means to you?

Film is unclean

Film is that viscous coat you feel. In any old-way brushing much of it clings and stays. Soon it discolors, forming dingy coats, and teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Despite all care, very few people in the old days escaped those film-caused troubles.

Then dental science awoke and sought ways to fight film. Two methods were eventually discovered. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Clinical tests have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This method has brought to homes the world over a new dental era.

Old mistakes

It was also found that tooth pastes based on soap and chalk brought undesired effects. They reduce the alkalinity of the saliva, which is there to neutralize mouth acids. They reduce the starch digestant in saliva, there to digest starch deposits on teeth.

Pepsodent brings just opposite effects. It multiplies the alkalinity, multiplies the starch digestant. So these great natural tooth-protecting factors are increased.

You and your family should learn now, if you don't know, how much Pepsodent means in your home.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Only one tube to a family.

You'll be amazed

Send the coupon for a test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will know that this method means very much to you and yours.

CUT OUT THE COUPON NOW

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Sign of Something.—"Why is the flag at half-mast over the water-works?"

"I suppose some teetotaler has died!"—*Strix (Stockholm).*

Rough Waves. — PURSER WILSON — "Don't you like the sea?"

TOURIST (at home a hairdresser)—"Not when it's marcelled."—*The Times of Cuba.*

Only at Discretion.—"What do you think of this living beyond one's means?"

"It ought not to be compulsory."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Quite So.—TEACHER—"Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of an automobile?"

TOMMY—"Yes, miss, I can! It's the driver."—*London Answers.*

No News to Him.—"Oh, Mummy, that man's bald!"

"Hush, dear, or he will hear you!"

"But he knows already, doesn't he?"—*Karikaturen (Christiania).*

Unique Case.—"So the jury brought in a verdict of 'murder while insane'?"

"They couldn't do otherwise; the murderer confessed to the crime and insisted that he was in his right mind when he did it."—*Buffalo Express.*

His Only Chance.—"You are always talking economy to the public."

"I've got to take somebody into my confidence," answered Senator Sorghum. "There's no use talking economy to my family."—*Washington Star.*

Timely Warning.—HE—"There's something very special I want to ask you, dear. Could you—er—will you—"

CLOCK—"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

HE—"—er—write something in my autograph book?"—*London Humorist.*

Out for Big Game.—An immigrant from Ireland was just stepping off the boat to the dock when he saw a fifty-cent piece lying at his feet, and started to stoop to pick it up. Suddenly he straightened again.

"No, be the saints!" he ejaculated. "This is the land of opportunity. I'll wait till I find them thicker."—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Fan Abroad.—"Ah, here's something interesting," said the near-sighted American tourist in Holland. "Let's wait and see the game."

"Game? I don't see any game."

"What's that ahead of us?"

"A windmill."

"My mistake! I thought it was a baseball pitcher going through the motions preliminary to sending a hot one over the plate."—*Boston Transcript.*

Appropriate.—After many conferences had been held by the board of directors of a small-town bank about buying a new water-cooler, a grouchy old member had this to say:

"Gentlemen, before we adjourn, I move that our next conference be held on a merry-go-round."

And, as they looked at him in astonishment, he added the tag of explanation:

"We never get anywhere."—*Wall Street Journal.*

His Little Trouble.—WIFE—"You seem worried, dear. Did anything go wrong at the bank to-day?"

BANK MANAGER—"Yes, the cashier." —*Judge.*

Why, of Course.—"My dear, where did your wonderful string of pearls come from? You don't mind my asking, do you?"

"Certainly not! They came from oysters."—*Regiment* (*Paris*).

Good Watches.—CUSTOMER—"But if you are selling these watches under cost price, where does your profit come in?"

ASSISTANT—"We make our profit out of repairing them."—*London Opinion.*

Not Guilty.—MANDY—"Mose, is yo' sho' yo' didn't marry me fo' mah job?"

MOSE—"Co'se ah didn't, gal! Lawsy, no! Yo' jes' go ahaid an' keep yo' ol' job!"—*Oklahoma Fiery Cross.*

Without Half Trying.—"Have you had static on your new radio?"

MRS NEWLYWED—"Well, Harold has had Los Angeles and Cuba, and I'm sure he could get static if he wanted to."—*Life.*

Too Long.—A farmer came to town to insert a death announcement.

"How much do you charge?" he asked.

"Ten shillings an inch," was the reply.

"Heavens! He was over six feet high!" —*Kasper* (*Stockholm*).

Our Careless Way.—A strange feature of the grade-crossing situation is that the railroad companies seem bent upon keeping us all from being killed, while we all don't seem to mind whether we are or not.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

A Write Turn.—DEAR OLD LADY—"And which is the most difficult character to write?"

SKY-WRITER—"Well, we have to fly upside down to make the inverted commas."—*The Bystander* (*London*).

The Maddest One.—A passenger took the train at Lyons, entered a sleeper, and tipped the guard liberally to put him out of the train at Dijon:

"I'm a very heavy sleeper," he said, "and you must take no notice of my protests. Seize me and put me out on the platform."

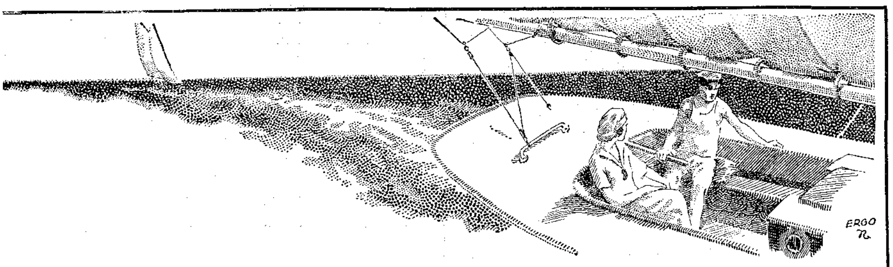
He slept. He awoke as the train steamed into Paris. In a raging fury he went to the guard and exprest some emphatic opinions in a varied vocabulary.

"Ah," said the guard calmly, "you have a bit of a temper, but it's nothing compared with the chap I put out of the train at Dijon!"—*Le Rire* (*Paris*).

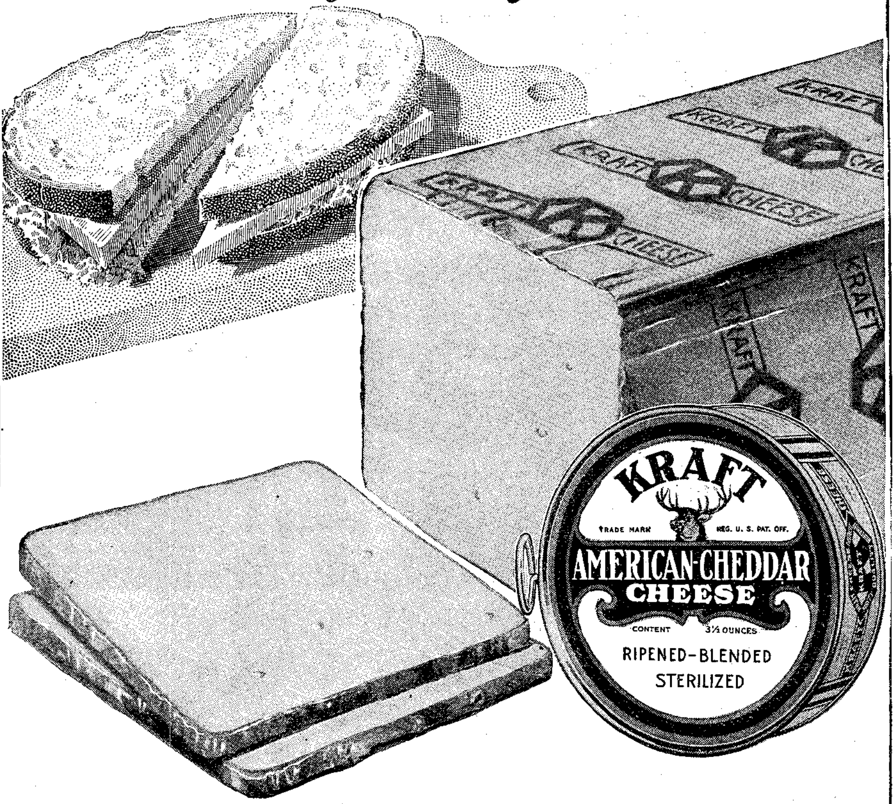
Reassured.—News had reached the village of Forksville that a motor-bus plying between the two neighboring towns of Bumpton and Gush Hollow had gone over the side of a cliff with all on board. It was also known in Forksville that the wife of the much henpecked Bud Blodgett was en route to Gush Hollow via the bus line. An interested villager immediately called on Bud.

"Ain't ye worried 'bout yer wife, Bud?" he asked.

"Well," replied Bud, "I was fer a while, but her cousin in Bumpton jest called up an' said she saw Sal git on the bus with her own eyes."—*American Legion Weekly.*



Yo Ho and a Sandwich of Kraft!



THE spanking breeze that fills the mainsail; that tightens your grip on the tiller; that causes her to leap forward through the mist of spray like a hunted thing, is what gives one that unusual appetite.

And how good the food does taste! That's when you'll doubly appreciate Kraft Cheese. It's a major food that you can keep without ice and combines in itself all the nourishment of the more perishable protein foods. Kraft Cheese—either in tins or the tinfoil wrapped loaf—should head the list of your stores.

Not "Just the Same"— Look for the Name

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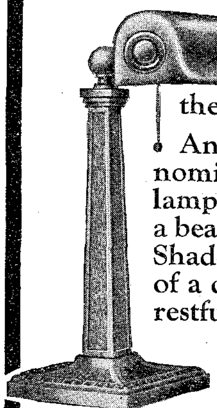

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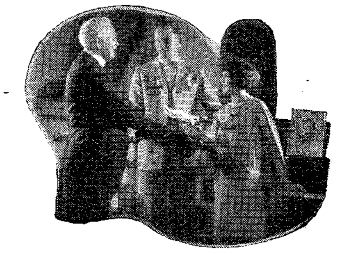

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

bewitch, captivate, charm, enchant, fascinate—"L. H. K.," Peace Haven, England.—*Bewitch*, to charm with witchcraft, is from Middle English *biwicchen*, from the prefix *be* and Anglo-Saxon *wiccian*, to be a witch or use witchcraft. The term is defined: "To influence as by fascination, charm, or enchantment. Formerly, frequently in a bad sense, but now used with pleasing influences." *Captivate*, from the Latin *capio*, to take, signifies to make captive, practically enslave, and in its figurative sense, designates enrapture in that it signifies a state of being carried away. *Charm*, which came to us from the French *charme*, through the Latin *carmen*, means "song," or "to captivate or fascinate as with a song"; thus to put a spell upon. A *charm* is, therefore, an irresistible influence. *Enchant* is from the Latin *incanto* from *in* and *cano*, sing in. It is defined "to control or change by charms; *bewitch*." *Fascinate*, from the Latin *fascino*, to charm, designates the exercise of an irresistible or powerful influence over, and in this respect is the equivalent of *bewitch* and *enchant*.

One *charms* and *enchants* by means of words or actions, and *fascinates* chiefly by the eyes; sometimes, with the tongue. One may be *charmed* or *enchanted* voluntarily but *fascinated* against one's will. *Charm*, *enchant*, and *fascinate* are used to describe moral as well as natural operations. *Charm* is less powerful in effect than *enchant*. That which *captivates* or *fascinates* rivets the mind on the object, thus implying the exercise of a power on the mind of another which deprives it of free agency. We are *captivated* by the charms or beauty of a person or object. "Man should beware of being *captivated* by a kind of savage philosophy; women by a thoughtless gallantry."—ADDISON.

bind, tie—"F. D.," New York.—*Bind* connotes the sense of wind around. *Tie* denotes a manner of fastening by drawing or pulling. Thus we *bind* some bodies without *tying* them; others we *tie* without *binding* them. We *bind* up a wounded arm with bandages but do not *tie* it. We *tie* two ends of a string or ribbon but do not *bind* them. A young girl may *bind* a ribbon around a hat and finish it with a bow by *tying* the two ends. We *bind* to keep ends or parts together; we *tie* to prevent the separation of one from another. In their figurative sense, *bind* is less forcible than *tie*. A man is *bound* when he is not at liberty to act. He is *tied* when he can not change his course or his associations, but family *ties bind* a man to his home.

> As nature's *ties* decay;
> As duty, love, and honor fail to sway:
> Fictitious *bonds*, the *bonds* of wealth and law,
> Still gather strength and force unwilling awe.
> —GOLDSMITH.

blameless, irreproachable, unblemished—"I. C.," Athens, Ga.—These words are not synonymous. *Blameless* signifies freedom from blame which, coming from the French *blâmer*, through the late Latin *blasphemo*, is ultimately traced from the Greek *blapto*, hurt and *phēmi*, speak. One who is *blameless* is free from blame. An *irreproachable* person is one to whom no reproach may be attributed. *Unblemished*, that is, without disfiguring defect, is applied to character. A man of *unblemished* reputation is one without moral reproach or stain. When we say of a woman that she leads a *blameless* life, we praise the course which she pursues, but when we say that she leads an *irreproachable* life, we eulogize her, that is, pay a higher tribute to her estate. Where *blameless* expresses negative praise, *irreproachable* expresses positive commendation.

blast, breeze, cyclone, gale, gust, hurricane, storm, tempest—"T. H. S.," Kingston, Jamaica: These terms are used to indicate in their different degrees the action of the wind and of varying circumstances. *Blast*, from the Anglo-Saxon *blaest*, blowing, is a strong or sudden gust of wind. *Breeze*, from the Spanish *brisa*, northeast wind,

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